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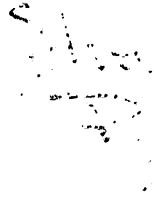

THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEAR,

From Mr. *POPE*'s EDITION.

VOLUME the THIRD.

CONTAINING

As you Like it.
The Taming of the Shrew.
All's Well, that Ends Well.
Twelfth-Night: or, What you will.

BIRMINGHAM:

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MDCCLXVIII.

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AS YOU LIKE IT.

A

COMEDY.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE.

Frederick, *Brother to the Duke, and uſurper of his dukedom.*

Amiens, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his baniſh-*
Jaques, } *ment.*

Le Beu, *a courtier attending on* Frederick.

Oliver, *eldeſt ſon to Sir* Rowland de Boys, *who had formerly been a ſervant to the Duke.*

Jaques, } *Younger brothers to* Oliver.
Orlando. }

Adam, *an old ſervant of Sir* Rowland de Boys, *now following the fortunes of* Orlando.

Dennis, *ſervant to* Oliver.

Charles, *a wreſtler, and ſervant to the uſurping Duke* Frederick.

Touchſtone, *a clown attending on* Celia *and* Roſalind.

Corin, } *Shepherds.*
Sylvius, }

A Clown, in love with Audrey.

William, *another clown, in love with* Audrey.

Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a country curate.*

Roſalind, *Daughter to the Duke.*

Celia, *Daughter to* Frederick.

Phebe, *a ſhepherdeſs.*

Audrey, *a country wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; with pages, foreſters, and other attendants.

The SCENE *lies, firſt, near* Oliver's *houſe; and, afterwards, partly in the Duke's Court; and partly in the Foreſt of* Arden.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

OLIVER's Orchard.

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

ORLANDO.

AS I remember, *Adam*, it was upon this my Father bequeath'd me by Will, but a poor thouſand crowns; and, as thou ſay'ſt, charged my brother on his Bleſſing to breed me well; and there begins my ſadneſs. My brother *Jaques* he keeps at ſchool, and report ſpeaks goldenly of his profit; for my part, he keeps me ruſtically at home; (or, to ſpeak more properly) ſtys me here at home, unkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the ſtalling of an ox? his horſes are bread better; for beſides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Beſides this Nothing that he ſo plentifully gives me, the Something, that Nature gave me, *his diſcountenance ſeems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, *Adam*, that grives me; and the Spirit of

* *his* countenance *ſeems to take from me.*] We ſhould certainly read *his* diſcountenance.

my

my father, which, I think, is within me, begins to mutiny againſt this ſervitude. I will no longer endure it, tho' yet I know no wiſe remedy how to avoid it.

SCENE II.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. YONDER comes my maſter, your brother.

Orla. Go apart, *Adam*, and thou ſhalt hear how he will ſhake me up.

Oli. Now, Sir, what make you here?

Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, Sir?

Orla. Marry, Sir, I am helping you to mar That which God made; a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleneſs.

Oli. Marry, Sir, be better employ'd, and be nought a while.

Orla. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat huſks with them? what Prodigal's portion have I ſpent, that I ſhould come to ſuch penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, Sir!

Orla. O, Sir, very well; here in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, Sir?

Orla. Ay, better than he, I am before, knows me. I know, you are my eldeſt brother: and in the gentle condition of blood, you ſhould ſo know me; the courteſy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the firſt-born; but the ſame tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confeſs your coming before me is nearer to his revenue.

Oli. What, boy!

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orla. I am no villain: I am the youngeſt ſon of Sir *Rowland de Boys*; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain, that ſays, ſuch a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, 'till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for ſaying ſo; thou haſt rail'd on thyſelf.

Adam. Sweet maſters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I ſay.

Orla. I will not, 'till I pleaſe: you ſhall hear me. My father charg'd you in his Will to give me good education: you have train'd me up like a peaſant, obſcuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities; the Spirit of my father grows ſtrong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me ſuch exerciſes as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by teſtament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is ſpent? well, Sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you ſhall have ſome part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you, than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? moſt true, I have loſt my teeth in your ſervice. God be with my old maſter, he would not have ſpoke ſuch a word.

[*Exeunt* Orlando *and* Adam.

SCENE III.

Oli. IS it even ſo? begin you to grow upon me? I will phyſic your rankneſs, and yet give no thouſand crowns neither. Holla, *Dennis!*

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your Worſhip?

Oli. Was not *Charles*, the Duke's wreſtler, here to ſpeak with me?

Den. So pleaſe you, he is here at the door, and importunes acceſs to you.

Oli. Call him in;—'twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wreſtling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your Worſhip.

Oli. Good Monſieur *Charles*, what's the new news at the new Court?

Cha. There's no news at the Court, Sir, but the old news; that is, the old Duke is baniſh'd by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or four loving lords have put themſelves into voluntary exile with him; whoſe lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if *Roſalind*, the Duke's daughter, be baniſh'd with her father?

Cha. O, no; *for the new Duke's daughter her couſin ſo loves her, being ever from their cradle bred together, that ſhe would have followed her exile, or have died to ſtay behind her. She is at the Court, and no leſs beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved, as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They ſay, he is already in the foreſt of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the *old Robin Hood* of *England;* they ſay, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time careleſly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wreſtle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, Sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, Sir, ſecretly to underſtand, that your younger brother *Orlando* hath a

* *for the Duke's daughter her couſin*] read, *the* new *Duke's.*

dif-

diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt me to try a Fall; to-morrow, Sir, I wreſtle for my credit; and he, that eſcapes me without ſome broken limb, ſhall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loth to foil him; as I muſt for mine own honour, if he come in; therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might ſtay him from his intendment, or brook ſuch diſgrace well as he ſhall run into; in that it is a thing of his own ſearch, and altogether againſt my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou ſhalt find, I will moſt kindly requite. I had myſelf notice of my brother's purpoſe herein, and have by underhand means laboured to diſſuade him from it; but he is reſolute. I tell thee, *Charles*, he is the ſtubborneſt young fellow of *France;* full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a ſecret and villanous contriver againſt me his natural brother; therefore uſe thy diſcretion; I had as lief thou didſt break his neck, as his finger. And thou wert beſt look to't; for if thou doſt him any ſlight diſgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himſelf on thee, he will practiſe againſt thee by poiſon; entrap thee by ſome treacherous device; and never leave thee, 'till he hath ta'en thy life by ſome indirect means or other; for I aſſure thee, (and almoſt with tears I ſpeak it) there is not one ſo young and ſo villanous this day living. I ſpeak but brotherly of him; but ſhould I anatomize him to thee as he is, I muſt bluſh and weep, and thou muſt look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad, I came hither to you: if he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment; if ever he go alone again, I'll never wreſtle for prize more; and ſo, God keep your Worſhip. [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewel, good *Charles.* Now will I ſtir this gameſter: I hope, I ſhall ſee an end of him; for my

ſoul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never ſchool'd, and yet learned; full of noble device, of all Sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, ſo much in the heart of the world, and eſpecially of my own people who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſpriſed. But it ſhall not be ſo, long; this wreſtler ſhall clear all; nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to an Open Walk, before the Duke's Palace.

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Cel. I Pray thee, *Roſalind*, ſweet my coz, be merry.

Roſ. Dear *Celia*, I ſhow more mirth than I am miſtreſs of; and would you yet I were merrier? unleſs you could teach me to forget a baniſh'd father, you muſt not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleaſure.

Cel. Herein, I ſee, thou lov'ſt me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy baniſhed father, had baniſhed thy uncle the Duke, my father, ſo thou hadſt been ſtill with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; ſo would'ſt thou if the truth of thy love to me were ſo righteouſly temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Roſ. Well, I will forget the condition of my eſtate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou ſhalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine Honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monſter: therefore, my ſweet *Roſe*, my dear *Roſe*, be merry.

Roſ.

Roſ. From henceforth I will, coz, and deviſe Sports: let me ſee, what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make ſport withal: but love no man in good earneſt, nor no further in ſport neither, than with ſafety of a pure bluſh thou may'ſt in honour come off again.

Roſ. What ſhall be our Sport then?

Cel. Let us ſit and mock the good houſewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be beſtowed equally.

Roſ. I would, we could do ſo; for her benefits are mightily miſplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth moſt miſtake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for thoſe, that ſhe makes fair, ſhe ſcarce makes honeſt; and thoſe, that ſhe makes honeſt, ſhe makes very ill-favoured.

Roſ. Nay, now thou goeſt from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Touchſtone, *a Clown.*

Cel. No! when nature hath made a fair creature, may ſhe not by fortune fall into the fire? tho' nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune ſent in this Fool to cut off this argument?

Roſ. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter off of nature's Wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch Goddeſſes, hath ſent this Natural for our whetſtone: for always the dulneſs of the fool is the whetſtone of the wits. How now, Wit, whither wander you?

Clo. Miſtreſs, you muſt come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the meſſenger?

Clo. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Roſ. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Clo. Of a certain Knight, that ſwore by his honour they were good pancakes, and ſwore by his honour the muſtard was naught: Now I'll ſtand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the muſtard was good, and yet was not the Knight forſworn.

Cel. How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledge?

Roſ. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wiſdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now? ſtroke your chins, and ſwear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Clo. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you ſwear by That that is not, you are not forſworn; no more was this Knight ſwearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had ſworn it away, before ever he ſaw thoſe pancakes or that muſtard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is that thou mean'ſt?

Clo. One, that old *Frederick* your father loves.

Roſ. My father's love is enough to honour him enough; ſpeak no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation one of theſe days.

Clo. The more pity, that fools may not ſpeak wiſely what wiſe men do fooliſhly.

Cel. By my troth, thou ſay'ſt true; for ſince the little wit that fools have was ſilenc'd, the little foolery that wiſe men have makes a great Show: here comes Monſieur *Le Beu.*

SCENE V.

Enter Le Beu.

Roſ. WITH his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Roſ. Then ſhall we be news-cram'd.

Cel.

Cel. All the better, we ſhall be the more marketable. *Bon jour, Monſieur le Beu;* what news?

Le Beu. Fair Princeſs, you have loſt much good Sport.

Cel. Sport; of what colour?

Le Beu. What colour, Madam? how ſhall I anſwer you?

Roſ. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the deſtinies decree.

Cel. Well ſaid; that was laid on with a trowel.

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

Roſ. Thou loſeſt thy old ſmell.

Le Beu. You amaze me, ladies; I would have told you of good wreſtling, which you have loſt the ſight of.

Roſ. Yet tell us the manner of the wreſtling.

Le Beu. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it pleaſe your Ladyſhips, you may ſee the end, for the beſt is yet to do; and here where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beu. There comes an old man and his three ſons,——

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beu. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and preſence;——

Roſ. With bills on their necks.

Clo. Be it known unto all men by theſe preſents——

Le Beu. The eldeſt of the three wreſtled with *Charles* the Duke's Wreſtler; which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: ſo he ſerv'd the Second, and ſo the Third: yonder they lie, the poor old man their father making ſuch pitiful Dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Roſ. Alas!

Clo. But what is the Sport, Monſieur, that the ladies have loſt?

Le Beu. Why this, that I ſpeak of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiſer every day! It is the firſt time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was ſport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promiſe thee.

Roſ. But is there any elſe longs to ſet this broken muſic in his ſides? is there yet another doats upon rib-breaking? ſhall we ſee this wreſtling, Couſin?

Le Beu. You muſt if you ſtay here, for here is the place appointed for the wreſtling; and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, ſure, they are coming; let us now ſtay and ſee it.

SCENE VI.

Flouriſh. Enter Duke Frederick, *Lords,* Orlando, Charles, *and Attendants.*

Duke. COME on, ſince the Youth will not be entreated; his own peril on his forwardneſs.

Roſ. Is yonder the man?

Le Beu. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young; yet he looks ſucceſsfully.

Duke. How now, Daughter and Couſin; are you crept hither to ſee the wreſtling?

Roſ. Ay, my liege, ſo pleaſe you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is ſuch odds in the men: in pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain diſſuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies, ſee if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monſieur *Le Beu.*

Duke. Do ſo; I'll not be by. [Duke *goes apart.*

Le Beu. Monſieur the Challenger, the Princeſſes call for you.

Orla. I attend them with all reſpect and duty.

Roſ.

Roſ. Young man, have you challeng'd *Charles* the wreſtler?

Orla. No, fair Princeſs; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the ſtrength of my youth.

Cel. Young Gentleman, your ſpirits are too bold for your years: you have ſeen cruel proof of this man's ſtrength. *If you ſaw yourſelf with our eyes, or knew yourſelf with our judgment, the fear of your adventure would counſel you to a more equal enterpriſe. We pray you, for your own ſake, to embrace your own ſafety, and give over this attempt.

Roſ. Do, young Sir; your reputation ſhall not therefore be miſpriſed; we will make it our ſuit to the Duke, that the wreſtling might not go forward.

Orla. I beſeech you, puniſh me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confeſs me much guilty, to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wiſhes go with me to my trial, wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one ſham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be ſo: I ſhall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better ſupplied when I have made it empty.

Roſ. The little ſtrength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eek out hers.

Roſ. Fare you well; pray heav'n, I be deceiv'd in you.

Orla. Your hearts deſires be with you! ——

* *If you ſaw yourſelf with* your *eyes, or knew yourſelf with* your *judgment,*] The Senſe requires that we ſhould read, our *eyes*, and our *judgment*. The Argument is, *Your Spirits are too bold, and therefore your Judgment deceives you; but did you ſee and know yourſelf with our more impartial Judgment you would forbear.*

Cha. Come, where is this young Gallant, that is ſo deſirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orla. Ready, Sir; but his Will hath in it a more modeſt working.

Duke. You ſhall try but one Fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you ſhall not entreat him to a ſecond, that have ſo mightily perſuaded him from a firſt.

Orla. You mean to mock me after; you ſhould not have mockt me before; but come your ways.

Roſ. Now *Hercules* be thy ſpeed, young man!

Cel. I would I were inviſible, to catch the ſtrong fellow by the leg! [*They wreſtle.*

Roſ. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who ſhould down. [*Shout.*

Duke. No more, no more. [Charles *is thrown.*

Orla. Yes, I beſeech your Grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How doſt thou, *Charles*?

Le Beu. He cannot ſpeak, my Lord.

Duke. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orla. *Orlando*, my liege, the youngeſt ſon of Sir *Rowland de Boys.*

Duke. I would, thou hadſt been ſon to ſome man elſe!
The world eſteem'd thy Father honourable,
But I did find him ſtill mine enemy:
Thou ſhould'ſt have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadſt thou deſcended from another Houſe.
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth;
I would, thou hadſt told me of another father.
[*Exit* Duke, *with his train.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Manent Celia, Roſalind, Orlando.

Cel. WERE I my father, coz, would I do this?
Orla. I am more proud to be Sir *Rowland*'s ſon,
His youngeſt ſon, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heir to *Frederick*.
Roſ. My father lov'd Sir *Rowland* as his ſoul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his ſon,
I ſhould have giv'n him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he ſhould thus have ventur'd.
Cel. Gentle Couſin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him;
My father's rough and envious diſpoſition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deſerv'd:
If you do keep your promiſes in love,
But juſtly as you have exceeded all in promiſe,
Your miſtreſs ſhall be happy.
Roſ. Gentleman,
Wear this for me; one out of ſuits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz? [*Giving him a Chain from her Neck.*
Cel. Ay, fare you well, fair gentleman.
Orla. Can I not ſay, I thank you?——my better parts
Are all thrown down; and that, which here ſtands up,
* Is but a quintaine, a mere lifeleſs block.
Roſ. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes.

* *Is but a* quintaine, *a mere lifeleſs block.*] A *Quintaine* was a *Poſt* or *Bute* ſet up for ſeveral Kinds of martial Exerciſes, againſt which they threw their Darts and exerciſed their Arms. The Alluſion is beautiful. *I am,* ſays *Orlando, only a* quintaine, *a lifeleſs Block on which Love only Exerciſes his Arms in Jeſt; the great Diſparity of Condition between* Roſalind *and me, not ſuffering me to hope that Love will ever make a ſerious Matter of it.*

I'll aſk him what he would. Did you call, Sir?
Sir, you have wreſtled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Roſ. Have with you: fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Cel.

Orla. What paſſion hangs theſe weights upon my tongue?
I cannot ſpeak to her; yet ſhe urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beu.

O poor *Orlando!* thou art overthrown;
Or *Charles*, or ſomething weaker, maſters thee.

Le Beu. Good Sir, I do in friendſhip counſel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deſerv'd
High commendation, true applauſe, and love;
Yet ſuch is now the Duke's condition,
That he miſconſtrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More ſuits you to conceive, than me to ſpeak of.

Orla. I thank you, Sir; and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was Daughter of the Duke
That here was at the wreſtling?

Le Beu. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the ſhorter is his daughter;
The other's daughter to the baniſh'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her uſurping Uncle
To keep his daughter company; whoſe loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of ſiſters.
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en diſpleaſure 'gainſt his gentle Neice;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praiſe her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's ſake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainſt the lady
Will ſuddenly break forth. Sir, fair you well;

Here-

Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I ſhall deſire more love and knowledge of you. [*Exit.*

Orla. I reſt much bounden to you: fare you well!
Thus muſt I from the ſmoke into the ſmother;
From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant brother:
But, heav'nly *Roſalind!*—— [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Re-enter Celia *and* Roſalind.

Cel. WHY, Couſin; why, *Roſalind; Cupid* have mercy; not a word!

Roſ. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be caſt away upon curs, throw ſome of them at me; come, lame me with reaſons.

Roſ. Then there were two Couſins laid up; when the one ſhould be lam'd with Reaſons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Roſ. No, ſome of it is for my father's Child. Oh, how full of briars is this working-day-world!

Cel. They are but burs, couſin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Roſ. I could ſhake them off my coat; theſe burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Roſ. I would try, if I could cry, hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wreſtle with thy affections.

Roſ. O, they take the part of a better Wreſtler than myſelf.

Cel. O, a good wiſh upon you! you will try in time, in deſpight of a Fall;—but turning theſe jeſts out of ſervice, let us talk in good earneſt: is it poſſible, on ſuch a ſudden you ſhould fall into ſo ſtrong a liking with old Sir *Rowland*'s youngeſt ſon?

Roſ.

Roſ. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore enſue, that you ſhould love his ſon dearly? by this kind of chaſe, I ſhould hate him; for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not *Orlando.*

Roſ. No, faith, hate him not, for my ſake.

Cel. Why ſhould I? doth he not deſerve well?

SCENE IX.

Enter Duke, *with Lords.*

Roſ. LET me love him for that; and do you love him, becauſe I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke. Miſtreſs, diſpatch you with your ſafeſt haſte,
And get you from our Court.

Roſ. Me Uncle!

Duke, You, Couſin.
Within theſe ten days if that thou be'ſt found
So near our public Court as twenty miles,
Thou dieſt for it.

Roſ. I do beſeech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myſelf I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with my own deſires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do truſt, I am not,) then, dear Uncle,
Never ſo much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highneſs.

Duke. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did conſiſt in words,
They are as innocent as grace itſelf:
Let it ſuffice thee, that I truſt thee not.

Roſ. Yet your miſtruſt cannot make me a traitor;
Tell me wherein the likelihood depends.

Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Roſ. So was I, when your Highneſs took his Dukedom;

So

So was I, when your Highneſs baniſh'd him;
Treaſon is not inherited, my lord;
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, miſtake me not ſo much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear Sovereign, hear me ſpeak.

Duke. Ay, *Celia*, we but ſtaid her for your ſake;
Elſe had ſhe with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her ſtay;
It was your pleaſure, and your own remorſe;
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her; if ſhe be a traitor,
Why ſo am I; we ſtill have ſlept together,
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And whereſoe'er we went, like *Juno*'s Swans,
Still we went coupled, and inſeparable.

Duke. She is too ſubtle for thee; and her ſmooth-
neſs,
Her very ſilence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her:
Thou art a fool; ſhe robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſhine more virtuous,
When ſhe is gone; then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom,
Which I have paſt upon her; ſhe is baniſh'd.

Cel. Pronounce that ſentence then on me, my Liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke. You are a fool: you, Neice, provide yourſelf;
If you out-ſtay the time, upon mine Honour,
And in the Greatneſs of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt* Duke, *&c.*

SCENE X.

Cel. O My poor *Roſalind;* where wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers! I will give thee mine:
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Roſ.

Roſ. I have more cauſe.

Cel. Thou haſt not, couſin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful; know'ſt thou not, the Duke
Has baniſh'd me his daughter?

Roſ. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? *Roſalind* lacks then the love,
Which teacheth me that thou and I am one:
Shall we be ſundred? ſhall we part, ſweet Girl?
No, let my father ſeek another heir.
Therefore deviſe with me, how we may fly;
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not ſeek to take your charge upon you,
To bear your griefs yourſelf, and leave me out:
For by this heav'n, now at our ſorrows pale,
Say what thou canſt, I'll go along with thee.

Roſ. Why, whither ſhall we go?

Cel. To ſeek my Uncle in the foreſt of *Arden.*

Roſ. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth ſo far!
Beauty provoketh thieves ſooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myſelf in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber ſmirch my face;
The like do you; ſo ſhall we paſs along,
And never ſtir aſſailants.

Roſ. Were't not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me all points like a man?
A gallant Curtle-ax upon my thigh,
A boar-ſpear in my hand, and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a ſwaſhing and a martial outſide,
As many other manniſh Cowards have,
That do outface it with their ſemblances.

Cel. What ſhall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Roſ. I'll have no worſe a name than *Jove*'s own Page;
And therefore, look, you call me *Ganimed;*
But what will you be call'd?

Cel.

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my ſtate:
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.
Roſ. But, Couſin, what if we aſſaid to ſteal
The clowniſh Fool out of your father's Court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.
Leave me alone to woo him; let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Deviſe the fitteſt time, and ſafeſt way
To hide us from purſuit that will be made
After my flight: now go we in content
To Liberty, and not to Baniſhment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Arden *FOREST.*

Enter Duke *Senior*, Amiens, *and two or three Lords like Foreſters.*

DUKE *Senior.*

NOW, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old cuſtom made this life more ſweet
Than That of painted Pomp? are not theſe woods
More free from peril, than the envious Court?
Here feel we but the penalty of *Adam*,
The Seaſons' difference; as, the icy phang,
And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even 'till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile, and ſay,
This is no Flattery: theſe are Counſellors,
That feelingly perſuade me what I am,
Sweet are the uſes of Adverſity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,

Finds

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.'

Ami. I would not change it; happy is your Grace,
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſs of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtyle.

Duke Sen. Come, ſhall we go and kill us veniſon?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this deſart city,
Should, in their Conſines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches goar'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy *Jaques* grieves at that;
And in that kind ſwears you do more uſurp
Than doth your brother, that hath baniſh'd you:
To-day my Lord of *Amiens*, and myſelf,
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whoſe antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor ſequeſtred ſtag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and, indeed, my Lord,
The wretched Animal heav'd forth ſuch groans
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chaſe; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy *Jaques*,
Stood on th' extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke Sen. But what ſaid *Jaques?*
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?

1 *Lord.* O yes, into a thouſand ſimilies.
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs ſtream;
Poor Deer, quoth he, thou mak'ſt a teſtament
As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more
To that which had too much. Then being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus miſery doth part

The

The flux of company: anon a careleſs herd,
Full of the paſture, jumps along by him,
And never ſtays to greet him: ay, quoth *Jaques*,
Sweep on, you fat and greaſy citizens,
'Tis juſt the faſhion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moſt invectively he pierceth through
The body of the Country, City, Court,
Yea, and of this our life; ſwearing, that we
Are mere uſurpers, tyrants, and what's worſe,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the ſobbing deer.

Duke Sen. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him ſtraight, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the PALACE *again.*

Enter Duke Frederick *with Lords.*

Duke. CAN it be poſſible, that no man ſaw them?
It cannot be; ſome villains of my Court
Are of conſent and ſufferance in this.

1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did ſee her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreaſur'd of their miſtreſs.

2 *Lord.* My Lord, the roynish Clown at whom ſo oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is alſo miſſing:
Heſperia, the Princeſs' Gentlewoman,

Confeſſes

Confeſſes, that ſhe ſecretly o'er-heard
Your Daughter and her Couſin much commend
The parts and graces of the Wreſtler,
That did but lately foil the ſinewy *Charles;*
And ſhe believes, where ever they are gone,
That Youth is ſurely in their company.

Duke. Send to his brother, fetch that Gallant hither:
If he be abſent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him; do this ſuddenly;
And let not Search and Inquiſition quail
To bring again theſe fooliſh runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to OLIVER'S *Houſe.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Orla. WHO's there?

Adam. What! my young maſter? oh, my gentle maſter,
Oh, my ſweet maſter, O you memory
Of old Sir *Rowland!* why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to overcome
The boney Priſer of the humorous Duke?
Your Praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not, maſter, to ſome kind of men
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle maſter,
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orla. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within theſe doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no; no brother; yet the ſon,—

Yet

Yet not the ſon; I will not call him ſon
Of him I was about to call his father,)
Hath heard your praiſes, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you uſe to lie,
And you within it; if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him, and his practices:
There is no place, this houſe is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla. Why, whither, *Adam*, wouldſt thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, ſo you come not here.

Orla. What, wouldſt thou have me go and beg my food?

Or with a baſe, and boiſterous ſword enforce
A thieviſh living on the common road?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this will I not do, do how I can;
I rather will ſubject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not ſo; I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I ſav'd under your father,
Which I did ſtore, to be my foſter-nurſe
When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take That; and he that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the ſparrow,
Be comfort to my age! here is the gold,
All this I give you, let me be your ſervant;
Tho' I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did I with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility;
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty, but kindly; let me go with you;
I'll do the ſervice of a younger man
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities.

Orla.

Orla. Oh! good old man, how well in thee appears
The conſtant ſervice of the antique world;
When ſervice ſweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweat, but for promotion;
And, having That, do choak their ſervice up
Even with the Having; it is not ſo with thee;
But, poor old man, thou prun'ſt a rotton tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and huſbandry;
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages ſpent,
We'll light upon ſome ſettled low Content.

Adam. Maſter, go on; and I will follow thee
To the laſt gaſp with truth and loyalty.
From ſeventeen years 'till now almoſt fourſcore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At ſeventeen years Many their fortunes ſeek;
But at fourſcore, it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Than to die well, and not my maſter's debtor. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the FOREST *of* Arden

Enter Roſalind *in Boy's clothes for* Ganimed, Celia *dreſt like a ſhepherdeſs for* Aliena, *and* Clown.

Roſ. O *Jupiter!* how weary are my ſpirits?

Clo. I care not for my ſpirits, if my legs were not weary.

Roſ. I could find in my heart to diſgrace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman; but I muſt comfort the weaker veſſel, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow itſelf courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good *Aliena.*

Cel. I pray you, bear with me, I cannot go no further.

Clo.

Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you; yet I ſhould bear no Croſs, if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purſe.

Roſ. Well, this is the foreſt of *Arden*.

Clo. Ay; now I am in *Arden*, the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers muſt be content.

Roſ. Ay, be ſo, good *Touchſtone:* look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in ſolemn talk.

Enter Corin *and* Silvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorn you ſtill.

Sil. O *Corin*, that thou knew'ſt how I do love her!

Cor. I partly gueſs; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, *Corin*, being old, thou canſt not gueſs,
Tho' in thy youth thou waſt as true a lover,
As ever ſigh'd upon a midnight pillow;
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As, ſure, I think, did never man love ſo)
How many actions moſt ridiculous
Haſt thou been drawn to by thy fantaſy?

Cor. Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didſt then ne'er love ſo heartily;
If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly,
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou haſt not lov'd.——
Or if thou haſt not ſate as I do now,
Wearying the hearer in thy miſtreſs praiſe,
Thou haſt not lov'd.——
Or if thou haſt not broke from company
Abruptly, as my paſſion now makes me;
Thou haſt not lov'd.——
O *Phebe! Phebe! Phebe!* [*Exit* Sil.

Roſ. Alas, poor Shepherd! ſearching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found my own.

Clo. And I mine; I remember, when I was in love, I broke my ſword upon a ſtone, and bid him take that for coming a-nights to *Jane Smile;* and I remember

member the kiſſing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milk'd and I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her, from whom I took two cods, and giving her them again, ſaid with weeping tears, wear theſe for my ſake. We, that are true lovers, run into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, ſo is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Roſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer, than thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I ſhall ne'er be ware of mine own wit, 'till I break my ſhins againſt it.

Roſ. Jove! Jove! this Shepherd's paſſion is much upon my faſhion.

Clo. And mine; but it grows ſomething ſtale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you queſtion yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almoſt to death.

Clo. Holla; you, Clown!

Roſ. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinſman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your Betters, Sir.

Cor. Elſe they are very wretched.

Roſ. Peace, I ſay; good Even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle Sir, and to you all.

Roſ. I pr'ythee, ſhepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this deſart place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may reſt ourſelves, and feed;
Here's a young maid with travel much oppreſs'd,
And faints for ſuccour.

Cor. Fair Sir, I pity her,
And wiſh for her ſake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am Shepherd to another man,
And do not ſheer the fleeces that I graze;
My maſter is of churliſh diſpoſition,
And little wreaks to find the way to heav'n

By

By doing deeds of hoſpitality:
Beſides, his Coate, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on ſale, and at our ſheep-coate now,
By reaſon of his abſence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come ſee;
And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall you be.

Roſ. What is he, that ſhall buy his flock and paſture?

Cor. That young ſwain, that you ſaw here but ere while,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Roſ. I pray thee, if it ſtand with honeſty,
Buy thou the cottage, paſture and the flock,
And thou ſhalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages.
I like this place, and willingly could waſte,
My time in it.

Cor. Aſſuredly, the thing is to be ſold;
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The ſoil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be;
And buy it with your gold right ſuddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to a deſart Part of the Forest.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, *and others.*

SONG.

UNDER the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note,
Unto the ſweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, *Monſieur Jaques.*

Jaq. I thank it; more, I pr'ythee, more; I can ſuck melancholy out of a Song, as a weazel ſucks eggs: more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is rugged; I know, I cannot pleaſe you.

Jaq. I do not deſire you to pleaſe me, I do deſire you to ſing; come, come, another ſtanzo; call you 'em ſtanzo's?

Ami. What you will, *Monſieur Jaques.*

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe me nothing.—Will you ſing?

Ami. More at your requeſt, than to pleaſe myſelf.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but That, they call Compliments, is like the encounter of two dog-apes. And when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, ſing; and you that will not, hold your tongues——

Ami. Well, I'll end the ſong, Sirs; cover the while; the Duke will dine under this tree; he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too diſputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heav'n thanks, and make no boaſt of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition ſhun,
And loves to lie i'th' Sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq.

Jaq. I'll give you a verſe to this note, that I made yeſterday in deſpight of my invention.

Ami. And I'll ſing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes.

If it do come to paſs,
That any man turn aſs;
Leaving his wealth and eaſe
A ſtubborn will to pleaſe,
Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;
Here ſhall he ſee
Groſs fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that *duc ad me?*

Jaq. 'Tis a *Greek* invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go to ſleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail againſt all the firſt-born of *Egypt.*

Ami. And I'll go ſeek the Duke: his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Adam. DEAR maſter, I can go no further; O, I die for food! here lie I down, and meaſure out my grave. Farewel, kind maſter.

Orla. Why, how now, *Adam!* no greater heart in thee? live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyſelf a little. If this uncouth Foreſt yield any thing ſavage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee: thy conceit is nearer death, than thy powers. For my ſake be comfortable, hold death a while at the arm's end: I will be here with thee preſently, and if I bring thee not ſomething to eat, I'll give thee leave to die. But if thou dieſt before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well ſaid, thou look'ſt

cheerly. And I'll be with thee quickly; yet thou lieſt in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to ſome ſhelter, and thou ſhalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this Deſart. Cheerly, good *Adam*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Duke Sen. *and Lords* [*A Table ſet out.*

Duke Sen. I Think, he is transform'd into a beaſt,
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My Lord, he is but even now gone hence.
Here was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Duke Sen. If he, compact of jars, grow muſical,
We ſhall have ſhortly diſcord in the ſpheres:
Go, ſeek him; tell him, I would ſpeak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 *Lord.* He ſaves my labour by his own approach.

Duke Sen. Why, how now, Monſieur, what a life is this,
That your poor friends muſt woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool;—I met a fool i' th' foreſt,
A motley fool; a miſerable varlet!
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and baſk'd him in the ſun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good ſet terms, and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: No, Sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath ſent me fortune;
And then he drew a dial from his poak,
And looking on it with lack-luſtre eye,
Says, very wiſely, it is ten a clock;
Thus may we ſee, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago ſince it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And ſo from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,

And

And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools ſhould be ſo deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion,
An hour by his dial. O noble fool,
A worthy fool! motley's the only wear.

Duke Sen. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! one that hath been a Courtier,
And ſays, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biſket
After a voyage, he hath ſtrange places cram'd
With obſervation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Sen. Thou ſhalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only ſuit;
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I pleaſe; for ſo fools have;
And they that are moſt gauled with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh: and, why, Sir, muſt they ſo?
The why is plain, as way to pariſh church;
He, whom a fool doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart,
*Not to ſeem ſenſeleſs of the bob. If not,
The wiſe man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the ſquandring glances of a fool.
Inveſt me in my motley, give me leave
To ſpeak my mind, and I will through and through

* *Seem ſenſeleſs of the bob.*] Both the Meaſure and the Senſe direct us to read,

Not to *ſeem ſenſeleſs*, &c.

Cleanſe the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.
Duke Sen. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldſt do.
Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?
Duke Sen. Moſt miſchievous foul ſin, in chiding ſin:
For thou thyſelf haſt been a libertine,
As ſenſual as the brutiſh ſting itſelf;
And all th' emboſſed ſores and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot haſt caught,
Would'ſt thou diſgorge into the general world.
Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
'Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I ſay, the city-woman bears
The coſt of Princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay, that I mean her;
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſays, his bravery is not on my coſt;
Thinking, that I mean him; but therein ſutes
His folly to the metal of my ſpeech?
There then; how then? what then? let me ſee wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelf; if he be free,
Why, then my taxing, like a wild gooſe, flies
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

SCENE VIII.

Entre Orlando, *with Sword drawn.*

Orla. FORBEAR, and eat no more.——
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orla. Nor ſhalt thou, 'till neceſſity be ſerv'd.

Jaq.

Jaq. Of what kind ſhould this Cock come of?

Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy diſtreſs?

Or elſe a rude deſpiſer of good manners,
That in civility thou ſeem'ſt ſo empty?

Orla. You touch'd my vein at firſt; the thorny point
Of bare diſtreſs hath ta'en from me the ſhew
Of ſmooth civility; yet am I in-land bred,
And know ſome nurture: but forbear, I ſay:
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
'Till I and my affairs are anſwered.

Jaq. If you will not
Be anſwered with reaſon, I muſt die.

Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentleneſs ſhall force,
More than your force move us to gentleneſs.

Orla. I almoſt die for food, and let me have it.

Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orla. Speak you ſo gently? pardon me, I pray you;
I thought, that all things had been ſavage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſtern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this deſart inacceſſible,
Under the ſhade of melancholy boughs,
Loſe and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever ſate at any good man's feaſt;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be,
In the which hope I bluſh, and hide my ſword.

Duke Sen. True is it, and that we have ſeen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;

And ſate at good men's feaſts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops, that ſacred pity had engender'd:
And therefore ſit you down in gentleneſs,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be miniſtred.

Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary ſtep
Limp'd in pure love; 'till he be firſt ſuffic'd,
Oppreſs'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waſte till you return.

Orla. I thank ye; and be bleſs'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Duke Sen. THOU ſeeſt, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and univerſal Theatre
Preſents more woful pageants, than the ſcene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a Stage,
And all the men and women merely Players;
They have their *Exits* and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts:
His acts being ſeven ages. At firſt the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms:
And then, the whining ſchool-boy with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning-face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool. And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow. Then, a ſoldier;
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation

Even

Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the juſtice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances,
And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes,
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt Scene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful Hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

SCENE X.

Enter Orlando, *with* Adam.

Duke Sen. WELCOME: ſet down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orla. I thank you moſt for him.

Adam. So had you need,
I ſcarce can ſpeak to thank you for myſelf.

Duke Sen. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you,
As yet to queſtion you about your fortunes.
Give us ſome muſic; and, good couſin, ſing.

SONG.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not ſo unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Altho' thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! ſing, heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Moſt friendſhip is feigning; moſt loving mere folly:
Then heigh ho, the holly!
This life is moſt jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky,
That doſt not bite ſo nigh
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp
As friend remembred not.
Heigh ho! ſing, &c.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir *Rowland's* Son,
As you have whiſper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witneſs,
Moſt truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I'm the Duke,
That lov'd your Father. The reſidue of your fortune
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old Man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy maſter is;
Support him by the arm; give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes underſtand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter Duke, *Lords, and* Oliver.

DUKE.

NOT ſee him ſince? Sir, Sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I ſhould not ſeek an abſent argument
Of my revenge, thou preſent: but look to it;
Find out thy brother, whereſoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living,
Within this twelve-month; or turn thou no more
To ſeek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou doſt call thine,
Worth

Worth ſeizure, do we ſeize into our hands;
'Till thou canſt quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think againſt thee.

Oli. Oh, that your Highneſs knew my heart in this:
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villain thou. Well, puſh him out of doors;
And let my officers of ſuch a nature
Make an Extent upon his houſe and lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the FOREST.

Enter Orlando.

Orla. HANG there, my verſe, in witneſs of my love;
And thou thrice-crowned Queen of Night ſurvey,
With thy chaſte eye, from thy pale ſphere above,
Thy huntreſs' name that my full life doth ſway.
O *Roſalind!* theſe trees ſhall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this Foreſt looks,
Shall ſee thy virtue witneſs'd every where.
Run, run, *Orlando*, carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaſte, and unexpreſſive She. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Corin *and* Clown.

Cor. AND how like you this ſhepherd's life, Mr. *Touchſtone?*

Clo. Truly, ſhepherd, in reſpect of itſelf, it is a good life; but in reſpect that it is a ſhepherd's life, it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it very well; but in reſpect that it is private, it is a

very vile life. Now in reſpect it is in the fields, it pleaſeth me well; but in reſpect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomach. Haſt any philoſophy in thee, ſhepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is: and that he, that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends. That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: that good paſture makes fat ſheep; and that a great cauſe of the night, is lack of the Sun: and that * he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of groſs breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a natural philoſopher. Waſt ever in Court, ſhepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope——

Clo. Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill-roaſted egg, all on one ſide.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reaſon.

Clo. Why, if thou never waſt at Court, thou never ſaw'ſt good manners; if thou never ſaw'ſt good manners, then thy manners muſt be wicked; and wickedneſs is ſin, and ſin is damnation: thou art in a parlous ſtate, ſhepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, *Touchſtone:* thoſe, that are good manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Country, as the behaviour of the Country is moſt mockable at the Court. You told me, you ſalute not at the Court, but you kiſs your hands; that courteſy would be uncleanly, if Courtiers were ſhepherds.

* *He that hath learned no wit by nature or art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.*] Common Senſe requires us to read,

may complain of groſs *breeding.*

Clo.

Clo. Inſtance, briefly; come, inſtance.

Cor. Why, we are ſtill handling our ewes; and their fels, you know, are greaſy.

Clo. Why, do not your Courtiers hands ſweat? and is not the greaſe of a mutton as wholſome as the ſweat of a man? ſhallow, ſhallow;—a better inſtance, I ſay: come.

Cor. Beſides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feel them the ſooner. Shallow again:——a more ſounder inſtance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the ſurgery of our ſheep; and would you have us kiſs tarr? the Courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Clo. Moſt ſhallow man! thou worms-meat, in reſpect of a good piece of fleſh, indeed! learn of the wife and perpend; civet is of a baſer birth than tarr; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the inſtance, ſhepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll reſt.

Clo. Wilt thou reſt damn'd? God help thee, ſhallow man; God make inciſion in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer, I earn that I eat; get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happineſs; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greateſt of my pride is, to ſee my ewes graze, and my lambs ſuck.

Clo. That is another ſimple ſin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together; and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be a bawd to a bell-weather; and to betray a ſhe-lamb of a twelve-month to a crooked-pated old cuckoldly ram, out of all reaſonable match. If thou be'ſt not damn'd for this, the devil himſelf will have no ſhepherds; I cannot ſee elſe how thou ſhould'ſt ſcape.

Cor. Here comes young Mr. *Ganimed*, my new miſtreſs's brother.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Roſalind, *with a paper.*

Roſ. *FROM the eaſt to weſtern* Inde.
No jewel is like Roſalind,
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Roſalind.
All the pictures, faireſt lin'd,
Are but black to Roſalind;
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Roſalind.

Clo. I'll rhime you ſo, eight years together; dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Roſ. Out, fool!

Clo. For a taſte.——

If a hart doth lack a hind,
Let him ſeek out Roſalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be ſure, will Roſalind.
Winter garments muſt be lin'd,
So muſt ſlender Roſalind.
They, that reap, muſt ſheaf and bind;
Then to Cart with Roſalind.
Sweeteſt nut hath ſowreſt rind,
Such a nut is Roſalind.
He that ſweeteſt roſe will find,
Muſt find love's prick, and Roſalind.

This is the very falſe gallop of verſes; why do you infect yourſelf with them?

Roſ. Peace, you dull fool, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Roſ. I'll graff it with you, and then I ſhall graff it with

with a medler; then it will be the earlieſt fruit i' th' country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medler.

Clo. You have ſaid; but whether wiſely or no, * let the Foreſter judge.

SCENE V.

Enter Celia, *with a writing.*

Roſ. PEACE, here comes my Siſter reading; ſtand aſide.

Cel. *Why ſhould this a Deſart be,*
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That ſhall civil ſaying ſhow.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the ſtretching of a ſpan
Buckles in his ſum of age;
Some of violated vows,
'Twixt the ſouls of friend and friend;
But upon the faireſt boughs,
Or at every ſentence end,
Will I Roſalinda *write;*
Teaching all, that read, to know,
This Quinteſſence of every Sprite
Heaven would in little ſhow.
Therefore heaven nature charg'd,
That one body ſhould be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd;
Nature preſently diſtill'd
Helen's *cheeks, but not her heart,*
Cleopatra's *majeſty;*
Atalanta's *better part;*
Sad Lucretia's *modeſty.*

* *Let the* Foreſt *judge.*] We ſhould read Foreſter, *i. e.* the Shepherd who was there preſent.

Thus

Thus Roſalind *of many parts*
By heav'nly ſynod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the Touches deareſt priz'd.
Heav'n would that ſhe theſe gifts ſhould have,
And I to live and die her ſlave.

Roſ. *O moſt gentle *Juniper!*—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your Pariſhioners withal, and never cry'd, have patience, good people?

Cel. How now? back-friends! ſhepherd, go off a little: go with him, ſirrah.

Clo. Come, ſhepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; tho' not with bag and baggage, yet with ſcrip and ſcrippage. [*Exeunt* Cor. *and* Clown.

SCENE VI.

Cel. DIDST thou hear theſe verſes?

Roſ. O yes, I heard them all, and more too; for ſome of them had in them more feet than the verſes would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verſes.

Roſ. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themſelves without the verſe, and therefore ſtood lamely in the verſe.

Cel. But didſt thou hear without wondring, how thy name ſhould be hang'd and carv'd upon theſe trees?

Roſ. I was ſeven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came: for, look here, what I found on a palm-tree; I was never ſo be-rhimed ſince *Pythagoras*'s time, that I was an *Iriſh* rat, which I can hardly remember.

* *O moſt gentle* Jupiter!] We ſhould read *Juniper*, as the following Words ſhew, alluding to the proverbial Term of a *Juniper Lecture:* A ſharp or unpleaſing one; *Juniper* being a rough prickly Plant.

Cel.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Roſ. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Roſ. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and ſo encounter.

Roſ. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it poſſible?

Roſ. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with moſt petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and moſt wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping——

Roſ. *Good my complexion! doſt thou think, though I am capariſon'd like a man, I have a doublet and hoſe in my diſpoſition? One inch of delay more is a South-ſea off diſcovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it; quickly, and ſpeak apace; I would thou could'ſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Roſ. Is he of God's making? what manner of man? is his head worth a hat? or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Roſ. Why, God will ſend more, if the man will be thankful; let me ſtay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young *Orlando*, that tripp'd up the wreſtler's heels and your heart both in an inſtant.

* *Good my complexion!*] *This is a Mode of Expreſſion*, Mr. *Theobald* ſays, *which he cannot reconcile to Common Senſe.* Like enough: and ſo too the *Oxford Editior*. But the Meaning is, *Hold good my complexion*, i. e. let me not bluſh.

Roſ.

Roſ. Nay, but the devil take mocking; ſpeak, ſad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Roſ. Orlando!

Cel. Orlando.

Roſ. Alas the day, what ſhall I do with my doublet and hoſe? what did he, when thou ſaw'ſt him? what ſaid he? how look'd he? wherein went he? what makes he here? did he aſk for me? where remains he? how parted he with thee? and when ſhalt thou ſee him again? anſwer me in one word.

Cel. You muſt borrow me *Garagantua*'s mouth firſt; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's ſize: to ſay, ay, and no, to theſe particulars, is more than to anſwer in a catechiſm.

Roſ. But doth he know that I am in this Foreſt, and in man's apparel? looks he as freſhly as he did the day he wreſtled?

Cel. It is as eaſy to count atoms, as to reſolve the propoſitions of a lover: but take a taſte of my finding him, and reliſh it with good obſervance. I found him under a tree like a dropp'd acorn.

Roſ. It may well be call'd *Jove*'s tree, when it drops forth ſuch fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.

Roſ. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he ſtretch'd along like a wounded Knight.

Roſ. Tho' it be pity to ſee ſuch a ſight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a hunter.

Roſ. Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would ſing my ſong without a burden; thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Roſ. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I muſt ſpeak; Sweet, ſay on.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Orlando *and* Jaques.

Cel. YOU bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

Roſ. 'Tis he; ſlink by, and note him.

[Cel. *and* Roſ. *retire.*

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myſelf alone.

Orla. And ſo had I; but yet for faſhion ſake, I thank you too for your ſociety.

Jaq. God b'w' you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orla. I do deſire we may be better ſtrangers.

Jaq. I pray you, marr no more trees with writing love-ſongs in their barks.

Orla. I pray you, marr no more of my Verſes with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. *Roſalind*, is your love's name?

Orla. Yes, juſt.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleaſing you, when ſhe was chriſten'd.

Jaq. What ſtature is ſhe of?

Orla. Juſt as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty anſwers; have you not been acquainted with goldſmiths wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orla. Not ſo: but I anſwer you right painted cloth, from whence you have ſtudied your queſtions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think, it was made of *Atalanta*'s heels. Will you ſit down with me, and we two will rail againſt our miſtreſs, the world, and all our miſery.

Orla. I will chide no breather in the world but myſelf, againſt whom I know moſt faults.

Jaq. The worſt fault you have, is to be in love.

Orla.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your beſt virtue; I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth I was ſeeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you ſhall ſee him.

Jaq. There I ſhall ſee mine own figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll ſtay no longer with you; farewel, good Signior love! [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Orla. I Am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monſieur melancholy! [Cel. *and* Roſ. *come forward.*

Roſ. I will ſpeak to him like a ſaucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him: do you hear, foreſter?

Orla. Very well; what would you?

Roſ. I pray you, what is't a clock?

Orla. You ſhould aſk me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the Foreſt.

Roſ. Then there is no true lover in the Foreſt; elſe, ſighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orla. And why not the ſwift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Roſ. By no means, Sir: time travels in divers paces, with divers perſons; I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he ſtands ſtill withal?

Orla. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

Roſ. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is ſolemniz'd: if the interim be but a ſennight, time's pace is ſo hard that it ſeems the length of ſeven years.

Orla. Who ambles time withal?

Roſ.

Roſ. With a prieſt that lacks *Latine*, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one ſleeps eaſily, becauſe he cannot ſtudy; and the other lives merrily, becauſe he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wafteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. Theſe time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Roſ. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

Orla. Whom ſtays it ſtill withal?

Roſ. With lawyers in the vacation; for they ſleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Roſ. With this ſhepherdeſs, my ſiſter; here in the ſkirts of the foreſt, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orla. Are you native of this place?

Roſ. As the cony, that you ſee dwell where ſhe is kindled.

Orla. Your accent is ſomething finer, than you could purchaſe in ſo removed a dwelling.

Roſ. I have been told ſo of many; but, indeed, an old religious Uncle of mine taught me to ſpeak, who was in his youth an in-land man, one that knew courtſhip too well; for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures againſt it; I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with ſo many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole ſex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Roſ. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault ſeeming monſtrous, 'till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I pr'ythee, recount ſome of them.

Roſ. No; I will not caſt away my phyſic, but on thoſe

thoſe that are ſick. There is a man haunts the Foreſt, that abuſes our young plants with carving *Roſalind* on their barks; hangs Odes upon hawthorns, and Elegies on brambles; all, forſooth, deifying the name of *Roſalind*. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him ſome good counſel, for he ſeems to have the Quotidian of love upon him.

Orla. I am he, that is ſo love-ſhak'd; I pray you tell me your remedy.

Roſ. There is none of my Uncle's marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of ruſhes, I am ſure, you are not priſoner.

Orla. What were his marks?

Roſ. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and ſunken, which you have not; an unqueſtionable ſpirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not;——but I pardon you for that, for ſimply your Having in beard is a younger Brother's revenue;——then your hoſe ſhould be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your ſleeve unbutton'd, your ſhoe untied, and every thing about you demonſtrating a careleſs deſolation; but you are no ſuch man, you are rather, point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourſelf, than ſeeming the lover of any other.

Orla. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Roſ. Me believe it? you may as ſoon make her, that you love, believe it; which, I warrant, ſhe is apter to do, than to confeſs ſhe does; that is one of the points, in the which women ſtill give the lie to their conſciences. But, in good ſooth, are you he that hangs the Verſes on the trees, wherein *Roſalind* is ſo admired?

Orla. I ſwear to thee, youth, by the white hand of *Roſalind*, I am That he, that unfortunate he.

Roſ. But are you ſo much in love, as your rhimes ſpeak?

Orla.

Orla. Neither rhime nor reaſon can expreſs how much.

Roſ. Love is merely a madneſs, and, I tell you, deſerves as well a dark houſe and a whip, as mad men do: and the reaſon why they are not ſo puniſh'd and cured, is, that the lunacy is ſo ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: yet I profeſs curing it by counſel.

Orla. Did you ever cure any ſo?

Roſ. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his miſtreſs: and I ſet him every day to woo me. At which time would I, being but a mooniſh youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantaſtical, apiſh, ſhallow, inconſtant, full of tears, full of ſmiles; for every paſſion ſomething, and for no paſſion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the moſt part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forſwear him; now weep for him, then ſpit at him; that I drave my ſuitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madneſs; which was, to forſwear the full ſtream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monaſtic; and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me to waſh your liver as clear as a ſound ſheep's heart, that there ſhall not be one ſpot of love in't.

Orla. I would not be cur'd, youth.

Roſ. I would cure you if you would but call me *Roſalind*, and come every day to my cotte, and woo me.

Orla. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Roſ. Go with me to it, and I will ſhew it you; and, by the way, you ſhall tell me where in the Foreſt you live: will you go?

Orla. With all my heart, good youth.

Roſ. Nay, nay, you muſt call me *Roſalind*: come, ſiſter, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCE-

SCENE IX.

Enter Clown, Audrey *and* Jaques.

Clo. COME apace, good *Audrey*, I will fetch up your goats, *Audrey*; and now, *Audrey*, am I the man yet? doth my ſimple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, lord warrant us! what features?

Clo. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the moſt capricious poet honeſt *Ovid* was among the *Goths*.

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited, worſe than *Jove* in a thatch'd houſe!

Clo. When a man's verſes cannot be underſtood, nor a man's good Wit ſeconded with the forward child, Underſtanding; it ſtrikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room; truly, I would the Gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is; is it honeſt in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Clo. No, truly; for the trueſt poetry is the moſt feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they ſwear in poetry, may be ſaid, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wiſh then, that the Gods had made me poetical?

Clo. I do, truly; for thou ſwear'ſt to me, thou art honeſt: now if thou wert a poet, I might have ſome hope thou didſt feign.

Aud. Would not you have me honeſt?

Clo. No, truly, unleſs thou wert hard-favour'd; for honeſty coupled to beauty, is, to have honey a ſauce to ſugar.

Jaq. A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the Gods make me honeſt!

Clo. Truly, and to caſt away honeſty upon a foul ſlut, were to put good meat into an unclean diſh.

Aud. I am not a ſlut, though I thank the Gods I am foul.

Clo.

Clo. Well, praiſed be the Gods for thy foulneſs! fluttiſhneſs may come hereafter: but be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the foreſt and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain ſee this meeting.

Aud. Well, the Gods give us joy!

Clo. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, ſtagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no aſſembly but horn-beaſts. But what tho'? courage. As horns are odious, they are neceſſary. It is ſaid, many a man knows no end of his goods: right: many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting; horns? even ſo——poor men alone?——no, no, the nobleſt deer hath them as huge as the raſcal: is the ſingle man therefore bleſſed? no. As a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, ſo is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no ſkill, ſo much is a horn more precious to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir *Oliver:* Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, you are well met. Will you diſpatch us here under this tree, or ſhall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, ſhe muſt be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed! I'll give her.

Clo. Good even, good maſter *what ye call:* how do you, Sir? you are very well met: God'ild you for your laſt company! I am very glad to ſee you; even a toy in hand here, Sir: nay; pray, be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, *Motley?*

Clo. As the ox hath his bow, Sir, the horſe his curb, and the faulcon his bells, ſo man hath his deſire; and as pigeons bill, ſo wedlock would be nibling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a buſh like a beggar? get you to church, and have a good prieſt that can tell you what marriage is; this fellow will but join you together as they join wainſcot; then one of you will prove a ſhrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Clo. I am not in the mind, but I were better to be married of him than another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuſe for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counſel thee.

Clo. Come, ſweet *Audrey*, we muſt be married, or we muſt live in bawdry: farewel, good Sir *Oliver*; not *O ſweet* Oliver, *O brave* Oliver, *leave me not behind thee*, but wind away, begone, I ſay, I will not to wedding with thee.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantaſtical knave of them all ſhall flout me out of my Calling. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Changes to a Cottage in the Foreſt.

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Roſ. NEVER talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to conſider, that tears do not become a man.

Roſ. But have I not cauſe to weep?

Cel. As good cauſe as one would deſire, therefore weep.

Roſ. His very hair is of the diſſembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than *Judas*'s: marry his kiſſes are *Judas*'s own children.

Roſ.

Roſ. I faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your cheſnut was ever the only colour.

Roſ. And his kiſſing is as full of ſanctity, as the touch of holy beard.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of caſt lips of *Diana*; a nun of Winter's ſiſterhood kiſſes not more religiouſly; the very ice of chaſtity is in them.

Roſ. But why did he ſwear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Roſ. Do you think ſo?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purſe nor a horſe-ſtealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Roſ. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think, he is not in.

Roſ. You have heard him ſwear downright, he was.

Cel. Was, is not is; beſides, the oath of a lover is no ſtronger than the word of a tapſter; they are both the confirmers of falſe reckonings; he attends here in the Foreſt on the Duke your Father.

Roſ. I met the Duke yeſterday, and had much queſtion with him: he aſkt me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; ſo he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is ſuch a man as *Orlando*?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verſes, ſpeaks brave words, ſwears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite travers, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puiſny tilter, that ſpurs his horſe but one ſide, breaks his ſtaff like a noble gooſe; but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Miſtreſs and maſter, you have oft enquired
After the ſhepherd that complain'd of love;

Whom you ſaw ſitting by me on the turf,
Praiſing the proud diſdainful ſhepherdeſs
That was his miſtreſs.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will ſee a pageant truly plaid,
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of ſcorn and proud diſdain;
Go hence a little, and I ſhall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Roſ. O come, let us remove;
The ſight of lovers feedeth thoſe in love:
Bring us but to this ſight, and you ſhall ſay
I'll prove a buſy Actor in their Play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Changes to another part of the Foreſt.

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Sil. SWEET *Phebe*, do not ſcorn me; do not, *Phebe;*
Say, that you love me not; but ſay not ſo
In bitterneſs; the common executioner,
Whoſe heart th' accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard,
Falls not the ax upon the humbled neck,
But firſt begs pardon: will you ſterner be
Than he that deals, and lives by, bloody drops.

Enter Roſalind, Celia *and* Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'ſt me, there is murder in mine eyes; —
'Tis pretty, ſure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'ſt and ſofteſt things,
Who ſhut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers! ——
Now do I frown on thee with all my heart,

And

And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to ſwoon; why, now fall down;
Or if thou canſt not, oh, for ſhame, for ſhame,
Lie not, to ſay mine eyes are murderers.
Now ſhew the wound mine eyes have made in thee;
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some ſcar of it; lean but upon a ruſh,
The cicatrice and capable impreſſure
Thy Palm ſome moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am ſure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear *Phebe*,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in ſome freſh cheek * the power of fancy,
Then ſhall you know the wounds inviſible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phebe. But 'till that time,
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, 'till that time, I ſhall not pity thee.

Roſ. And why, I pray you? who might be your mother,
That you inſult, exult, and rail, at once
Over the wretched? what though you have beauty,
(As, by my faith, I ſee no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Muſt you be therefore proud and pitileſs?
Why, what means this? why do you look on me?
I ſee no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's ſale-work: odds, my little life!
I think, ſhe means to tangle mine eyes too:
No, faith, proud miſtreſs, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black ſilk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip.

* *the power of fancy,*] i. e. the Arms of Love: As Poets talk of the Darts of *Cupid* in the Eyes of their Miſtreſſes.

You fooliſh Shepherd, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy South, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thouſand times a properer man,
Than ſhe a woman. 'Tis ſuch fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children;
'Tis not her glaſs, but you, that flatter her;
And out of you ſhe ſees herſelf more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can ſhow her.
But, miſtreſs, know yourſelf; down on your knees,
And thank heav'n, faſting, for a good man's love;
For I muſt tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer;
Foul is moſt foul, being found to be a ſcoffer:
So take her to thee, ſhepherd; fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together; I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Roſ. He's fallen in love with your foulneſs, and ſhe'll fall in love with my anger.—If it be ſo, as faſt as ſhe anſwers thee, with frowning looks, I'll ſauce her with bitter words. Why look you ſo upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Roſ. I pray you, do not fall in love with me;
For I am falſer than vows made in wine;
Beſides, I like you not. If you will know my houſe,
'Tis at the tuft of Olives, here hard by:
Will you go, Siſter? ſhepherd, ply her hard:
Come, ſiſter; ſhepherdeſs, look on him better,
And be not proud; tho' all the world could ſee,
None could be ſo abus'd in ſight as he.
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt* Roſ. Cel. *and* Corin.

Phe. Deed ſhepherd, now I find thy Saw of might;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe!*

Phe. Hah: what ſay'ſt thou, *Silvius?*

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*, pity me.

Phe. Why I am ſorry for thee, gentle *Silvius.*

Sil. Where-ever ſorrow is, relief would be;

If

If you do ſorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your Sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.
Phe. Thou haſt my love; is not that neighbourly?
Sil. I would have you.
Phe. Why, that were Covetouſneſs.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love;
But ſince that thou canſt talk of love ſo well,
Thy company, which erſt was irkſome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompence,
Than thine own gladneſs that thou art employ'd.
Sil. So holy and ſo perfect is my love,
And I in ſuch a poverty of grace,
That I ſhall think it a moſt plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harveſt reaps: looſe now and then
A ſcatter'd ſmile, and that I'll live upon.
Phe. Know'ſt thou the youth, that ſpoke to me ere-while?
Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds,
That the old *Carlot* once was maſter of.
Phe. Think not, I love him, tho' I aſk for him;
'Tis but a peeviſh boy, yet he talks well.
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that ſpeaks them, pleaſes thoſe that hear:
It is a pretty youth, not very pretty;
But, ſure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him;
He'll make a proper man; the beſt thing in him
Is his Complexion; and faſter than his tongue
Did make Offence, his eye did heal it up:
He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall;
His leg is but ſo ſo, and yet 'tis well;
There was a pretty redneſs in his lip,
A little riper, and more luſty red

Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas juſt the difference
Betwixt the conſtant red and mingled damaſk.
There be ſome women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cauſe to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He ſaid, mine eyes were black, and my hair black:
And, now I am remembred, ſcorn'd at me;
I marvel, why I anſwer'd not again;
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou ſhalt bear it; wilt thou *Silvius?*

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it ſtraight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and paſſing ſhort:
Go with me, *Silvius*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Continues in the FOREST.

Enter Roſalind, Celia, *and* Jaques.

JAQUES.

I Pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Roſ. They ſay, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am ſo; I do love it better than laughing.

Roſ. Thoſe, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themſelves to every modern cenſure, worſe than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be ſad, and ſay nothing.

Roſ.

Roſ. Why then, 'tis good to be a poſt.

Jaq. I have neither the ſcholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the muſician's, which is fantaſtical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the ſoldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all theſe; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many ſimples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the ſundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a moſt humourous ſadneſs.

Roſ. A traveller! by my faith, you have great reaſon to be ſad: I fear, you have ſold your own lands to ſee other men's; then, to have ſeen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd me experience.

Enter Orlando.

Roſ. And your experience makes you ſad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me ſad, and to travel for it too.

Orla. Good day and happineſs, dear *Roſalind!*

Jaq. Nay, then God b'w'y you, an you talk in blank verſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Roſ. FAREWEL, monſieur traveller; look, you liſp, and wear ſtrange ſuits; diſable all the benefits of your own Country; be out of love with your nativity, and almoſt chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will ſcarce think, you have ſwam in a Gondola. Why, how now, *Orlando*, where have you been all this while? You a lover? an you ſerve me ſuch another trick, never come in my ſight more.

Orla. My fair *Roſalind*, I come within an hour of my promiſe.

Roſ. Break an hour's promiſe in love! he that will divide a minute into a thouſand parts, and break but a part of the thouſandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be ſaid of him, that *Cupid* hath clapt him o'th' ſhoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear *Roſalind.*

Roſ. Nay, an you be ſo tardy, come no more in my ſight: I had as lief be woo'd of a ſnail.

Orla. Of a ſnail?

Roſ. Ay, of a ſnail; for tho' he comes ſlowly, he carries his houſe on his head: a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman; beſides, he brings his deſtiny with him.

Orla. What's that?

Roſ. Why, horns; which ſuch as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for; but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the ſlander of his wife.

Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my *Roſalind* is virtuous.

Roſ. And I am your *Roſalind.*

Cel. It pleaſes him to call you ſo; but he hath a *Roſalind* of a better leer than you.

Roſ. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to conſent: what would you ſay to me now, an I were your very, very *Roſalind?*

Orla. I would kiſs, before I ſpoke.

Roſ. Nay, you were better ſpeak firſt, and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occaſion to kiſs. Very good orators, when they are out, they will ſpit; and for lovers lacking, God warn us, matter, the cleanlieſt ſhift is to kiſs.

Orla. How if the kiſs be denied?

Roſ. Then ſhe puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved miſtreſs?

Roſ.

Roſ. Marry, that ſhould you, if I were your miſtreſs; or I ſhould think my honeſty ranker than my wit.

Orla. What, of my ſuit?

Roſ. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your ſuit. Am not I your *Roſalind?*

Orla. I take ſome joy to ſay, you are; becauſe I would be talking of her.

Roſ. Well, in her perſon, I ſay, I will not have you.

Orla. Then in mine own perſon I die.

Roſ. No, faith, die by attorney; the poor world is almoſt ſix thouſand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own perſon, *videlicet*, in a love-cauſe: *Troilus* had his brains daſh'd out with a *Grecian* club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd many a fair year, tho' *Hero* had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midſummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to waſh in the *Helleſpont*, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the fooliſh chroniclers of that age found it was,—*Hero* of *Seſtos*. But theſe are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orla. I would not have my right *Roſalind* of this mind; for I proteſt, her frown might kill me.

Roſ. By this hand, it will not kill a fly; but come; now I will be your *Roſalind* in a more coming-on diſpoſition; and aſk me what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, *Roſalind.*

Roſ. Yes, faith, will I, *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, and all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Roſ. Ay, and twenty ſuch.

Orla. What ſay'ſt thou?

Roſ. Are you not good?

Orla. I hope ſo.

Roſ. Why then, can one deſire too much of a good

thing? come, ſifter, you ſhall be the prieſt, and marry us. Give me your hand, *Orlando:* what do you ſay, Sifter?

Orla. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot ſay the words.

Roſ. You muſt begin,—Will you, *Orlando*——

Cel. Go to; will you, *Orlando*, have to wife this *Roſalind?*

Orla. I will.

Roſ. Ay, but when?

Orla. Why now, as faſt as ſhe can marry us.

Roſ. Then you muſt ſay, I take thee *Roſalind* for wife.

Orla. I take thee *Roſalind* for wife.

Roſ. I might aſk you for your commiſſion, but I do take thee *Orlando* for my huſband: there's a girl goes before the prieſt, and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orla. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Roſ. Now tell me, how long would you have her, after you have poſſeſt her.

Orla. For ever and a day.

Roſ. Say a day, without the ever: no, no, *Orlando*, men are *April* when they woo, *December* when they wed: maids are *May* when they are maids, but the ſky changes when they are wives; I will be more jealous of thee than a *Barbary* cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot againſt rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my deſires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in the fountain; and I will do that, when you are diſpos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, * and that when you are inclin'd to weep.

Orla. But will my *Roſalind* do ſo?

Roſ. By my life, ſhe will do as I do.

Orla. O, but ſhe is wiſe.

* *and that when you are inclin'd to* ſleep.] We ſhould read, *to* weep.

Roſ.

Roſ. Or elſe ſhe could not have the wit to do this; the wiſer, the waywarder: make the doors faſt upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the caſement; ſhut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; ſtop that, it will fly with the ſmoke out at the chimney.

Orla. A man that had a wife with ſuch a wit, he might ſay, Wit, whither wilt?

Roſ. Nay, you might keep that check for it, 'till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orla. And what wit could wit have to excuſe that?

Roſ. Marry, to ſay ſhe came to ſeek you there: you ſhall never take her without her anſwer, unleſs you take her without her tongue. O that woman, that cannot make her fault her huſband's occaſion, let her never nurſe her child herſelf, for ſhe will breed it like a fool?

Orla. For theſe two hours, *Roſalind*, I will leave thee.

Roſ. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orla. I muſt attend the Duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Roſ. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove, my friends told me as much, and I thought no leſs; that flattering tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one caſt away, and ſo come death: two o'th' clock is your hour!

Orla. Ay, ſweet *Roſalind.*

Roſ. By my troth, and in good earneſt, and ſo God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promiſe, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the moſt *atheiſtical break-promiſe, and the moſt hollow lover, and the moſt unworthy of her you call *Roſalind*, that may be choſen out the groſs band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my cenſure, and keep your promiſe.

** I will think you the moſt* pathetical *break-promiſe,*] We ſhould read, atheiſtical *break-promiſe.* His Anſwer confirms it, that he would keep his Promiſe *with no leſs Religion, than*——]

Orla.

Orla. With no leſs religion, than if thou wert indeed my *Roſalind;* ſo adieu.

Roſ. Well, time is the old Juſtice that examines all ſuch offenders, and let time try. Adieu! [*Exit.* Orla.

SCENE III.

Cel. YOU have ſimply miſus'd our ſex in your love-prate: we muſt have your doublet and hoſe pluck'd over your head, and ſhew the world what the bird hath done to her own neſt.

Roſ. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didſt know how many fathom deep I am in love; but it cannot be ſounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of *Portugal.*

Cel. O rather, bottomleſs; that as faſt as you pour affection in it, it runs out.

Roſ. No, that ſame wicked baſtard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of ſpleen, and born of madneſs, that blind raſcally boy, that abuſes every one's eyes, becauſe his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love; I'll tell thee, *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the ſight of *Orlando;* I'll go find a ſhadow, and ſigh 'till he come.

Cel. And I'll ſleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Jaques, *Lords and Foreſters.*

Jaq. WHICH is he that kill'd the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's preſent him to the Duke, like a *Roman* Conqueror; and it would do well to ſet the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory; have you no Song, Foreſter, for this purpoſe?

For. Yes, Sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, ſo it make noiſe enough.

Muſic

Muſic, Song.

What ſhall he have, that kill'd the deer?
His leather ſkin and horns to wear;
Then ſing him home:—take Thou no Scorn
To wear the horn, the horn, the horn: } The reſt ſhall
It was a creſt, ere thou waſt born. } bear this Bur-
Thy father's father wore it, } den.
And thy father bore it,
The horn, the horn, the luſty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorn.

SCENE V.

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Roſ. HOW ſay you now, is it not paſt two o'clock? I wonder much, *Orlando* is not here.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth to ſleep: look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth,
My gentle *Phebe* bid me give you this:
I know not the contents; but, as I gueſs,
By the ſtern brow, and waſpiſh action
Which ſhe did uſe as ſhe was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltleſs meſſenger.

Roſ. Patience herſelf would ſtartle at this letter,
And play the ſwaggerer; bear this, bear all.
She ſays, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that ſhe could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix: 'odds my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes ſhe ſo to me? well, ſhepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I proteſt, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Roſ.

Roſ. Come, come, you're a fool,
And turn'd into th' extremity of love.
I ſaw her hand, ſhe has a leathern hand,
A free-ſtone-colour'd hand; I verily did think,
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a huſwife's hand, but that's no matter;
I ſay, ſhe never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.
Sil. Sure, it is hers.
Roſ. Why, 'tis a boiſterous and a cruel ſtile,
A ſtile for challengers; why ſhe defies me,
Like *Turk* to Chriſtian; woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth ſuch giant rude invention;
Such *Ethiop* words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance; will you hear the letter?
Sil. So pleaſe you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of *Phebe*'s cruelty.
Roſ. She *Phebe*'s me; mark, how the tyrant writes.
[Reads.] *Art thou God to ſhepherd turn'd,*
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?
Can a woman rail thus?
Sil. Call you this railing?
Roſ. [Reads.] *Why, thy Godhead laid apart,*
Warr'ſt thou with a woman's heart?
Did you ever hear ſuch railing?
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me, a beaſt!
If the ſcorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raiſe ſuch love in mine,
Alack, in me, what ſtrange effect
Would they work in mild aſpect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me;
And by him ſeal up thy mind,
Whether that thy Youth and Kind

Will

Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or elſe by him my love deny,
And then I'll ſtudy how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor ſhepherd!

Roſ. Do you pity him? no, he deſerves no pity: wilt thou love ſuch a woman? what, to make thee an inſtrument, and play falſe ſtrains upon thee? not to be endured! Well, go your way to her; (for I ſee, love hath made thee a tame ſnake,) and ſay this to her; *that if ſhe love me, I charge her to love thee: if ſhe will not, I will never have her, unleſs thou entreat for her.* If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit* SIL.

SCENE VI.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. GOOD-morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where, in the purlieus of this foreſt, ſtands
A ſheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. Weſt of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of oſiers, by the murmuring ſtream,
Left on your right-hand, brings you to the place;
But at this hour the houſe doth keep itſelf,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then ſhould I know you by deſcription,
Such garments, and ſuch years: *the boy is fair,*
Of female favour, and beſtows himſelf
Like a ripe Siſter: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the houſe, I did enquire for?

Cel.

Cel. It is no boaſt, being aſk'd, to ſay, we are.
Oli. *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth, he calls his *Roſalind*,
He ſends this bloody napkin. Are you he?
Roſ. I am; what muſt we underſtand by this?
Oli. Some of my Shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was ſtain'd.
Cel. I pray you, tell it.
Oli. When laſt the young *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promiſe to return again
Within an hour; and pacing through the foreſt,
Chewing the food of ſweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aſide,
And mark what object did preſent itſelf.
Under an oak, whoſe boughs were moſs'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity;
A wretched ragged man, o'er-grown with hair,
Lay ſleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded ſnake had wreath'd itſelf,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth, but ſuddenly
Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd itſelf,
And with indented glides did ſlip away
Into a buſh; under which buſh's ſhade
A Lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching head on ground, with cat-like watch
When that the ſleeping man ſhould ſtir; for 'tis
The royal diſpoſition of that beaſt
To prey on nothing that doth ſeem as dead:
This ſeen, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his eldeſt brother.
Cel. O, I have heard him ſpeak of that ſame brother,
And he did render him the moſt unnatural
That liv'd 'mongſt men.
Oli. And well he might ſo do;
For, well I know, he was unnatural.

Roſ.

Roſ. But, to *Orlando*; did he leave him there,
Food to the ſuck'd and hungry lioneſs?
Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd ſo:
But kindneſs, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature ſtronger than his juſt occaſion,
Made him give battel to the lioneſs,
Who quickly fell before him; in which *hurtling
From miſerable ſlumber I awak'd.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Roſ. Was it you he reſcu'd?
Cel. Was it you that did ſo oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I; I do not ſhame
To tell you what I was, ſince my converſion
So ſweetly taſtes, being the thing I am.
Roſ. But, for the bloody napkin?—
Oli. By, and by.
When from the firſt to laſt, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had moſt kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that deſart place;
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me freſh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me inſtantly unto his cave,
There ſtrip'd himſelf, and here upon his arm
The lioneſs had torn ſome fleſh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon *Roſalind*.——
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after ſome ſmall ſpace, being ſtrong at heart,
He ſent me hither, ſtranger as I am,
To tell this ſtory, that you might excuſe
His broken promiſe; and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the ſhepherd youth,
That he in ſport doth call his *Roſalind*.
Cel. Why, how now *Ganimed*, Sweet, *Ganimed*?
[Roſ. *faints*.
Oli. Many will ſwoon, when they do look on blood.

* hurtling. *Skirmiſhing.* Mr. *Pope.*

Cel.

Cel. There is more in it:—couſin *Ganimed!*

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Roſ. Would, I were at home!

Cel. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth; you a man? you lack a man's heart.

Roſ. I do ſo, I confeſs it. Ah, Sir, a body would think, this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great teſtimony in your complexion, that it was a paſſion of earneſt.

Roſ. Counterfeit, I aſſure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Roſ. So I do: but, i' faith, I ſhould have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards; good Sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I; for I muſt bear anſwer back, How you excuſe my brother, *Roſalind.*

Roſ. I ſhall deviſe ſomething; but, I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you go?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The FOREST.

Enter Clown *and* Audrey.

CLOWN.

WE ſhall find a time, *Audrey;* patience, gentle *Audrey.*

Aud. Faith, the Prieſt was good enough, for all the old gentleman's ſaying.

Clo. A moſt wicked Sir *Oliver*, *Audrey;* a moſt vile

vile *Mar-text!* but *Audrey*, there is a youth here in the Foreſt lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis, he hath no intereſt in me in the world; here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to ſee a Clown; by my troth, we, that have good wits, have much to anſwer for: we ſhall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good ev'n, *Audrey*.

Aud. God ye good ev'n, *William*.

Will. And good ev'n to you, Sir.

Clo. Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: is thy name *William?*

Will. *William*, Sir.

Clo. A fair name. Waſt born i'th' foreſt here?

Will. Ay, Sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God: a good anſwer: art rich?

Will. 'Faith, Sir, ſo, ſo.

Clo. So, ſo, is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but ſo, ſo. Art thou wiſe?

Will. Ay, Sir, I have a pretty wit.

Clo. Why, thou ſay'ſt well: I do now remember a Saying; *the fool doth think he is wiſe, but the wiſe man knows himſelf to be a fool.* The heathen philoſopher, when he had a deſire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, Sir.

Clo. Give me your hand: art thou learned?

Will. No, Sir.

Clo. Then learn this of me; to have, is to have. For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink being poured out of a cup into a glaſs, by filling the one doth empty

empty the other. For all your writers do conſent, that *ipſe* is he: now you are not *ipſe*; for I am he.

Will. Which he, Sir?

Clo. He, Sir, that muſt marry this woman; therefore you, Clown, abandon, which is in the vulgar, leave the ſociety, which in the booriſh, is company, of this female; which in the common, is woman; which together is, abandon the ſociety of this female; or Clown, thou periſheſt; or, to thy better underſtanding, dieſt; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, tranſlate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage; I will deal in poiſon with thee, or in baſtinado, or in ſteel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will over-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good *William*.

Will. God reſt you merry, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our maſter and miſtreſs ſeek you; come away, away.

Clo. Trip, *Audrey*; trip, *Audrey*; I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Orlando *and* Oliver.

Orla. IS'T poſſible, that on ſo little acquaintance you ſhould like her? that, but ſeeing, you ſhould love her? and loving, woo? and wooing, ſhe ſhould grant? and will you perſevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddineſs of it in queſtion, the poverty of her, the ſmall acquaintance, my ſudden wooing, nor her ſudden conſenting; but ſay with me, I love *Aliena*; ſay with her, that ſhe loves me; conſent with both, that we may enjoy each other; it ſhal

be to your Good; for my father's houſe, and all the revenue that was old Sir *Rowland*'s, will I eſtate upon you, and here live and die a ſhepherd.

Enter Roſalind.

Orla. You have my conſent. Let your wedding be to-morrow; thither will I invite the Duke, and all his contented followers: go you, and prepare *Aliena;* for, look you, here comes my *Roſalind.*

Roſ. God ſave you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair ſiſter.

Roſ. Oh, my dear *Orlando*, how it grieves me to ſee thee wear thy heart in a ſcarf.

Orla. It is my arm.

Roſ. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Roſ. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to ſwoon, when he ſhew'd me your handkerchief?

Orla. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Roſ. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing ſo ſudden, but the fight of two rams, and *Cæſar*'s thraſonical brag of, I *came, ſaw*, and *overcame:* for your brother and my ſiſter no ſooner met, but they look'd; no ſooner look'd, but they lov'd; no ſooner lov'd, but they ſigh'd; no ſooner ſigh'd, but they aſk'd one another the reaſon; no ſooner knew the reaſon, but they ſought the remedy; and in theſe degrees have they made a pair of ſtairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or elſe be incontinent before marriage; they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

Orla. They ſhall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the Nupital. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happineſs through another man's eyes! by ſo much the more ſhall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heavineſs, by how much

I ſhall

I ſhall think my brother happy, in having what he wiſhes for.

Roſ. Why, then to-morrow I cannot ſerve your turn for *Roſalind?*

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Roſ. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I ſpeak to ſome purpoſe, that I know, you are a gentleman of good conceit, I ſpeak not this, that you ſhould bear a good opinion of my knowledge; inſomuch, I ſay, I know what you are; neither do I labour for a greater eſteem than may in ſome little meaſure draw a belief from you to do yourſelf good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange things; I have, ſince I was three years old, converſt with a magician, moſt profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Roſalind* ſo near the heart, as your geſture cries it out, when your brother marries *Aliena*, you ſhall marry her. I know into what ſtraights of fortune ſhe is driven, and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to ſet her before your eyes to-morrow; human as ſhe is, and without any danger.

Orla. Speak'ſt thou in ſober meanings?

Roſ. By my life, I do; * which I tender dearly, tho' I ſay, I am a magician: therefore, put you on your beſt array; bid your friends, for if you will be married to-morrow, you ſhall; and to *Roſalind*, if you will.

SCENE III.

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

* *which I tender dearly, tho' I ſay, I am a magician:*] Hence it appears this was written in *James*'s Time, when there was a ſevere Inquiſition after Witches and Magicians.

Phebe.

Phebe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleneſs,
To ſhew the letter that I writ to you.
Roſ. I care not, if I have: it is my ſtudy
To ſeem deſpightful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful ſhepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worſhips you.
Phe. Good ſhepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
Sil. It is to be made all of ſighs and tears,
And ſo am I for *Phebe.*
Phe. And I for *Ganimed.*
Orla. And I for *Roſalind.*
Roſ. And I for no woman.
Sil. It is to be made all of faith and ſervice;
And ſo am I for *Phebe.*
Phe. And I for *Ganimed.*
Orla. And I for *Roſalind.*
Roſ. And I for no woman.
Sil. It is to be all made of fantaſy,
All made of paſſion, and all made of wiſhes,
All adoration, duty and obſervance,
All humbleneſs, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obſervance;
And ſo am I for *Phebe.*
Phe. And ſo am I for *Ganimed.*
Orla. And ſo am I for *Roſalind.*
Roſ. And ſo am I for no woman.
Phe. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?
[*To* Roſ.
Sil. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?
[*To* Phe.
Orla. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?
Roſ. Who do you ſpeak to, why blame you me to love you?
Orla. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear?
Roſ. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of *Iriſh* wolves againſt the moon; I will help you

if I can; I would love you, if I could: to-morrow meet me all together; I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow; [*To* Phebe.] I will ſatisfy you, if ever I ſatisfy'd man, and you ſhall be married to-morrow; [*To* Orl.] I will content you, if, what pleaſes you, contents you; and you ſhall be married to-morrow. [*To* Sil.] As you love *Roſalind*, meet; as you love *Phebe*, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Clown *and* Audrey.

Clo. TO-morrow is the joyful day, *Audrey*: to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do deſire it with all my heart; and, I hope, it is no diſhoneſt deſire, to deſire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the baniſh'd Duke's pages.

Enter two pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honeſt gentleman.

Clo. By my troth, well met: come, ſit, ſit, and a Song.

2 *Page.* We are for you, ſit i'th' middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or ſpitting, or ſaying we are hoarſe, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith, and both in a tune, like two Gypſies on a horſe.

SONG.

It was a lover and his laſs,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did paſs

In

In the ſpring time; the pretty ſpring time,
When birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding,
Sweet lovers love the ſpring.

And therefore take the preſent time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime,
In the ſpring time, &c.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
Theſe pretty country-folks would lie,
In the ſpring time, &c.

The Carrol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower,
In the ſpring time, &c.

Clo. Truly, young gentleman, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untimeable.

1 *Page.* You are deceiv'd, Sir, we kept time, we loſt not our time.

Clo. By my troth, yes: I count it but time loſt to hear ſuch a fooliſh Song. God b'w'y you, and God mend your voices. Come, *Audrey.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to another Part of the Foreſt.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, *and* Celia.

Duke Sen. DOST thou believe, *Orlando,* that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promiſed?

Orla. I ſometimes do believe, and ſometimes do not;

* As thoſe that fear their hap, and know their fear.

Enter Roſolind, Silvius *and* Phebe.

Roſ. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:
You ſay, if I bring in your *Roſalind*, [*To the Duke.*
You will beſtow her on *Orlando* here?

Duke Sen. That would I, had I Kingdoms to give with her.

Roſ. And you ſay, you will have her when I bring her? [*To* Orlando.

Orla. That would I, were I of all Kingdoms King.

Roſ. You ſay, you'll marry me, if I be willing. [*To* Phebe.

Phe. That will I, ſhould I die the hour after.

Roſ. But if you do refuſe to marry me,
You'll give yourſelf to this moſt faithful ſhepherd.

Phe. So is the bargain.

Roſ. You ſay, that you'll have *Phebe*, if ſhe will? [*To* Silvius.

Sil. Tho' to have her and death were both one thing.

Roſ. I've promis'd to make all this matter even;
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, *Orlando*, to receive his daughter:
Keep your word, *Phebe*, that you'll marry me,
Or elſe, refuſing me, to wed this ſhepherd.
Keep your word, *Silvius*, that you'll marry her,
If ſhe refuſe me; and from hence I go
To make theſe doubts all even. [*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Celia.

Duke Sen. I do remember in this ſhepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orla. My Lord, the firſt time that I ever ſaw him,

* *As thoſe that fear* they hope, *and know* they *fear.*] This ſtrange Nonſenſe ſhould be read thus,

As thoſe that fear their hap, *and know* their *fear.*

i. e. As thoſe who fear the Iſſue of a Thing when they know their Fear to be well grounded.

Me-

Methought, he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good Lord, this boy is foreſt-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many deſperate ſtudies by his uncle;
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obſcured in the circle of this foreſt.

SCENE VI.

Enter Clown *and* Audrey.

Jaq. THERE is, ſure, another flood toward, and theſe couples are coming to the Ark. *Here come a pair of unclean beaſts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Clo. Salutation, and greeting, to you all!

Jaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have ſo often met in the foreſt: he hath been a Courtier, he ſwears.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a meaſure; I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politic with my friend, ſmooth with mine enemy; I have undone three taylors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was That ta'en up?

Clo. 'Faith, we met; and found, the quarrel was upon the ſeventh cauſe.

Jaq. How the ſeventh cauſe?——good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke Sen. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you, Sir, I deſire of you the like: I preſs in here, Sir, amongſt the reſt of the country copulatives, to ſwear, and to forſwear, according as

* *Here come a pair of* very ſtrange *beaſts*, &c.] What! *ſtrange Beaſts*? And yet ſuch as have a Name in all Languages? *Noah*'s Ark is here alluded to; into which the *clean* Beaſts entered by *ſevens*, and the unclean by *two*, Male and Female. It is plain then that *Shakeſpear* wrote, *here come a Pair of* unclean *Beaſts*, which is highly humourous.

marriage binds, and blood breaks: a poor virgin, Sir, an ill-favour'd thing, Sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, Sir, to take That that no man elſe will. Rich honeſty dwells like a miſer, Sir, in a poor houſe; as your pearl, in your foul oyſter.

Duke Sen. By my faith, he is very ſwift and ſententious.

Clo. According to the fool's bolt, Sir, and ſuch dulcet diſeaſes.

Jaq. But, for the ſeventh cauſe; how did you find the quarrel on the ſeventh cauſe?

Clo. Upon a lie ſeven times removed; (bear your body more ſeeming, *Audrey)* as thus, Sir; I did diſlike the cut of a certain Courtier's beard; he ſent me word, if I ſaid his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was. This is call'd the *Retort courteous.* If I ſent him word again, it was not well cut, he would ſend me word, he cut it to pleaſe himſelf. This is call'd the *Quip modeſt.* If again, it was not well cut, he diſabled my judgment. This is call'd the *Reply churliſh.* If again, it was not well cut, he would anſwer, I ſpake not true. This is call'd the *Reproof valiant.* If again, it was not well cut, he would ſay, I lie. This is call'd the *Counter-check quarrelſome;* and ſo, the *Lie circumſtantial*, and the *Lie direct.*

Jaq. And how oft did you ſay, his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durſt go no further than the *Lie circumſtantial;* nor he durſt not give me the *Lie direct*, and ſo we meaſur'd ſwords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the Lie?

Clo. O, Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The firſt, the Retort courteous; the ſecond, the Quip modeſt; the third, the Reply churliſh; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Coun-

Counter-check quarrelſome; the ſixth, the Lie with circumſtance; the ſeventh, the Lie direct. All theſe you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew, when ſeven Juſtices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an If; as, if you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo; and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke Sen. He uſes his folly like a ſtalking-horſe, and under the preſentation of that he ſhoots his wit.

SCENE VII.

Enter Hymen, Roſalind *in woman's clothes, and* Celia.

STILL MUSIC.

Hym. *THEN is there mirth in heav'n,*
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen *from heaven brought her,*
Yea, brought her hither:
That thou might'ſt join her hand with his,
Whoſe heart within his boſom is.

Roſ. To you I give myſelf; for I am yours.
[*To the Duke.*
To you I give myſelf; for I am yours. [*To* Orlando.

Duke Sen. If there be truth in ſight, you are my Daughter.

Orla. If there be truth in ſight, you are my *Roſalind.*

Phe. If ſight and ſhape be true,
Why, then my love adieu!

Roſ. I'll have no father, if you be not he;
I'll have no huſband, if you be not he;
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not ſhe.

Hym. Peace, hoa! I bar confuſion:
'Tis I muſt make concluſion
Of theſe moſt ſtrange events:
Here's eight that muſt take hands,
To join in *Hymen*'s bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no Croſs ſhall part;
You and you are heart in heart;
You to his love muſt accord,
Or have a woman to your lord.
You and you are ſure together,
As the winter to foul weather:
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we ſing,
Feed yourſelves with queſtioning:
That reaſon wonder may diminiſh,
How thus we meet, and theſe things finiſh.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's *Crown,*
O bleſſed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen *peoples every town,*
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown
To Hymen, *God of every town!*

Duke Sen. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me,
Ev'n daughter-welcome, in no leſs degree.
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. LET me have audience for a word or two:
I am the ſecond ſon of old Sir *Rowland,*
That

That bring theſe tidings to this fair aſſembly.
Duke *Frederick* hearing, how that every day
Men of great worth reſorted to this foreſt,
Addreſs'd a mighty power, which were on foot
In his own conduct purpoſely to take
His brother here, and put him to the ſword:
And to the ſkirts of this wild wood he came,
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After ſome queſtion with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world;
His Crown bequeathing to his baniſh'd brother,
And all their lands reſtor'd to them again,
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke Sen. Welcome, young man:
Thou offer'ſt fairly to thy brother's wedding;
To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
A land itſelf at large, a potent Dukedom.
Firſt, in this foreſt, let us do thoſe ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd ſhrewd days and nights with us,
Shall ſhare the good of our returned fortune,
According to the meaſure of their ſtates.
Mean time, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our ruſtic revelry:
Play, muſic; and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With meaſure heap'd in joy, to th' meaſures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous Court.

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of theſe convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
You to your former Honour I bequeath, [*To the Duke.*
Your patience and your virtue well deſerve it:
You to a love, that your true faith doth merit;
[*To* Orla.

You to your land, and love, and great allies;
[*To* Oli.
You to a long and well deſerved bed; [*To* Silv.
And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
[*To the Clown.*
Is but for two months victual'd: ſo to your pleaſures:
I am for other than for dancing meaſures.

Duke Sen. Stay, *Jaques*, ſtay.

Jaq. To ſee no paſtime, I: what you would have,
I'll ſtay to know at your abandon'd Cave. [*Exit.*

Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed; we will begin theſe rites;
As, we do truſt they'll end, in true delights.

EPILOGUE.

Roſ. It is not the faſhion to ſee the lady the Epilogue; but it is no more unhandſome, than to ſee the lord the Prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no buſh*, 'tis true, that a good Play needs no Epilogue. Yet to good wine they do uſe good buſhes; and good Plays prove the better by the help of good Epilogues. What a caſe am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor can inſinuate with you in the behalf of a good Play? I am not furniſh'd like a beggar; therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like us much of this Play as pleaſes them: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your ſimpring, none of you hate them) to like as much as pleaſes them: that between you and the women, the Play may pleaſe. If I were a woman, I would kiſs as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defy'd not: and, I am ſure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or ſweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'ſy, bid me farewel. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

THE

TAMING

OF THE

SHREW.

Characters *in the* Induction.

A *Lord, before whom the Play is ſuppos'd to be play'd.*
Chriſtopher Sly, *a drunken Tinker.*
Hoſteſs.
Page, Players, Huntſmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Baptiſta, *Father to* Catharina *and* Bianca; *very rich.*
Vincentio, *an old gentleman of* Piſa.
Lucentio, *Son to* Vincentio, *in love with* Bianca.
Petruchio, *a gentleman of* Verona, *a ſuitor to* Catharina.
Gremio, Hortenſio, } *Pretenders to* Bianca.
Tranio, Biondello, } *Servants to* Lucentio.
Grumio, *Servant to* Petruchio.
Pedant, *an old fellow ſet up to perſonate* Vincentio.

Catharina, *the Shrew.*
Bianca, *her Siſter.*
Widow.

Taylor, Haberdaſhers; with Servants attending on Baptiſta *and* Petruchio.

SCENE, *ſometimes in* Padua; *and ſometimes in* Petruchio's *Houſe in the Country.*

THE

THE

TAMING *of the* SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an Alehouſe on a Heath.

Enter Hoſteſs *and* Sly.

SLY.

I'LL pheeze you, in faith.

Hoſt. A pair of ſtocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the *Slies* are no rogues. Look in the *Chronicles*, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*; therefore. * *paucus pallabris*; let the world ſlide: *Seſſa.*

Hoſt. You will not pay for the glaſſes you have burſt.

Sly. No, not a deniere: Go by, *S. Jeronimo*—go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Hoſt. I know my remedy; I muſt go fetch the Third-borough.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll anſwer him by law; I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [*Falls aſleep.*

* *paucus pallabris*;] Meaning *pocus palabras*, Spaniſh, *few words.* Mr. *Theobald.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with a Train.

Lord. HUNTSMAN, I charge thee, tender well my hounds;
Leech *Merriman*, the poor cur is imboſt;
And couple *Clowder* with the deep-mouth'd Brach.
Saw'ſt thou not, boy, how *Silver* made it good
At the hedge-corner in the coldeſt fault?
I would not loſe the dog for twenty pound.

Hun. Why, *Belman* is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the mereſt loſs,
And twice to day pick'd out the dulleſt ſcent:
Truſt me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if *Echo* were as fleet,
I would eſteem him worth a dozen ſuch.
But ſup them well, and look unto them all,
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? ſee, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my Lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold, to ſleep ſo ſoundly.

Lord. O monſtrous beaſt! how like a ſwine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathſome is thy image!
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapt in ſweet clothes; rings put upon his fingers;
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him, when he wakes;
Would not the beggar then forget himſelf?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot chuſe.

2 *Hun.* It would ſeem ſtrange unto him, when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthleſs fancy.

Then

Then take him up, and manage well the jeſt:
Carry him gently to my faireſt chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head with warm diſtilled waters,
And burn ſweet wood to make the lodging ſweet.
Procure me muſic ready, when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heav'nly ſound;
And if he chance to ſpeak, be ready ſtraight,
And with a low ſubmiſſive reverence
Say, what is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a ſilver baſon
Full of Roſe-water, and beſtrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer; a third a diaper;
And ſay, wilt pleaſe your lordſhip cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a coſtly ſuit,
And aſk him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horſe,
And that his Lady mourns at his diſeaſe;
Perſuade him, that he hath been lunatic.
And when he ſays he is,——ſay, that he dreams;
For he is nothing but a mighty lord:
This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs:
It will be paſtime paſſing excellent,
If it be huſbanded with modeſty.

1 *Hun.* My Lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he ſhall think, by our true diligence,
He is no leſs than what we ſay he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his Office, when he wakes.
[*Some bear out* Sly. *Sound Trumpets.*
Sirrah, go ſee what trumpet is that ſounds.
Belike, ſome noble gentleman that means, [*Ex. Servant.*
Travelling ſome journey, to repoſe him here.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Re-enter Servant.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't pleaſe your Honour, Players
That offer ſervice to your lordſhip.

Lord. Bid them come near:

Enter Players.

Now, Fellows, you are welcome.

Play. We thank your Honour.

Lord. Do you intend to ſtay with me to night?

2 *Play.* So pleaſe your Lordſhip to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldeſt ſon:
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman ſo well:
I have forgot your name; but, ſure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sim. I think, 'twas *Soto* that your Honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true; thou didſt it excellent:
Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have ſome ſport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can aſſiſt me much.
There is a Lord will hear you play to-night;
But I am doubtful of your modeſties,
Leſt, over-eying of his odd Behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a Play,)
You break into ſome merry Paſſion,
And ſo offend him: for I tell you, Sirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he grows impatient.

Play. Fear not, my lord, we can contain ourſelves;
Where he the verieſt antic in the world.

2 *Play.* [*to the other.*] Go get a diſhclout to make clean your ſhoes, and I'll ſpeak for the properties.

[*Exit Player.*

My lord, we muſt have a ſhoulder of mutton for a property, and a little Vinegar to make our devil roar.

Lord.

Lord. Go, ſirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome, every one:
Let them want nothing that the houſe affords.
[*Exit one with the Players.*
Sirrah, go you to *Bartholomew* my page,
And ſee him dreſt in all ſuits like a lady.
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him Madam, do him all obeiſance,
Tell him from me (as he will win my love)
He bear himſelf with honourable action,
Such as he hath obſerv'd in noble ladies
Unto their Lords, by them accompliſhed;
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With ſoft low tongue, and lowly courteſy;
And ſay; what is't your Honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May ſhew her duty, and make known her love?
And then with kind embracements, tempting kiſſes,
And with declining head into his boſom,
Bid him ſhed tears, as being over-joy'd
To ſee her noble lord reſtor'd to health,
Who for twice ſeven years hath eſteem'd himſelf
No better than a poor and loathſome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a ſhower of commanded tears,
An Onion will do well for ſuch a ſhift;
Which in a Napkin being cloſe convey'd,
Shall in deſpight enforce a wat'ry eye.
See this diſpatch'd, with all the haſte thou canſt;
Anon I'll give thee more inſtructions. [*Exit Servant.*
I know the boy will well uſurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman.
I long to hear him call the drunkard, huſband;
And how my men will ſtay themſelves from laughter,
When they do homage to this ſimple peaſant;
I'll in to counſel them: haply, my preſence
May well abate the over-merry ſpleen;
Which otherwiſe will go into extremes. [*Exit Lord.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Changes to a Bedchamber in the Lord's Houſe.

Enter Sly *with Attendants, ſome with apparel, baſon and ewer, and other appurtenances. Re-enter Lord.*

Sly. FOR God's ſake, a pot of ſmall ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your lordſhip drink a cup of ſack?

2 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your Honour taſte of theſe Conſerves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your Honour wear to day?

Sly. I am *Chriſtopher Sly*, call not me Honour, nor lordſhip: I ne'er drank ſack in my life: and if you give me any Conſerves, give me Conſerves of beef: ne'er aſk me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more ſtockings than legs, nor no more ſhoes than feet; nay, ſometimes, more feet than ſhoes; or ſuch ſhoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heav'n ceaſe this idle humour in your Honour!
Oh, that a mighty man of ſuch deſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteem,
Should be infuſed with ſo foul a ſpirit!——

Sly. What, would you make me mad? am not I *Chriſtophero Sly*, old *Sly*'s Son of *Burton-heath*, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by tranſmutation a bearherd, and now by preſent profeſſion a tinker? aſk *Marian Hacket*, the fat ale-wife of *Wincot*, if ſhe know me not; if ſhe ſay, I am not fourteen pence on the ſcore for ſheer ale, ſcore me up for the lying'ſt knave in Chriſtendom. What, I am not beſtraught: here's——

1 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your ſervants droop.

Lord.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred ſhun your
houſe,
As beaten hence by your ſtrange lunacy.
Oh, noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment,
And baniſh hence theſe abject lowly dreams.
Look, how thy ſervants do attend on thee;
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have muſic? hark, *Apollo* plays; [*Muſic.*
And twenty caged nightingales do ſing.
Or wilt thou ſleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and ſweeter than the luſtful bed
On purpoſe trimm'd up for *Semiramis.*
Say, thou wilt walk, we will beſtrow the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horſes ſhall be trapp'd,
Their harneſs ſtudded all with gold and pearl.
Doſt thou love hawking? thou haſt hawks, will ſoar
Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds ſhall make the welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say, thou wilt courſe, thy greyhounds are
as ſwift
As breathed ſtags; ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Man.* Doſt thou love pictures? we will fetch thee
Adonis, painted by a running brook; [ſtraight
And *Citherea* all in ſedges hid;
Which ſeem to move, and wanton with her breath,
Ev'n as the waving ſedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll ſhew thee *Io*, as ſhe was a maid,
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Man.* Or *Daphne* roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one ſhall ſwear ſhe bleeds:
And at that ſight ſhall ſad *Apollo* weep:
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou haſt a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waining age,

1 *Man.*

1 *Man.* And 'till the tears, that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world,
And yet ſhe is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a Lord, and have I ſuch a Lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd 'till now?
I do not ſleep; I ſee, I hear, I ſpeak;
I ſmell ſweet ſavours, and I feel ſoft things:
Upon my life, I am a Lord, indeed;
And not a Tinker, nor *Chriſtophero Sly.*
Well, bring our Lady hither to our ſight,
And once again, a pot o' th' ſmalleſt ale.

2 *Man.* Will't pleaſe your Mightineſs to waſh your hands?
Oh, how we joy to ſee your wits reſtor'd!
Oh, that once more you knew but what you are!
Theſe fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or, when you wak'd, ſo wak'd as if you ſlept.

Sly. Theſe fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap:
But did I never ſpeak of all that time?

1 *Man.* Oh, yes, my Lord, but very idle words.
For tho' you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you ſay, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail'd upon the Hoſteſs of the houſe;
And ſay, you would preſent her at the Leet,
Becauſe ſhe bought ſtone-jugs, and no ſeal'd quarts:
Sometimes, you would call out for *Cicely Hacket.*

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the houſe.

3 *Man.* Why, Sir, you know no houſe; nor no ſuch maid;
Nor no ſuch men, as you have reckon'd up;
As *Stephen Sly*, and old *John Naps* of *Greece*,
And *Peter Turf*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twenty more ſuch names and men as theſe,
Which never were, nor no man ever ſaw.

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All.

All. Amen——

Sly. By th' Maſs, I think I am a Lord indeed. What is thy name?

Man. Sim, an't pleaſe your Honour.

Sly. Sim? that's as much as to ſay, *Simeon* or *Simon*; put forth thy hand and fill the pot.

[*The ſervant gives him drink.*

SCENE V.

Enter Lady, *with Attendants.*

I thank thee;——thou ſhalt not loſe by it.

Lady. How fares my noble Lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough. Where's my wife?

Lady. Here, noble Lord, what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me huſband? My men ſhould call me lord, I am your good man.

Lady. My huſband and my lord, my Lord and huſband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well: what muſt I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alce madam, or *Joan* madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing elſe, ſo lords call ladies.

Sly. Come, ſit down on my knee. *Sim*, drink to her. Madam wife, they ſay, that I have dream'd, and ſlept above ſome fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time ſeems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone:—Madam, undreſs you, and come now to bed. *Sim*, drink to her.

Lady. Thrice-noble Lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Or, if not ſo, until the ſun be ſet;

For

For your Phyſicians have expreſly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed;
I hope, this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.

Sly. Ay, it ſtands ſo, that I may hardly tarry ſo long; but I would be loath to fall into my dream again: I will therefore tarry in deſpight of the fleſh and the blood.

SCENE VI.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. YOUR Honour's Players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant Comedy;
For ſo your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much ſadneſs hath congeal'd your blood;
And melancholy is the nurſe of frenzy.
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment;
Which bars a thouſand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play; is it not a Commodity? a *Chriſtmas* gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Lady. No, my good Lord, it is more pleaſing ſtuff.

Sly. What, houſhold ſtuff?

Lady. It is a kind of hiſtory.

Sly. Well, we'll ſee't: come, Madam wife, ſit by my ſide, and let the world ſlip, we ſhall ne'er be younger.

THE

THE

TAMING *of the* SHREW.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in PADUA.

Flouriſh. Enter Lucentio *and* Tranio.

LUCENTIO.

TRANIO, ſince for the great deſire I had
To ſee fair *Padua*, nurſery of arts,
I am arriv'd from fruitful *Lombardy*,
The pleaſant garden of great *Italy*;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good-will, and thy good company:
Moſt truſty ſervant, well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and haply inſtitute
A courſe of learning, and ingenious ſtudies.
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my Being; and my father firſt,
A merchant of great traffic through the world:
Vincentio's come of the *Bentivolii*,
Vincentio his ſon, brought up in *Florence*,
It ſhall become to ſerve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I ſtudy,
To Virtue and that part of philoſophy
Will I apply, that treats of happineſs
By virtue ſpecially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy mind, for I have *Piſa* left,

And

And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves
A ſhallow plaſh to plunge him in the deep,
And with ſatiety ſeeks to quench his thirſt.
Tra. Me pardonato, gentle maſter mine,
I am in all affected as yourſelf:
Glad, that you thus continue your reſolve,
To ſuck the ſweets of ſweet philoſophy:
Only, good maſter, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral diſcipline,
Let's be no Stoics, nor no ſtocks, I pray;
Or, ſo devote to *Ariſtotle*'s checks,
As *Ovid* be an Outcaſt quite abjur'd.
Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practiſe rhetoric in your common talk;
Muſic and Poeſy uſe to quicken you;
The Mathematics, and the Metaphyſics,
Fall to them, as you find your ſtomach ſerves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleaſure ta'en:
In brief, Sir, ſtudy what you moſt affect.
Luc. Gramercies, *Tranio*, well doſt thou adviſe;
If, *Biondello*, thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put us in readineſs;
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in *Padua* ſhall beget.
But ſtay a while, what company is this?
Tra. Maſter, ſome ſhow to welcome us to town.

SCENE II.

Enter Baptiſta *with* Catharina *and* Bianca, Gremio *and* Hortenſio. Lucentio *and* Tranio *ſtand by.*

Bap. GENTLEMEN Both, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am reſolv'd, you know;
That is, not to beſtow my youngeſt Daughter,
Before I have a huſband for the elder;
If either of you both love *Catharina*,

Becauſe

Becauſe I know you well, and love you well,
Leave ſhall you have to court her at your pleaſure.
Gre. To cart her rather.—She's too rough for me:
There, there, *Hortenſio*, will you any wife?
Cath. I pray you, Sir, is it your will
To make a Stale of me amongſt theſe mates?
Hor. Mates, maid, how mean you that? no mates for you;
Unleſs you were of gentler, milder, mould.
Cath. I'faith, Sir, you ſhall never need to fear,
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care ſhall be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd ſtool,
And paint your face, and uſe you like a fool.
Hor. From all ſuch devils, good Lord, deliver us.
Gre. And me too, good Lord.
Tra. Huſh, maſter, here's ſome good paſtime toward;
That wench is ſtark mad, or wonderful froward. } *aſide.*
Luc. But in the other's ſilence I do ſee
Maid's mild behaviour and ſobriety.
Peace, *Tranio.*
Tra. Well ſaid, maſter; mum! and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may ſoon make good
What I have ſaid, *Bianca*, get you in;
And let it not diſpleaſe thee, good *Bianca;*
For I will love thee ne'er the leſs, my girl.
Cath. A pretty Peat! it is beſt put finger in the eye, an ſhe knew why.
Bian. Siſter, content you in my diſcontent.
Sir, to your pleaſure humbly I ſubſcribe:
My books and inſtruments ſhall be my company,
On them to look, and practiſe by myſelf.
Luc. Hark, *Tranio*, thou may'ſt hear *Minerva* ſpeak. [*aſide.*
Hor. Signior *Baptiſta*, will you be ſo ſtrange?

Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior *Baptiſta*, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am reſolv'd:
Go in, *Bianca*.—— [*Exit* Bianca.
And for I know, ſhe taketh moſt delight
In muſic, inſtruments, and poetry;
School-maſters will I keep within my houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her youth. If you, *Hortenſio*,
Or Signior *Gremio*, you, know any ſuch,
Prefer them hither: for to cunning men
I will be very kind; and liberal
To mine own children, in good bringing up;
And ſo farewel: *Catharina*, you may ſtay,
For I have more to commune with *Bianca*. [*Exit.*

Cath. Why, and, I truſt, I may go too, may I not? what, ſhall I be appointed hours, as tho', belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave? ha! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Gre. YOU may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are ſo good, here is none will hold you. Our love is not ſo great, *Hortenſio*, but we may blow our nails together, and faſt it fairly out. Our cake's dow on both ſides. Farewel; yet for the love I bear my ſweet *Bianca*, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her That wherein ſhe delights, I will wiſh him to her Father.

Hor. So will I, Signior *Gremio*: but a word, I pray; tho' the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd Parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us Both, that we may yet again have acceſs to our fair Miſtreſs, and be happy rivals in *Bianca*'s love, to labour and effect one thing 'ſpecially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor.

Hor. Marry, Sir, to get a huſband for her ſiſter.

Gre. A huſband! a devil.——

Hor. I ſay, a huſband.

Gre. I ſay, a devil. Think'ſt thou, *Hortenſio*, tho' her father be very rich, any man is ſo very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tuſh, *Gremio;* tho' it paſs your patience and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whip'd at the high-croſs every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you ſay, there's a ſmall choice in rotten apples: but, come, ſince this bar in law makes us friends, it ſhall be ſo far forth friendly maintain'd, 'till by helping *Baptiſta*'s eldeſt daughter to a huſband, we ſet his youngeſt free for a huſband, and then have to't afreſh. Sweet *Bianca!* happy man be his dole! he that runs faſteſt gets the ring; how ſay you, Signior *Gremio?*

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the beſt horſe in *Padua* to begin his wooing, that would throughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the houſe of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt* Gremio *and* Hortenſio.

SCENE IV.

Manent Tranio *and* Lucentio.

Tra. I Pray, Sir, tell me, is it poſſible
That love ſhould on a ſudden take ſuch hold?

Luc. Oh, *Tranio,* 'till I found it to be true,
I never thought it poſſible or likely.
But ſee, while idly I ſtood looking on,
I found th' effect of *Love in idleneſs:*
And now in plainneſs do confeſs to thee,

(That art to me as ſecret, and as dear,
As *Anna* to the Queen of *Carthage* was;)
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I periſh, *Tranio*,
If I atchieve not this young modeſt girl:
Counſel me, *Tranio*, for, I know, thou canſt;
Aſſiſt me, *Tranio*, for, I know, thou wilt.
Tra. Maſter, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart.
If Love hath toil'd you, nought remains but ſo,
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.
Luc. Gramercy, lad; go forward, this contents;
The reſt will comfort, for thy counſel's ſound.
Tra. Maſter, you look'd ſo longly on the maid,
Perhaps, you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
Luc. O yes, I ſaw ſweet Beauty in her face;
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Jove* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiſs'd the *Cretan* ſtrand.
Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her ſiſter
Began to ſcold, and raiſe up ſuch a ſtorm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
Luc. *Tranio*, I ſaw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath ſhe did perfume the air;
Sacred and ſweet was all I ſaw in her.——
Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to ſtir him from his trance:
I pray, awake, Sir; if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wit t' atchieve her. Thus it ſtands:
Her eldeſt Siſter is ſo curſt and ſhrewd,
That till the Father rids his Hands of her,
Maſter, your Love muſt live a Maid at home;
And therefore has he cloſely mew'd her up,
Becauſe ſhe ſhall not be annoy'd with ſuitors.
Luc. Ah, *Tranio*, what a cruel Father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took ſome care
To get her cunning ſchool-maſters to' inſtruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry, am I, Sir; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, *Tranio*.

Tra.

Tra. Maſter, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine firſt.
Tra. You will be ſchool-maſter,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Luc. It is: may it be done?
Tra. Not poſſible: for who ſhall bear your part,
And be in *Padua* here *Vincentio*'s ſon,
Keep houſe, and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Viſit his countrymen, and banquet them?
Luc. *Baſta;*—content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been ſeen in any houſe,
Nor can we be diſtinguiſh'd by our faces,
For man or maſter: then it follows thus.
Thou ſhalt be maſter, *Tranio*, in my ſtead;
Keep houſe, and port, and ſervants, as I ſhould.
I will ſome other be, ſome *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Piſa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and ſhall be ſo: *Tranio*, at once
Uncaſe thee: take my colour'd hat and cloak.
When *Biondello* comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him firſt to keep his tongue.
Tra. So had you need, [*They exchange habits.*
In brief, good Sir, ſith it your pleaſure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
(For ſo your Father charg'd me at our parting;
Be ſerviceable to my Son, quoth he,)
Altho', I think, 'twas in another ſenſe;
I am content to be *Lucentio*,
Becauſe ſo well I love *Lucentio*.
Luc. *Tranio*, be ſo; becauſe *Lucentio* loves;
And let me be a ſlave t' atchieve that Maid,
Whoſe ſudden ſight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?
Bion. Where have I been? nay, how now, where

are you? maſter, has my fellow *Tranio* ſtoll'n your clothes, or you ſtoll'n his, or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jeſt;
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow *Tranio* here, to ſave my life,
Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,
And I for my eſcape have put on his:
For in a quarrel, ſince I came aſhore,
I kill'd a man, and, fear, I am deſcry'd:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes;
While I make way from hence to ſave my life.
You underſtand me?

Bion. Ay, Sir, ne'er a whit.——

Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him: 'Would, I were ſo too.

Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wiſh after; that *Lucentio*, indeed, had *Baptiſta*'s youngeſt Daughter. But, ſirrah, not for my ſake, but your maſter's, I adviſe you, uſe your manners diſcreetly in all kind of companies: when I am alone, why, then I am *Tranio*; but in all places elſe, your maſter *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio*, let's go: one thing more reſts, that thyſelf execute, to make one among theſe wooers; if thou aſk me why, ſufficeth, my reaſons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Before Hortenſio's *Houſe in* Padua.

Enter Petruchio, *and* Grumio.

Pet. VERONA, for a while I take my leave,
To ſee my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My beſt beloved and approved friend,

Hor-

Hortenſio; and, I trow, this is the houſe;
Here, ſirrah, *Grumio,* knock, I ſay.

Gru. Knock, Sir? whom ſhould I knock? is there any man, has rebus'd your worſhip?

Pet. Villain, I ſay, knock me here ſoundly.

Gru. Knock you here, Sir? why, Sir, what am I, Sir,
That I ſhould knock you here, Sir?

Pet. Villain, I ſay, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well; or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My maſter is grown quarrelſome: I ſhould knock you firſt,
And then I know after, who comes by the worſt.

Pet. Will it not be?
Faith, ſirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it,
I'll try how you can *Sol, Fa,* and ſing it.

[*He wrings him by the ears.*

Gru. Help, maſters, help; my maſter is mad.

Pet. Now knock, when I bid you: Sirrah! Villain!

Enter Hortenſio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? my old friend *Grumio,* and my good friend *Petruchio!* how do you all at *Verona?*

Pet. Signior *Hortenſio,* come you to part the fray? *Con tutto il Core ben trovato,* may I ſay.

Hor. *Alla noſtra Caſa ben venuto, molto honorato Signor mio* Petruchio.
Riſe *Grumio,* riſe; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he leges in Latine. If this be not a lawful cauſe for me to leave his ſervice, look you, Sir: he bid me knock him, and rap him ſoundly, Sir. Well, was it fit for a ſervant to uſe his maſter ſo, being, perhaps, for aught I ſee, two and thirty, a pip out?
Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at firſt,
Then had not *Grumio* come by the worſt.

Pet. A ſenſeleſs villain!——Good *Hortenſio.*
I bid the raſcal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? O heav'ns! ſpake you not theſe words plain? ſirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me ſoundly: and come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I adviſe you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am *Grumio*'s pledge:
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, truſty, pleaſant ſervant *Grumio;*
And tell me now, ſweet Friend, what happy Gale
Blows you to *Padua* here, from old *Verona?*

Pet. Such wind as ſcatters young men through the world,
To ſeek their fortunes farther than at home;
* Where ſmall experience grows but in a mew.
Signior *Hortenſio*, thus it ſtands with me,
Antonio my Father is deceas'd;
And I have thruſt myſelf into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive, as beſt I may:
Crowns in my purſe I have, and goods at home,
And ſo am come abroad to ſee the world.

Hor. Petruchio, ſhall I then come roundly to thee,
And wiſh thee to a ſhrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dſt thank me but a little for my counſel,
And yet, I'll promiſe thee, ſhe ſhall be rich,
And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wiſh thee to her.

Pet. Signior *Hortenſio*, 'twixt ſuch friends as us
Few words ſuffice; and therefore if you know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio*'s wife;
(As wealth is burden of my wooing dance)
Be ſhe as foul as was *Florentius*' love,

* *Where ſmall experience grows but in a* few.] This Nonſenſe ſhould be read thus,

Where ſmall experience grows but in a mew,

i. e. a Confinement at home.

As

As old as *Sibyl*, and as curſt and ſhrewd
As *Socrates' Xantippe*, or a worſe,
She moves me not; or not removes, at leaſt,
Affection ſieg'd in coin. Were ſhe as rough
As are the ſwelling *Adriatic* Seas,
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua:*
If wealthily, then happily, in *Padua.*

Gru. Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby, or an old Trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, tho' ſhe have as many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes; why, nothing comes amiſs, ſo money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, ſince we are ſtept thus far in,
I will continue That I broach'd in jeſt.
I can, *Petruchio*, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous;
Brought up, as beſt becomes a gentlewoman.
Her only fault, and that is fault enough,
Is, that ſhe is intolerably curſt;
And ſhrewd, and forward, ſo beyond all meaſure,
That, were my eſtate far worſer than it is,
I would not wed her for a Mine of gold.

Pet. Hortenſio, peace; thou know'ſt not gold's effect;
Tell me her Father's name; and 'tis enough:
For I will board her, tho' ſhe chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn crack.

Hor. Her Father is *Baptiſta Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman;
Her name is *Catharina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her ſcolding tongue.

Pet. I know her Father, tho' I know not her;
And he knew my deceaſed Father well.
I will not ſleep, *Hortenſio*, 'till I ſee her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this firſt encounter,
Unleſs you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, Sir, let him go while the humour

laſts. O' my word, an ſhe knew him as well as I do, ſhe would think ſcolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a ſcore knaves, or ſo: why, that's nothing; an' he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, Sir, an' ſhe ſtand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and ſo disfigure her with it, that ſhe ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withal than a cat: you know him not, Sir.

Hor. Tarry, *Petruchio*, I muſt go with thee,
For in *Baptiſta*'s houſe my Treaſure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngeſt Daughter, beautiful *Bianca;*
And her with-holds he from me, and others more
Suitors to her, and Rivals in my love:
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
(For thoſe defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever *Catharina* will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath *Baptiſta* ta'en,
That none ſhall have acceſs unto *Bianca*,
'Till *Catharine* the curſt have got a huſband.

Gru. Catharine the curſt?
A title for a maid of all titles the worſt!

Hor. Now ſhall my Friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me diſguis'd in ſober robes
To old *Baptiſta* as a ſchool-maſter,
Well ſeen in muſic, to inſtruct *Bianca;*
That ſo I may by this device, at leaſt,
Have leave and leiſure to make love to her;
And, unſuſpected, court her by herſelf.

SCENE VI.

Enter Gremio, *and* Lucentio *diſguis'd.*

Gru. HERE's no knavery! ſee, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together. Maſter, look about you: who goes there? ha.

Hor.

Hor. Peace. *Grumio*, 'tis the Rival of my love. *Petruchio*, ſtand by a while.

Gru. A proper Stripling, and an amorous.—

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note. Hark you, Sir, I'll have them very fairly bound, All books of love; ſee That, at any hand; And ſee you read no other lectures to her: You underſtand me—Over and beſide Signior *Baptiſta*'s liberality, I'll mend it with a largeſs. Take your papers too, And let me have them very well perfum'd; For ſhe is ſweeter than perfume itſelf, To whom they go: what will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you, As for my Patron, ſtand you ſo aſſured; As firmly, as yourſelf were ſtill in place; Yea, and, perhaps, with more ſucceſsful words Than you, unleſs you were a ſcholar, Sir.

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is!

Gru. Oh this woodcock, what an aſs it is!—

Pet. Peace, Sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum! God ſave you, Signior *Gremio*.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior *Hortenſio*. Trow you, whither I am going? to *Baptiſta Minola*; I promis'd to enquire carefully about a ſchool-maſter for the fair *Bianca*; and by good fortune I have lighted well on this young man; for Learning and Behaviour fit for her turn, well read in Poetry, and other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman, Hath promis'd me to help me to another, A fine muſician to inſtruct our miſtreſs; So ſhall I no whit be behind in duty To fair *Bianca*, ſo belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,——and that my deed ſhall prove.

Gru. And that his bags ſhall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.

Liſten to me; and if you ſpeak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a Gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curſt *Catharine;*
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry pleaſe.
Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well;——
Hortenſio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know, ſhe is an irkſome brawling Scold;
If that be all, maſters, I hear no harm.
Gre. No, ſayeſt me ſo, friend? what Countryman?
Pet. Born in *Verona*, old *Antonio*'s Son;
My Father's dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope good days and long to ſee.
Gre. Oh, Sir, ſuch a life with ſuch a wife were ſtrange;
But if you have a ſtomach, to't, o' God's name:
You ſhall have me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.
Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the ſea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with ſweat?
Have I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heav'n's artillery thunder in the ſkies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud larums, neighing ſteeds, and trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
* That gives not half ſo great a blow to th' ear,
As will a cheſnut in a farmer's fire?
Tuſh, tuſh, fear boys with bugs.

* *That gives not half ſo great a blow to* hear,] This aukward Phraſe could never come from *Shakeſpear*. He wrote, without Queſtion,

——*ſo great a blow to* th' ear.

Gru.

Gru. For he fears none.——
Gre. Hortenſio, hark:
This Gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind preſumes, for his own good, and ours.
Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors;
And bear his charge of wooing whatſoe'er.
Gre. And ſo we will, provided that he win her.
Gru. I would, I were as ſure of a good dinner.

SCENE VII.

To them Tranio *bravely apparell'd and* Biondello.

Tra. GENTLEMEN, God ſave you. If I may be bold, tell me, I beſeech you, which is the readieſt way to the houſe of Signior *Baptiſta Minola?*
Bion. He, that has the two fair Daughters? is't he you mean?
Tra. Even he, *Biondello.*
Gre. Hark you, Sir, you mean not her, to——
Tra. Perhaps, him and her; what have you to do?
Pet. Not her that chides, Sir, at any hand, I pray.
Tra. I love no chiders, Sir: *Biondello*, let's away.
Luc. Well begun, *Tranio.*
Hor. Sir, a word, ere you go:
Are you a ſuitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?
Tra. An if I be, Sir, is it any offence?
Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, Sir, I pray, are not the ſtreets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.
Tra. For what reaſon, I beſeech you?
Gre. For this reaſon, if you'll know:
That ſhe's the choice love of Signior *Gremio.*
Hor. That ſhe's the choſen of Signior *Hortenſio.*
Tra. Softly, my maſters; if you be gentlemen,
Do me this Right; hear me with patience.
Baptiſta is a noble Gentleman,

To

To whom my Father is not all unknown;
And, were his Daughter fairer then ſhe is,
She may more ſuitors have, and me for one.
Fair *Leda*'s Daughter had a thouſand wooers;
Then well One more may fair *Bianca* have,
And ſo ſhe ſhall. *Lucentio* ſhall make one,
Tho' *Paris* came, in hope to ſpeed alone.

Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talk us all!

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortenſio, to what end are all theſe words?

Hor. Sir, let me be ſo bold as to aſk you,
Did you yet ever ſee *Baptiſta*'s Daughter?

Tra. No, Sir; but hear I do that he hath two:
The one as famous for a ſcolding tongue,
As the other is for beauteous modeſty.

Pet. Sir, Sir, the firſt's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules*;
And let it be more than *Alcides*' twelve.

Pet. Sir, underſtand you this of me, inſooth:
The youngeſt Daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all acceſs of ſuitors,
And will not promiſe her to any man,
Until the eldeſt Siſter firſt be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be ſo, Sir, that you are the man
Muſt ſteed us all, and me among the reſt;
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
Atchieve the elder, ſet the younger free
For our acceſs; whoſe hap ſhall be to have her,
Will not ſo graceleſs be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you ſay well, and well you do conceive:
And ſince you do profeſs to be a ſuitor,
You muſt, as we do, gratify this Gentleman,
To whom we all reſt generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I ſhall not be ſlack; in ſign whereof,
Pleaſe ye, we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouſes to our Miſtreſs' health;

And

And do as adverſaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! fellows, let's be gone.
Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it ſo,
Petruchio, I ſhall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*

[The Preſenters, above, ſpeak here.

1 Man. *My Lord, you nod; you do not mind the Play.*
Sly. *Yea, by St.* Ann, *do I: a good matter, ſurely! comes there any more of it?*
Lady. *My Lord, 'tis but begun.*
Sly. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madam Lady. 'Would, 'twere done!*——

ACT II. SCENE I.

Baptiſta's *HOUSE in* Padua.

Enter Catharina *and* Bianca.

BIANCA.

GOOD Siſter, wrong me not, nor wrong yourſelf.
To make a bond-maid and a ſlave of me;
That I diſdain; but for theſe other Gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myſelf;
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat,
Or, what you will command me, will I do;
So well I know my duty to my elders.
Cath. Of all thy Suitors here, I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'ſt beſt: ſee, thou diſſemble not.
Bian. Believe me, Siſter, of all men alive
I never yet beheld that ſpecial face,
Which I could fancy more than any other.
Cath. Minion, thou lieſt: is't not *Hortenſio?*
Bian. If you affect him, ſiſter, here I ſwear,
I'll plead for you myſelf, but you ſhall have him.
Cath. Oh, then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have *Gremio*, to keep you fair.

Bian.

Bian. Is it for him you do ſo envy me?
Nay, then you jeſt; and now, I well perceive,
You have but jeſted with me all this while;
I pr'ythee, ſiſter *Kate*, untie my hands.

Cath. If That be jeſt, then all the reſt was ſo.
[*Strikes her.*

Enter Baptiſta.

Bap. Why, how now, dame, whence grows this inſolence?
Bianca, ſtand aſide; poor girl, ſhe weeps;
Go ply thy needle, meddle not with her
For ſhame, thou hilding of a deviliſh ſpirit,
Why doſt thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did ſhe croſs thee with a bitter word?

Cath. Her ſilence flouts me; and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after* Bianca.

Bap. What, in my ſight? *Bianca*, get thee in.
[*Exit* Bianca.

Cath. Will you not ſuffer me? nay, now I ſee,
She is your treaſure; ſhe muſt have a huſband;
I muſt dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell:
Talk not to me, I will go ſit and weep,
'Till I can find occaſion of revenge. [*Exit* Cath.

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd, as I?
But who comes here?

SCENE II.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio *in the habit of a mean man* Petruchio *with* Hortenſio, *like a muſician;* Tranio *and* Biondello *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. GOOD-morrow, neighbour *Baptiſta.*

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour *Gremio:* God ſave you, gentlemen.

Pet. And you, good Sir; pray, have you not a daughter call'd *Catharina*, fair and virtuous?

Bap.

Bap. I have a daughter, Sir, call'd *Catharina.*

Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior *Gremio*, give me leave.
I am a gentleman of *Verona*, Sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to shew myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that Report, which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
[*Presenting* Hor.
I do present you with a man of mine,
Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
His name is *Licio*, born in *Mantua.*

Bap. You're welcome, Sir, and he for your good sake.
But for my daughter *Catharine*, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more's my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but what I find.
Whence are you, Sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name, *Antonio*'s son,
A man well known throughout all *Italy.*

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, *Petruchio*, I pray, let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too. *Baccalare!*—— you are marvellous forward.

Pet. Oh, pardon me, Signior *Gremio*, I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse your wooing.—Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that

that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, free leave give to this young ſcholar, that hath been long ſtudying at *Reims*, [*Preſenting* Luc.] as cunning in *Greek*, *Latin*, and other languages, as the other in muſic and mathematics; his name is *Cambio*; pray, accept his ſervice.

Bap. A thouſand thanks, Signior *Gremio:* welcome, good, *Cambio.* But, gentle Sir, methinks, you walk like a ſtranger; [*To* Tranio.] may I be ſo bold to know the cauſe of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, Sir, the boldneſs is mine own,
That, being a ſtranger in this City here,
Do make myſelf a ſuitor to your daughter,
Unto *Bianca*, fair and virtuous:
Nor is your firm reſolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldeſt ſiſter.
This liberty is all that I requeſt;
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongſt the reſt that woo,
And free acceſs and favour as the reſt.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here beſtow a ſimple inſtrument,
And this ſmall packet of *Greek* and *Latin* books.
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

[*They greet privately.*

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence I pray?

Tra. Of *Piſa*, Sir, ſon to *Vincentio.*

Bap. A mighty man of *Piſa*; by Report
I know him well; you are very welcome, Sir.
Take You the lute, and You the Set of books.

[*To* Hortenſio *and* Lucentio.

You ſhall go ſee your pupils preſently.
Holla, within!——

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead theſe gentlemen
To my two daughters; and then tell them Both,
Theſe are their tutors, bid them uſe them well.

[*Exit Ser. with* Hortenſio *and* Lucentio.

We

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are paſſing welcome,
And ſo, I pray you all, to think yourſelves.
Pet. Signior *Baptiſta*, my buſineſs aſketh haſte,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left ſolely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd, rather than decreas'd;
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry ſhall I have with her to wife?
Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands:
And, in poſſeſſion, twenty thouſand crowns.
Pet. And for that dowry, I'll aſſure her of
Her widowhood, be it that ſhe ſurvive me,
In all my lands and leaſes whatſoever;
Let ſpecialities be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.
Bap. Ay, when the ſpecial thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.
Pet. Why, that is nothing: for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as ſhe proud-minded.
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do conſume the thing that feeds their fury:
Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme guſts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and ſo ſhe yields to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe. [ſpeed!
Bap. Well may'ſt thou woo, and happy be thy
But be thou arm'd for ſome unhappy words.
Pet. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds:
That ſhake not, tho' they blow perpetually.

SCENE III.

Enter Hortenſio *with his head broke.*

Bap. HOW now, my friend, why doſt thou look ſo pale?
Hor. For fear, I promiſe you, if I look pale.

Bap.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good muſician?

Hor. I think, ſhe'll ſooner prove a ſoldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canſt not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for ſhe hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her ſhe miſtook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When with a moſt impatient deviliſh ſpirit,
Frets call you them? quoth ſhe: I'll fume with them:
And with that word ſhe ſtruck me on the head,
And through the inſtrument my Pate made way,
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While ſhe did call me raſcal, fidler,
And twangling *Jack*, with twenty ſuch vile terms,
As ſhe had ſtudied to miſuſe me ſo.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a luſty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did;
Oh, how I long to have ſome chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not ſo diſcomfited,
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter,
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns;
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with us,
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter *Kate* to you?

Pet. I pray you, do. I will attend her here,
[*Exit* Bap. *with* Grem. Horten. *and* Tranio.
And woo her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes.
Say, that ſhe rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She ſings as ſweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that ſhe frowns; I'll ſay, ſhe looks as clear
As morning roſes newly waſh'd with dew;
Say, ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeak a word:
Then I'll commend her volubility;
And ſay, ſhe uttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As tho' ſhe bid me ſtay by her a week;
If ſhe do deny to wed, I'll crave the day

When

When I ſhall aſk the banes, and when be married?
But here ſhe comes, and now, *Petruchio*, ſpeak.

SCENE IV.

Enter Catharina.

Good morrow, *Kate*; for that's your name, I hear.
Cath. Well have you heard, but ſomething hard of hearing.
They call me *Catharine*, that do talk of me.
Pet. You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain *Kate*.
And bonny *Kate*, and ſometimes *Kate* the curſt:
But *Kate*, the prettieſt *Kate* in chriſtendom,
Kate of *Kate-hall*, my ſuper-dainty *Kate*;
(For dainties are all *Cates*) and therefore *Kate*;
Take this of me, *Kate* of my conſolation!
Hearing thy mildneſs prais'd in every Town,
Thy virtues ſpoke of, and thy beauty ſounded,
Yet not ſo deeply as to thee belongs:
Myſelf am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.
Cath. Mov'd? in good time; let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence; I knew you at the firſt
You were a moveable.
Pet. Why, what's a moveable?
Cath. A join'd-ſtool.
Pet. Thou haſt hit it: come, ſit on me.
Cath. Aſſes are made to bear, and ſo are you.
Pet. Women are made to bear, and ſo are you.
Cath. No ſuch jade, Sir, as you; if me you mean.
Pet. Alas, good *Kate*, I will not burden thee;
For knowing thee to be but young and light——
Cath. Too light for ſuch a ſwain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight ſhould be.
Pet. Should *bee*;——ſhould *buz*.——
Cath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
Pet. Oh, ſlow-wing'd turtle, ſhall a buzzard take thee?

Cath.

Cath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come, you waſp, i'faith, you are too angry.
Cath. If I be waſpiſh, 'beſt beware my ſting.
Pet. My Remedy is then to pluck it out.
Cath. Ah, if the fool could find it, where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not, where a waſp does wear his ſting?
In his tail.——
Cath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whoſe tongue?
Cath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and ſo farewel.
Pet. What with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good *Kate*, I am a gentleman.
Cath. That I'll try. [*She ſtrikes him.*
Pet. I ſwear, I'll cuff you, if you ſtrike again.
Cath. So may you loſe your arms.
If you ſtrike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then, no arms.
Pet. A herald, *Kate?* oh, put me in thy books.
Cath. What is your creſt, a coxcomb?
Pet. A combleſs cock, ſo *Kate* will be my hen.
Cath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.
Pet. Nay, come, *Kate;* come, you muſt not look ſo ſower.
Cath. It is my faſhion when I ſee a crab.
Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not ſo ſower.
Cath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then, ſhew it me.
Cath. Had I a glaſs, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Cath. Well aim'd of ſuch a young one.——
Pet. Now, by St. *George*, I am too young for you.
Cath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with Cares.
Cath. I care not.

Pet.

Pet. Nay, hear you, *Kate*; in ſooth you 'ſcape not ſo.
Cath. I chafe you if I tarry; let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit; I find you paſſing gentle:
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I find Report a very liar;
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in ſpeech, yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers.
Thou canſt not frown, thou canſt not look aſcance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſs in talk:
But thou with mildneſs entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conf'rence, ſoft and affable.
Why doth the world report, that *Kate* doth limp?
Oh ſland'rous world! *Kate* like the hazle-twig,
Is ſtraight and ſlender; and as brown in hue
As hazle-nuts, and ſweeter than the kernels.
O, let me ſee thee walk: thou doſt not halt.
Cath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.
Pet. Did ever *Dian* ſo become a grove,
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,
And then let *Kate* be chaſt, and *Dian* ſportful!——
Cath. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech?
Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother-wit.
Cath. A witty mother, witleſs elſe her ſon.
Pet. Am I not wiſe?
Cath. Yes; keep you warm.
Pet. Why, ſo I mean, ſweet *Catharine*, in thy bed:
And therefore ſetting all this chat aſide,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath conſented,
That you ſhall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, *Kate*, I am a huſband for your turn,
For by this light, whereby I ſee thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well;)
Thou muſt be married to no man but me.
For I am he, am born to tame you, *Kate*;
And bring you from a wild cat to a *Kate*,

Con-

Conformable as other houſhold *Kates*;
Here comes your father, never make denial,
I muſt and will have *Catharine* to my Wife.

SCENE V.

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, *and* Tranio.

Bap. NOW, ſignior *Petruchio*, how ſpeed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, Sir? how but well?
It were impoſſible, I ſhould ſpeed amiſs.

Bap. Why how now, daughter *Catharine*, in your dumps?

Cath. Call you me daughter? now, I promiſe you,
You've ſhew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wiſh me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad cap ruffian, and a ſwearing *Jack*,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus; yourſelf and all the World,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiſs of her;
If ſhe be curſt, it is for policy,
For ſhe's not froward, but modeſt as the dove:
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience, ſhe will prove a ſecond *Griſſel*;
And *Roman Lucrece* for her chaſtity.
And to conclude, we've 'greed ſo well together,
That upon *Sunday* is the wedding-day.

Cath. I'll ſee thee hang'd on *Sunday* firſt.

Gre. Hark: *Petruchio!* ſhe ſays, ſhe'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Tra. Is this your ſpeeding? nay, then, good night, our part!

Pet. Be patient, Sirs, I chuſe her for myſelf;
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curſt in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much ſhe loves me; oh, the kindeſt *Kate!*

She

She hung about my neck, and kiſs on kiſs
She vy'd ſo faſt, proteſting oath on oath,
That in a twink ſhe won me to her love.
Oh, you are novices; 'tis a world to ſee,
How tame (when men and women are alone)
A meacock wretch can make the curſteſt ſhrew.
Give me thy hand, *Kate*, I will unto *Venice*,
To buy apparel 'gainſt the wedding-day;
Father, provide the feaſt, and bid the gueſts;
I will be ſure, my *Catharine* ſhall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to ſay, but give your hands;
God ſend you joy, *Petruchio!* 'tis a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen, ſay we; we will be witneſſes.
Pet. Father, and wife, and Gentlemen, adieu;
I will to *Venice*, *Sunday* comes apace,
We will have rings and things, and fine array;
And kiſs me, *Kate*, we will be married o' *Sunday*.
[*Exeunt* Petruchio, *and* Catharine *ſeverally*.

SCENE VI.

Gre. WAS ever match clapt up ſo ſuddenly?
Bap. Faith, gentlemen, I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a deſperate mart.
Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you gain, or periſh on the Seas.
Bap. The gain I ſeek is quiet in the match.
Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now, *Baptiſta*, to your younger daughter:
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was ſuitor firſt.
Tra. And I am one, that love *Bianca* more
Than words can witneſs, or your thoughts can gueſs.
Gre. Youngling! thou canſt not love ſo dear as I.
Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, ſtand back; 'tis age that nouriſheth.
Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flouriſheth.

Bap. Content you, Gentlemen, I will compound this ſtrife;
'Tis deeds muſt win the prize; and he, of Both,
That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,
Shall have *Bianca*'s love.——
Say, Signior *Gremio*, what can you aſſure her?

Gre. Firſt, as you know, my houſe within the city
Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold,
Baſons and ewers to lave her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *Tyrian* tapeſtry;
In ivory coffers I have ſtufft my crowns;
In cypreſs cheſts my arras, counterpanes,
Coſtly apparel, tents and canopies,
Fine linen, *Turkey* cuſhions boſs'd with pearl;
Valance of *Venice* gold in needle-work:
Pewter and braſs, and all things that belong
To houſe, or houſe-keeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixſcore fat oxen ſtanding in my ſtalls;
And all things anſwerable to this portion.
Myſelf am ſtruck in years, I muſt confeſs,
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers;
If, whilſt I live, ſhe will be only mine.

Tra. That *only* came well in—Sir, liſt to me;
I am my father's heir, and only ſon;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houſes three or four as good,
Within rich *Piſa* walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*;
Beſides two thouſand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land; all which ſhall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior *Gremio*?

Gre. Two thouſand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts but to ſo much in all:
That ſhe ſhall have, beſides an *Argoſy*
That now is lying in *Marſeilles*'s road.
What, have I choakt you with an *Argoſy*?

Tra. *Gremio*, 'tis known, my father has no leſs
Than

Than three great *Argoſies*, beſides two galliaſſes
And twelve tight gallies; theſe I will aſſure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'ſt next.
Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And ſhe can have no more than all I have;
If you like me, ſhe ſhall have me and mine.
Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promiſe; *Gremio* is out-vied.
Bap. I muſt confeſs, your offer is the beſt;
And let your father make her the aſſurance,
She is your own, elſe you muſt pardon me:
If you ſhould die before him, where's her dower?
Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.
Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?
Bap. Well, gentlemen, then I am thus reſolv'd:
On *Sunday* next, you know,
My daughter *Catharine* is to be married:
Now on the *Sunday* following ſhall *Bianca*
Be bride to you, if you make this aſſurance;
If not, to Signior *Gremio:*
And ſo I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*
Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah, young gameſter, your father were a fool
To give thee all; and in his waining age
Set foot under thy table: tut! a toy!
An old *Italian* fox is not ſo kind, my boy. [*Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
* Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to do my maſter good:
I ſee no reaſon, but ſuppos'd *Lucentio*
May get a father, call'd, ſuppos'd *Vincentio;*
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their children; but, in this caſe of wooing,
A child ſhall get a ſire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[*Exit.*

* *Yet I have fac'd it with a* card of ten:] That is, with the higheſt Card, in the old ſimple Games of our Anceſtors. So that this became a proverbial Expreſſion.

[The Preſenters, above, ſpeak here.

Sly. Sim, *when will the fool come again?*

Sim. *Anon, my Lord.*

Sly. *Give's ſome more drink here—where's the tapſter? here,* Sim, *eat ſome of theſe things.*

Sim. *So I do, my Lord.*

Sly. *Here,* Sim, *I drink to thee.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter Lucentio, Hortenſio, *and* Bianca.

LUCENTIO.

FIDLER, forbear; you grow too forward, Sir:
Have you ſo ſoon forgot the entertainment
Her ſiſter *Catharine* welcom'd you withal?

Hor. Wrangling Pedant, this is
The patroneſs of heavenly harmony;
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in muſic we have ſpent an hour,
Your lecture ſhall have leiſure for as much.

Luc. Prepoſterous aſs! that never read ſo far
To know the cauſe why muſic was ordain'd:
Was it not to refreſh the mind of man
After his ſtudies, or his uſual pain?
Then give me leave to read philoſophy,
And, while I pauſe, ſerve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear theſe Braves of thine.

Bian. Why, Gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To ſtrive for That which reſteth in my choice:
I am no breeching ſcholar in the ſchools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my leſſons as I pleaſe myſelf;
And to cut off all ſtrife, here ſit we down,

Take

Take you your inſtrument, play you the while;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune?
[Hortenſio *retires.*

Luc. That will be never: tune your inſtrument.

Bian. Where left we laſt?

Luc. Here, Madam: *Hac ibat Simois, hic eſt Sigeia tellus,*
Hic ſteterat Priami regia celſa ſenis.

Bian. Conſtrue them.

Luc. Hac ibat, as I told you before, *Simois,* I am *Lucentio, hic eſt,* ſon unto *Vincentio* of *Piſa, Sigeia tellus,* diſguiſed thus to get your love, *hic ſteterat,* and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *Priami,* is my man *Tranio, regia,* bearing my port, *celſa ſenis,* that we might beguile the old Pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my inſtrument's in tune. [*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear. O fie, the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me ſee, if I can conſtrue it: *Hac ibat Simois,* I know you not, *hic eſt Sigeia tellus,* I truſt you not, *hic ſteterat Priami,* take heed he hear us not, *regia,* preſume not, *celſa ſenis,* deſpair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the baſe.

Hor. The baſe is right, 'tis the baſe knave that jars.
How fiery and how froward is our Pedant!
Now, for my life, that knave doth court my love;
Pedaſcale, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I miſtruſt.

Luc. Miſtruſt it not,—for, ſure, *Æacides*
Was *Ajax,* call'd ſo from his grandfather.

Bian. I muſt believe my maſter, elſe I promiſe you,
I ſhould be arguing ſtill upon that doubt;
But let it reſt. Now, *Licio,* to you:
Good maſters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleaſant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while;
My leſſons make no muſic in three parts.
Luc. Are you ſo formal, Sir? well, I muſt wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
One fine muſician groweth amorous.
Hor. Madam before you touch the inſtrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I muſt begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you *Gamut* in a briefer ſort,
More pleaſant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade;
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.
Bian. Why, I am paſt my *Gamut* long ago.
Hor. Yet read the *Gamut* of *Hortenſio*.
Bian. [*reading.*] *Gamut* I am, the ground of all accord,
A re, to plead *Hortenſio*'s paſſion;
B mi, *Bianca*, take him for thy lord,
C faut, that loves with all affection:
D ſol re, one cliff, but two notes have I.
E la mi, ſhow pity, or I die.
Call you this *Gamut*? tut, I like it not;
Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt; I'm not ſo nice
To change true rules for new inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Miſtreſs, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dreſs your ſiſter's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.
Bian. Farewel, ſweet maſters, both; I muſt be gone.
[*Exit.*
Luc. Faith, miſtreſs, then I have no cauſe to ſtay.
[*Exit.*
Hor. But I have cauſe to pry into this pedant,
Methinks, he looks as tho' he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, *Bianca*, be ſo humble,
To caſt thy wandring eyes on every Stale;

Sieze

Sieze thee, who lift; if once I find thee ranging,
Hortenſio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Tranio, Catharina, Lucentio, Bianca, *and attendants.*

Bap. SIGNIOR *Lucentio*, this is the 'pointed day
That *Cath'rine* and *Petruchio* ſhould be married;
And yet we hear not of our ſon-in-law.
What will be ſaid? what mockery will it be,
To want the Bridegroom, when the Prieſt attends
To ſpeak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What ſays *Lucentio* to this ſhame of ours?

Cath. No ſhame, but mine; I muſt, forſooth, be forc'd
To give my hand oppos'd againſt my heart,
Unto a mad-brain Rudeſby, full of ſpleen;
Who woo'd in haſte, and means to wed at leiſure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jeſts in blunt behaviour:
And to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thouſand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banes;
Yet never means to wed, where he hath woo'd.
Now muſt the world point at poor *Catharine*,
And ſay, lo! there is mad *Petruchio*'s wife,
If it would pleaſe him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good *Catharine*, and *Baptiſta* too;
Upon my life, *Petruchio* means but well;
What ever fortune ſtays him from his word.
Tho' he be blunt, I know him paſſing wiſe:
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honeſt.

Cath. Would *Catharine* had never ſeen him tho'!
[*Exit weeping.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;

For ſuch an injury would vex a Saint,
Much more a Shrew of thy impatient humour.

SCENE III.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. MASTER, Maſter; old news, and ſuch news as you never heard of.

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of *Petruchio*'s coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, Sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he ſtands where I am, and ſees you there.

Tra. But, ſay, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, *Petruchio* is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-caſes, one buckled, another lac'd; an old ruſty ſword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs, with two broken points; his horſe hip'd with an old mothy ſaddle, the ſtirrups of no kindred; beſides poſſeſt with the glanders, and like to moſe in the chine, troubled with the lampaſſe, infected with the faſhions, full of windgalls, ſped with ſpavins, raied with the yellows, paſt cure of the fives, ſtark ſpoiled with the ſtaggers, begnawn with the bots, waid in the back and ſhoulder-ſhotten, near-legg'd before, and with a half-check't bit, and a headſtall of ſheep's leather, which being reſtrain'd, to keep him from ſtumbling, hath been often burſt, and now repair'd with knots; one girt ſix times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly ſet down in ſtuds, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh, Sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horſe, with a linen ſtock on one leg, and a kerſey boot-hoſe on the other, garter'd with a red and blue liſt, an old hat, and *the humour of forty fancies* prickt up in't for a feather: a monſter, a very monſter in apparel, and not like a chriſtian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis ſome odd humour pricks him to this faſhion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howſoever he comes.

Bion. Why, Sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didſt thou not ſay, he comes?

Bion. Who? that *Petruchio* came not?

Bap. Ay, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No, Sir; I ſay, his horſe comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by St. *Jamy*, I hold you a penny,
A horſe and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

SCENE IV.

Enter Petruchio *and* Grumio *fantaſtically habited.*

Pet. COME, where be theſe gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You're welcome, Sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not ſo well 'parell'd, as I wiſh you were.

Pet. Were it better, I ſhould ruſh in thus.
But where is *Kate?* where is my lovely bride?
How does my Father? Gentles, methinks, you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they ſaw ſome wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unuſual prodigy?

Bap. Why, Sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
Firſt, were we ſad, fearing you would not come;
Now, ſadder, that you come ſo unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, ſhame to your eſtate,
An eye-ſore to our ſolemn feſtival.
Tra. And tell us what occaſion of import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your wife,
And ſent you hither ſo unlike yourſelf?
Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Tho' in ſome part enforced to digreſs,
Which at more leiſure I will ſo excuſe,
As you ſhall well be ſatisfied withal.
But, where is *Kate*? I ſtay too long from her;
The morning wears; 'tis time, we were at church.
Tra. See not your Bride in theſe unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.
Pet. Not I; believe me, thus I'll viſit her.
Bap. But thus, I truſt, you will not marry her.
Pet. Good ſooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words;
To me ſhe's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what ſhe will wear in me,
As I could change theſe poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for myſelf.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I ſhould bid good-morrow to my Bride,
And ſeal the title with a lovely kiſs? [*Exit.*
Tra. He hath ſome meaning in his mad attire:
We will perſuade him, be it poſſible,
To put on better ere he go to church.
Bap. I'll after him and ſee the event of this. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Tra. BUT, Sir, our love concerneth us to add
Her Father's liking; which to bring to paſs,
As

As I before imparted to your Worſhip,
I am to get a man, (whate'er he be,
It ſkills not much; we'll fit him to our turn;)
And he ſhall be *Vincentio* of *Piſa*,
And make aſſurance here in *Padua*
Of greater ſums than I have promiſed:
So ſhall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry ſweet *Bianca* with conſent.

Luc. Were it not, that my fellow ſchool-maſter
Doth watch *Bianca*'s ſteps ſo narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to ſteal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world ſay, no,
I'll keep my own, deſpight of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this buſineſs:
We'll over-reach the grey-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow-prying Father *Minola*,
The quaint muſician amorous *Licio*;
All for my maſter's ſake, *Lucentio*.

SCENE VI.

Enter Gremio.

Now, Signior *Gremio*, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from ſchool.

Tra. And is the Bride and Bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A Bridegroom, ſay you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl ſhall find.

Tra. Curſter than ſhe? why, 'tis impoſſible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, ſhe's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut, ſhe's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, Sir *Lucentio*; when the Prieſt
Should aſk, if *Catharine* ſhould be his wife?
Ay, by gogs-woons, quoth he; and ſwore ſo loud,
That, all-amaz'd, the Prieſt let fall the book;
And as he ſtoop'd again to take it up,

This mad-brain'd Bridegroom took him ſuch a cuff,
That down fell prieſt and book, and book and prieſt.
Now take them up, quoth he, if any liſt.
Tra. What ſaid the wench, when he roſe up again?
Gre. Trembled and ſhook; for why, he ſtamp'd and ſwore,
As if the Vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: a health, quoth he; as if
H'ad been aboard carouſing to his Mates
After a ſtorm; quafft off the muſcadel,
And threw the ſops all in the ſexton's face;
Having no other cauſe, but that his beard
Grew thin and hungerly, and ſeem'd to aſk
His ſops as he was drinking. This done, he took
The Bride about the neck, and kiſt her lips
With ſuch a clamorous ſmack, that at the parting
All the church echo'd; and I ſeeing this,
Came thence for very ſhame; and after me,
I know, the rout is coming: Such a mad marriage
Ne'er was before.—Hark, hark, I hear the minſtrels.
[*Muſic plays.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Bianca, Hortenſio, *and* Baptiſta.

Pet. GENTLEMEN and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know, you think to dine with me to day,
And have prepar'd great ſtore of wedding cheer;
But ſo it is, my haſte doth call me hence;
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.
Bap. Is't poſſible, you will away to night?
Pet. I muſt away to day, before night come.
Make it no wonder; if you knew my buſineſs,
You would entreat me rather go than ſtay.

And,

And, honeſt Company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myſelf
To this moſt patient, ſweet and virtuous wife.
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I muſt hence, and farewel to you all.
Tra. Let us intreat you ſtay 'till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gre. Let me intreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Cath. Let me intreat you.
Pet. I am content——
Cath. Are you content to ſtay?
Pet. I am content, you ſhall intreat me, ſtay;
But yet not ſtay, intreat me how you can.
Cath. Now, if you love me, ſtay.
Pet. Grumio, my horſes.
Gru. Ay, Sir, they be ready: * the oats have eaten the horſes.
Cath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canſt, I will not go to day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor 'till I pleaſe myſelf:
The door is open, Sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging, while your boots are green;
For me, I'll not go, 'till I pleaſe myſelf:
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly ſurly groom,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.
Pet. O, *Kate*, content thee, pr'ythee, be not angry.
Cath. I will be angry; what haſt thou to do?
Father, be-quiet; he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.
Gre. Ay, marry, Sir; now it begins to work.
Cath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I ſee, a woman may be made a fool,
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.
Pet. They ſhall go forward, *Kate*, at thy command.
Obey the Bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feaſt, revel and domineer;
Carouſe full meaſure to her maiden-head;

* *The oats have eaten the horſes.*] That is, the Diſtemper is ſo call'd.

Be

Be mad and merry, or go hang yourſelves;
But for my bonny *Kate*, ſhe muſt with me.
Nay, look not big, nor ſtamp, nor ſtare, nor fret,
I will be maſter of what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattels, ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuff, my field, my barn,
My horſe, my ox, my aſs, my any thing;
And here ſhe ſtands, touch her who ever dare.
I'll bring my action on the proudeſt he,
That ſtops my way in *Padua: Grumio*,
Draw forth thy weapon; we're beſet with thieves;
Reſcue thy miſtreſs, if thou be a man:
Fear not, ſweet wench, they ſhall not touch thee, *Kate*;
I'll buckler thee againſt a million.

[*Exeunt* Pet. *and* Cath.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like.

Luc. Miſtreſs, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?

Bian. That, being mad herſelf, ſhe's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, *Petruchio* is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and Friends, tho' Bride and Bridegroom want
For to ſupply the places at the table;
You know, there wants no junkets at the feaſt:
Lucentio, you ſupply the Bridegroom's place;
And let *Bianca* take her Siſter's room.

Tra. Shall ſweet *Bianca* practiſe how to bride it?

Bap. She ſhall, *Lucentio*: Gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Petruchio's *Country Houſe.*

Enter Grumio.

GRUMIO.

FIE, fie on all tired jades, and all mad maſters, and all foul ways! was ever man ſo beaten? was ever man ſo raide? was ever man ſo weary? I am ſent before, to make a fire; and they are coming after, to warm them: now were I not a little pot, and ſoon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould come by a fire to thaw me; but I with blowing the fire ſhall warm myſelf; for, conſidering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold: holla, hoa, *Curtis!*

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is it that calls ſo coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'ſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good *Curtis.*

Curt. Is my maſter and his wife coming, *Grumio?*

Gru. Oh, ay, *Curtis*, ay; and therefore fire, fire; caſt on no water.

Curt. Is ſhe ſo hot a Shrew, as ſhe's reported?

Gru. She was, good *Curtis*, before this froſt; but thou know'ſt, winter tames man, woman and beaſt; for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtreſs, and myſelf, fellow *Curtis.*

Curt. Away, you three-inch'd fool; I am no beaſt.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot, and ſo long am I at the leaſt. But wilt thou make a fire, or ſhall I complain on thee to our miſtreſs, whoſe hand, ſhe being now at hand, thou ſhalt ſoon

ſoon feel to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, *Curtis*, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my maſter and miſtreſs are almoſt frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good *Grumio*, the news.

Gru. Why, Jack *boy, ho boy, and as much news as thou wilt.*

Curt. Come, you are ſo full of conycatching.

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is ſupper ready, the houſe trimm'd, ruſhes ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept, the ſervingmen in their new fuſtian, their white ſtockings, and every officer his wedding garment on; * be the *Jacks* fair within, the *Jills* fair without, carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready: and therefore, I pray thee, what news?

Gru. Firſt, know, my horſe is tired, my maſter and miſtreſs fall'n out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good *Grumio.*

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Strikes him.*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a ſenſible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beſeech liſtning. Now I begin: *imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my maſter riding behind my miſtreſs.

Curt. Both on one horſe?

* *Be the* Jacks *fair within, the* Jills *fair without?*] i. e. Are the drinking Veſſels clean, and the Maid-Servants dreſs'd?

Gru.

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale——But hadſt thou not croſt me, thou ſhould'ſt have heard how her horſe fell, and ſhe under her horſe: thou ſhould'ſt have heard in how miry a place, how ſhe was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horſe upon her, how he beat me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled, how ſhe waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he ſwore, how ſhe pray'd that never pray'd before; how I cry'd; how the horſes ran away; how her bridle was burſt; how I loſt my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now ſhall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. Ay, and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this? call forth *Nathaniel, Joſeph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarſop,* and the reſt: let their heads be ſleekly comb'd, their blue coats bruſh'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curt'ſy with their left legs, and not preſume to touch a hair of my maſter's horſe-tail, 'till they kiſs their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you muſt meet my maſter to countenance my miſtreſs.

Gru. Why, ſhe hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it ſeems, that call'ſt for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five Serving-men.

Gru. Why, ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home, *Grumio.*

Phil. How now, *Grumio?*

Joſ.

Joſ. What, *Grumio!*

Nich. Fellow *Grumio!*

Nath. How now, old lad.

Gru. Welcome, you; how now, you; what, you; fellow, you; and thus much for greeting. Now my ſpruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nat. All things are ready; how near is our maſter?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not——cock's paſſion, ſilence!——I hear my maſter.

SCENE II.

Enter Petruchio *and* Kate.

Pet. WHERE be theſe knaves? what, no man at door to hold my ſtirrup, nor to take my horſe? where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Philip*?

All Serv. Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.

Pet. Here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir, here Sir?
You loggerheaded and unpoliſh'd grooms:
What? no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the fooliſh knave I ſent before?

Gru. Here, Sir, as fooliſh as I was before.

Pet. You peaſant ſwain, you whoreſon, malt-horſe drudge,
Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along theſe raſcal knaves with thee?

Gru. *Nathaniel*'s coat, Sir, was not fully made:
And *Gabriel*'s pumps were all unpink'd i' th' heel:
There was no link to colour *Peter*'s hat,
And *Walter*'s dagger was not come from ſheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Ralph*, and *Gregory*;
The reſt were ragged, old and beggarly,
Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, raſcals, go, and fetch my ſupper in.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Where is the life that late I led? [*Singing.*

Where

Where are thoſe——ſit down, *Kate*,
And welcome. Soud, ſoud, ſoud, ſoud!

Enter Servants with Supper.

Why, when, I ſay? nay, good ſweet *Kate*, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogue: you villains, when?

It was the Friar of Orders grey, [*Sings.*
As he forth walked on his way.

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry.
Take that, and mind the plucking off the other.
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, *Kate:* ſome water, here; what hoa!

Enter one with water.

Where's my ſpaniel *Troilus?* ſirrah, get you hence,
And bid my couſin *Ferdinand* come hither:
One, *Kate*, that you muſt kiſs, and be acquainted with.
Where are my ſlippers? ſhall I have ſome water?
Come, *Kate*, and waſh, and welcome heartily:
You, whoreſon villain, will you let it fall?

Cath. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreſon, beatle-headed, flap-ear'd knave:
Come, *Kate*, ſit down; I know, you have a ſtomach.
Will you give thanks, ſweet *Kate*, or elſe ſhall I?
What's this, mutton?

1 *Ser.* Yes.

Pet. Who brought it?

Ser. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and ſo is all the meat:
What dogs are theſe? where is the raſcal cook?
How durſt you, villains, bring it from the dreſſer,
And ſerve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c. about the Stage.*
You heedleſs jolt-heads, and unmanner'd ſlaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you ſtraight.

Cath.

Cath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
Pet. I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that Both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh:
Be patient, for to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And for this night we'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. [*Exe.*

Enter Servants severally.

Nath. *Peter*, didst ever see the like?
Peter. He kills her in her own humour.
Gru. Where is he?

Enter Curtis, *a Servant.*

Curt. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her,
And rails and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away, for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. THUS have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
And till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's Call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.

She

She eat no meat to day, nor none ſhall eat.
Laſt night ſhe ſlept not, nor to night ſhall not:
As with the meat, ſome undeſerved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed.
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolſter,
This way the coverlet, that way the ſheets;
Ay; and, amid this hurly, I'll pretend,
That all is done in reverend care of her,
And, in concluſion, ſhe ſhall watch all night:
And, if ſhe chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her ſtill awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindneſs;—
And thus I'll curb her mad and headſtrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a Shrew,
Now let him ſpeak, 'tis charity to ſhew. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Before Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter Tranio *and* Hortenſio.

Tranio. IS'T poſſible, friend *Licio*, that *Bianca*
Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio?*
I tell you, Sir, ſhe bears me fair in hand.
Hor. To ſatisfy you, Sir, in what I ſaid,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They ſtand by.*

Enter Bianca *and* Lucentio,

Luc. Now, miſtreſs, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What, maſter, read you? firſt, reſolve me that.
Luc. I read That I profeſs, the art of Love.
Bian. And may you prove, Sir, maſter of your art!
Luc. While you, ſweet dear, prove miſtreſs of my heart. [*They retire backward.*
Hor. Quick proceeders! marry! now, tell me, I pray

pray, you that durſt ſwear that your miſtreſs *Bianca* lov'd none in the world ſo well as *Lucentio*.

Tra. Deſpightful love, unconſtant womankind! I tell thee, *Licio*, this is wonderful.

Hor. Miſtake no more, I am not *Licio*,
Nor a muſician, as I ſeem to be;
But One that ſcorn to live in this diſguiſe
For ſuch a One as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a God of ſuch a cullion;
Know, Sir, that I am call'd *Hortenſio*.

Tra. Signior *Hortenſio*, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*;
And ſince mine eyes are witneſs of her lightneſs,
I will with you, if you be ſo contented,
Forſwear *Bianca* and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiſs and court! —— Signior *Lucentio*,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forſwear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours,
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry her, tho' ſhe intreat.
Fie on her! ſee, how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.

Hor. 'Would all the World, but he, had quite forſworn her!
For me, that I may ſurely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days paſs, which has as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud diſdainful haggard.
And ſo farewel, Signior *Lucentio*.
Kindneſs in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and ſo I take my leave,
In reſolution as I ſwore before. [*Exit* Hor.

Tra. Miſtreſs *Bianca*, bleſs you with ſuch grace,
As longeth to a lover's bleſſed caſe:
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle Love,
And have forſworn you with *Hortenſio*.

[Lucentio *and* Bianca *come forward.*

Bian. *Tranio*, you jeſt: but have you both forſworn me?

Tra. Miſtreſs, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of *Licio.*

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a luſty widow now,
That ſhall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He ſays ſo, *Tranio.*

Tra. 'Faith, he's gone into the Taming ſchool.

Bian. The Taming ſchool? what, is there ſuch a place?

Tra. Ay, miſtreſs, and *Petruchio* is the maſter;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a Shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

SCENE V.

Enter Biondello, *running.*

Bion. O H maſter, maſter, I have watch'd ſo long,
That I'm dog-weary; but at laſt I ſpied
An ancient Engle, going down the hill,
Will ſerve the turn.

Tra. What is he, *Biondello?*

Bion. Maſter, a mercantant, or elſe a pedant;
I know not what; but formal in apparel;
In gait and countenance ſurely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, *Tranio?*

Tra. If he be credulous, and truſt my tale,
I'll make him glad to ſeem *Vincentio,*
And give him aſſurance to *Baptiſta Minola,*
As if he were the right *Vincentio:*
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt* Luc. *and* Bian.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God ſave you, Sir.

Tra.

Tra. And you, Sir; you are welcome:
Travel you far on, or are you at the fartheſt?
Ped. Sir, at the fartheſt for a week or two:
But then up farther, and as far as *Rome;*
And ſo to *Tripoly*, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray!
Ped. Of *Mantua.*
Tra. Of *Mantua*, Sir? God forbid!
And come to *Padua*, careleſs of your Life?
Ped. My life, Sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*
To come to *Padua;* know you not the cauſe?
Your ſhips are ſtaid at *Venice*, and the Duke,
(For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,)
Hath publiſh'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it elſe proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas, Sir; it is worſe for me than ſo;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From *Florence*, and muſt here deliver them.
Tra. Well, Sir, to do you courteſy,
That will I do, and this will I adviſe you;
Firſt, tell me, have you ever been at *Piſa?*
Ped. Ay, Sir, in *Piſa* have I often been;
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens.
Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio?*
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father, Sir; and, ſooth to ſay,
In count'nance ſomewhat doth reſemble you.
Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyſter, and all one. [*Aſide.*
Tra. To ſave your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his ſake;
And think it not the worſt of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio:*
His name and credit ſhall you undertake,
And in my houſe you ſhall be friendly lodg'd:
Look,

Look, that you take upon You as you ſhould.
You underſtand me, Sir: ſo ſhall you ſtay,
'Till you have done your buſineſs in the city.
If this be court'ſy, Sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh, Sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The Patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good:
This by the way I let you underſtand,
My father is here look'd for every day,
To paſs aſſurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one *Baptiſta*'s daughter here:
In all theſe Circumſtances I'll inſtruct you:
Go with Me, Sir, to clothe you as becomes you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Catharina *and* Grumio.

Gru. NO, no, forſooth, I dare not for my life.

Cath. The more my wrong, the more his ſpite appears:
What, did he marry me to famiſh me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon intreaty, have a preſent alms;
If not, elſewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to intreat,
Nor never needed that I ſhould intreat,
Am ſtarv'd for meat, giddy for lack of ſleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;
And that, which ſpites me more than all theſe wants,
He does it under name of perfect love:
As who would ſay, if I ſhould ſleep or eat
'Twere deadly ſickneſs, or elſe preſent death:
I pr'ythee go, and get me ſome repaſt;
I care not what, ſo it be wholeſome food.

Gru. What ſay you to a neat's foot?

Cath. 'Tis paſſing good; I pr'ythee, let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too flegmatic a meat:
How ſay you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

Cath. I like it well; good *Grumio*, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell;—I fear, it's choleric:
What ſay you to a piece of beef and muſtard?
Cath. A diſh, that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the muſtard is too hot a little.
Cath. Why, then the beef, and let the muſtard reſt.
Gru. Nay, then I will not; you ſhall have the muſtard,
Or elſe you get no beef of *Grumio*.
Cath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why, then the muſtard without the beef.
Cath. Go, get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlave.
[Beats him.
That feed'ſt me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my miſery!
Go, get thee gone, I ſay.

SCENE VII.

Enter Petruchio *and* Hortenſio, *with meat.*

Pet. HOW fares my *Kate?* what, Sweeting, all amort?
Hor. Miſtreſs, what cheer?
Cath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy ſpirits; look cheerfully upon me;
Here, love, thou ſeeſt how diligent I am,
To dreſs thy meat myſelf, and bring it thee:
I'm ſure, ſweet *Kate*, this kindneſs merits thanks.
What, not a word? nay then, thou lov'ſt it not:
And all my pains is ſorted to no proof.
Here, take away the diſh.
Cath. I pray you, let it ſtand.
Pet. The pooreſt ſervice is repaid with thanks,
And ſo ſhall mine, before you touch the meat.
Cath. I thank you, Sir.
Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie, you are to blame:
Come, miſtreſs *Kate*, I'll bear you company.

Pet.

Pet. Eat it up all, *Hortenſio*, if thou loveſt me;— [*Aſide.*

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart;
Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey-love,
Will we return unto thy father's houſe,
And revel it as bravely as the beſt,
With ſilken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things!
With ſcarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knav'ry,
What, haſt thou din'd? the taylor ſtays thy leiſure,
To deck thy body with his ruſtling treaſure.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Taylor.

Come, taylor, let us ſee theſe ornaments.

Enter Haberdaſher.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, Sir?
Hab. Here is the cap your worſhip did beſpeak.
Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet diſh; fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-ſhell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.
Cath. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time;
And gentlewomen wear ſuch caps as theſe.
Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall have one too,
And not 'till then.
Hor. That will not be in haſte.
Cath. Why, Sir, I truſt, I may have leave to ſpeak,
And ſpeak I will. I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endur'd me ſay my mind;
And, if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or, elſe my heart, concealing it, will break:

And rather than it ſhall, I will be free
Even to the utmoſt as I pleaſe in words.

Pet. Why, thou ſay'ſt true, it is a paltry cap,
A cuſtard-coffin, a bauble, a ſilken pie;
I love thee well, in that thou lik'ſt it not.

Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And I will have it, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay; come, taylor, let us ſee't.
O mercy, heav'n, what maſking ſtuff is here?
What? this a ſleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon;
What, up and down carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh, and ſlaſh,
Like to a cenſer in a barber's ſhop:
Why, what a devil's name, taylor, call'ſt thou this?

Hor. I ſee, ſhe's like to've neither cap nor gown.
[*Aſide.*

Tay. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the faſhion of the time.

Pet. Marry, and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.

Cath. I never ſaw a better faſhion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true, he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tay. She ſays, your Worſhip means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O moſt monſtrous arrogance!
Thou lieſt, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket, thou!
Brav'd in mine own houſe with a ſkein of thread:
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou ſhalt think on prating whilſt thou liv'ſt:
I tell thee, I, that thou haſt marr'd her gown.

Tay.

Tay. Your Worſhip is deceiv'd, the gown is made Juſt as my maſter had direction.
Grumio gave order how it ſhould be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the ſtuff.

Tay. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?

Gru. Marry, Sir, with needle and thread.

Tay. But did you not requeſt to have it cut?

Gru. Thou haſt fac'd many things.

Tay. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou haſt brav'd many men, brave not me; I will neither be fac'd, nor brav'd. I ſay unto thee, I bid thy maſter cut out the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo*, thou lieſt.

Tay. Why, here is the note of the faſhion to teſtify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat, if he ſay I ſaid ſo.

Tay. Imprimis, a looſe-bodied gown.

Gru. Maſter, if ever I ſaid looſe-bodied gown, ſow me up in the ſkirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I ſaid a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. With a ſmall compaſt cape.

Gru. I confeſs the cape.

Tay. With a trunk-ſleeve..

Gru. I confeſs two ſleeves.

Tay. The ſleeves curiouſly cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i'th' bill, Sir, error i' th' bill: I commanded, the ſleeves ſhould be cut out, and ſow'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tay. This is true, that I ſay; an I had thee in place where, thou ſhou'dſt know it.

Gru. I am for thee ſtraight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and ſpare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, *Grumio*, then he ſhall have no odds.

Pet. Well, Sir, in brief the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'th' right, Sir, 'tis for my miſtreſs.

Pet. Go take it up unto thy maſter's uſe.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my miſtreſs's gown for thy maſter's uſe!

Pet. Why, Sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh, Sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for;
Take up my miſtreſs's gown unto his maſter's uſe!
Oh, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortenſio, ſay, thou wilt ſee the taylor paid.
[*Aſide.*
Go take it hence, be gone, and ſay no more.

Hor. Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow,
Take no unkindneſs of his haſty words:
Away, I ſay; commend me to thy maſter. [*Ex. Taylor.*

Pet. Well, come, my *Kate*, we will unto your father's,
Even in theſe honeſt mean habiliments:
Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind, that makes the body rich:
And as the ſun breaks through the darkeſt clouds,
So honour peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Becauſe his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Becauſe his painted ſkin contents the eye?
Oh, no, good *Kate*; neither art thou the worſe
For this poor furniture, and mean array,
If thou account'ſt it ſhame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolic; we will hence forthwith,
To feaſt and ſport us at thy father's houſe.
Go call my men, and let us ſtraight to him,
And bring our horſes unto *Long-lane* end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's ſee, I think, 'tis now ſome ſeven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Cath. I dare aſſure you, Sir, 'tis almoſt two;
And 'twill be ſupper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It ſhall be ſeven, ere I go to horſe.

Look

Look, what I ſpeak, or do, or think to do,
You are ſtill croſſing it; Sirs, let't alone,
I will not go to day, and ere I do,
It ſhall be what o'clock I ſay it is.

Hor. Why, ſo; this Gallant will command the Sun.
[*Exeunt* Pet. Cath. *and* Hor.

[The Preſenters, above, ſpeak here.]

Lord. *Who's within there?* [Sly *ſleeps.*

Enter Servants.

Aſleep again! go take him eaſily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But ſee, you wake him not in any caſe.

Serv. *It ſhall be done, my Lord; come help to bear him hence.* [*They bear off* Sly.

SCENE IX.

Before Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter Tranio, *and the Pedant dreſt like* Vincentio.

Tra. SIR, this is the houſe; pleaſe it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, what elſe! and (but I be deceived,)
Signior *Baptiſta* may remember me
Near twenty years ago in *Genoa*,
Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegaſus*.

Tra. 'Tis well, and hold your own in any caſe
With ſuch auſterity as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but, Sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, he were ſchool'd.

Tra. Fear you not him; ſirrah, *Biondello*,
Now do your duty throughly, I adviſe you:
Imagine, 'twere the right *Vincentio*.

Bion. Tut, fear not me.

Tra. But haſt thou done thy errand to *Baptiſta?*

Bion. I told him, that your father was in *Venice;*
And that you look'd for him this day in *Padua.*
Tra. Th' art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drink;
Here comes *Baptiſta;* ſet your countenance, Sir.

SCENE X.

Enter Baptiſta *and* Lucentio.

Tra. SIGNIOR *Baptiſta*, you are happily met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you ſtand, good Father, to me now,
Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.
Ped. Soft, ſon, Sir, by your leave, having come to *Padua*
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a weighty cauſe
Of love between your daughter and himſelf:
And for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhe to him; to ſtay him not too long,
I am content in a good father's care
To have him match'd; and if you pleaſe to like
No worſe than I, Sir, upon ſome agreement,
Me ſhall you find moſt ready and moſt willing
With one conſent to have her ſo beſtowed:
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior *Baptiſta*, of whom I hear ſo well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to ſay:
Your plainneſs and your ſhortneſs pleaſe me well.
Right true it is, your ſon *Lucentio* here
Doth love my daughter, and ſhe loveth him,
Or both diſſemble deeply their affections;
And therefore if you ſay no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And paſs my daughter a ſufficient dowry,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your ſon ſhall have my daughter with conſent.

Tra.

Tra. I thank you, Sir. Where then do you know
Be we affied; and ſuch aſſurance ta'en, [beſt,
As ſhall with either part's agreement ſtand?
Bap. Not in my houſe, *Lucentio;* for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many ſervants;
Beſides, old *Gremio* is hearkning ſtill;
And, haply, then we might be interrupted.
Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, Sir,
There doth my Father lie; and there this night
We'll paſs the buſineſs privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſervant here,
My boy ſhall fetch the ſcrivener preſently.
The worſt is this, that at ſo ſlender warning
You're like to have a thin and ſlender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well. Go, *Cambio*, hie you home,
And bid *Bianca* make her ready ſtraight:
And if you will, tell what hath happen'd here:
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in *Padua*,
And how ſhe's like to be *Lucentio*'s wife.
Luc. I pray the Gods ſhe may, with all my heart!
[*Exit.*
Tra. Dally not, with the Gods, but get thee gone.
Signior *Baptiſta*, ſhall I lead the way?
Welcome! one meſs is like to be your cheer.
Come, Sir, we will better it in *Piſa*.
Bap. I'll follow you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Lucentio *and* Biondello.

Bion. CAMBIO.
Luc. What ſay'ſt thou, *Biondello?*
Bion. You ſaw my maſter wink and laugh upon you.
Luc. *Biondello*, what of that?
Bion. Faith, nothing; But he's left me here behind to expound the meaning or moral of his ſigns and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. *Baptiſta* is ſafe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful ſon,

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His Daughter is to be brought by you to the ſupper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old Prieſt at St. *Luke's* Church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect, they are buſied about a counterfeit aſſurance; take you aſſurance of her, *Cum privilegio ad imprimendum ſolum;* to th' Church take the Prieſt, Clerk, and ſome ſufficient honeſt witneſſes: If this be not that you look for, I have no more to ſay, but bid *Bianca* farewel for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'ſt thou, *Biondello?*

Bion. I cannot tarry; I knew a wench married in an afternoon as ſhe went to the garden for parſley to ſtuff a rabbet; and ſo may you, Sir, and ſo, adieu, Sir; my maſter hath appointed me to go to St. *Luke's*, to bid the Prieſt be ready to come againſt you come with your Appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore ſhould I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:
It ſhall go hard, if *Cambio* go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

A green Lane.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, *and* Hortenſio.

Pet. COME on, o' God's name, once more tow'rds our Father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly ſhines the Moon!

Cath. The Moon! the Sun: it is not Moon-light now.

Pet.

Pet. I ſay, it is the Moon that ſhines ſo bright.
Cath. I know it is the Sun that ſhines ſo bright.
Pet. Now by my mother's ſon, and that's myſelf,
It ſhall be Moon, or Star, or what I liſt,
Or ere I journey to your father's houſe:
Go on, and fetch our horſes back again.
Evermore croſt and croſt, nothing but croſt!
Hor. Say, as he ſays, or we ſhall never go.
Cath. Forward I pray, ſince we are come ſo far,
And be it Moon, or Sun, or what you pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh candle,
Henceforth I vow it ſhall be ſo for me.
Pet. I ſay, it is the Moon.
Cath. I know, it is the Moon.
Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the bleſſed Sun.
Cath. Then, God be bleſt, it is the bleſſed Sun.
But Sun it is not, when you ſay it is not;
And the Moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And ſo it ſhall be ſo for *Catharine*.
Hor. Petruchio, go thy way, the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowl ſhould run;
And not unluckily againſt the bias:
But ſoft, ſome company is coming here.

SCENE XIII.

Enter Vincentio.

Good-morrow, gentle miſtreſs, where away? [*To* Vincentio.
Tell me, ſweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,
Haſt thou beheld a freſher Gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What ſtars do ſpangle heaven with ſuch beauty,
As thoſe two eyes become that heav'nly face?
Fair lovely Maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for her beauty's ſake.

Hor. He will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Cath. Young budding Virgin, fair, and freſh, and ſweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of ſo fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable ſtars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet. Why, how now, *Kate*, I hope, thou art not mad!
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a maiden, as, thou ſay'ſt he is.

Cath. Pardon, old Father, my miſtaken eyes;
That have been ſo bedazzled with the ſun,
That every thing I look on ſeemeth green.
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend Father:
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad miſtaking.

Pet. Do, good old Grandſire, and withal make known
Which way thou travelleſt; if along with us,
We ſhall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair Sir, and you my merry Miſtreſs,
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Piſa*;
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to viſit
A ſon of mine, which long I have not ſeen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle Sir.

Pet. Happily met, the happier for thy ſon;
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving Father:
The Siſter of my Wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd, ſhe is of good eſteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beſide, ſo qualified, as may beſeem
The Spouſe of any noble Gentleman.
Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*,

And

And wander we to ſee thy honeſt Son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like pleaſant travellers, to break a jeſt
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do aſſure thee, Father, ſo it is.

Pit. Come, go along, and ſee the truth hereof:
For our firſt merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* Pet. Cath. *and* Vin.

Hor. Well, *Petruchio*, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if ſhe be froward,
Then haſt thou taught *Hortenſio* to be untoward.

[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Lucentio's *Houſe.*

Enter Biondello, Lucentio *and* Bianca, Gremio *walking on one ſide.*

BIONDELLO.

SOFTLY and ſwiftly, Sir, for the Prieſt is ready.

Luc. I fly, *Biondello;* but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll ſee the church o' your back, and then come back to my Maſter as ſoon as I can.

[*Exit.*

Gre. I marvel, *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Vincentio *and* Grumio, *with Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is *Lucentio*'s houſe,
My Father's bears more towards the Market-place;
Thither muſt I, and here I leave you, Sir.

Vin. You ſhall not chuſe but drink before you go;
I think,

I think, I ſhall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood ſome cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*

Gre. They're buſy within, you were beſt knock louder. [Pedant *looks out of the window.*

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within, Sir?

Ped. He's within, Sir, but not to be ſpoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourſelf, he ſhall need none as long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your Son was belov'd in *Padua*. Do you hear, Sir? to leave frivolous circumſtances, I pray you, tell Signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Piſa*, and is here at the door to ſpeak with him.

Ped. Thou lieſt; his Father is come to *Padua*, and here looking out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his Father?

Ped. Ay, Sir, ſo his Mother ſays, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, Gentleman! why, this is flat knavery to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe, he means to cozen ſomebody in this city under my countenance.

SCENE II.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I Have ſeen them in the Church together. God ſend 'em good ſhipping! but who is here! mine old Maſter *Vincentio?* now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crackhemp. [*Seeing* Biondello.

Bion. I hope, I may chuſe, Sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; what, have you forgot me?

Bion.

Bion. Forgot you? no, Sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didſt thou never ſee thy Maſter's Father *Vincentio?*

Bion. What, my old worſhipful old maſter? yes, marry, Sir, ſee where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't ſo indeed? [*He beats* Biondello.

Bion. Help, help, help, here's a madman will murder me.

Ped. Help, Son; help, Signior *Baptiſta.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, *Kate*, let's ſtand aſide, and ſee the end of this controverſy. [*They retire.*

Enter Pedant *with Servants*, Baptiſta *and* Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my ſervant?

Vin. What am I, Sir; nay, what are you, Sir? oh, immortal Gods! oh, fine villain! a ſilken doublet, a velvet hoſe, a ſcarlet cloak and a *copatain hat: oh, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good huſband at home, my ſon and my ſervants ſpend all at the Univerſity.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bap. What, is this man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you ſeem a ſober ancient Gentleman by your habit, but your words ſhew a mad-man; why, Sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good Father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy Father! oh villain, he is a ſail-maker in *Bergamo.*

Bap. You miſtake, Sir, you miſtake, Sir; pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever ſince he was three years old, and his name is *Tranio.*

Ped. Away, away, mad aſs! his name is *Lucentio:* and he is mine only ſon, and heir to the lands of me Signior *Vincentio.*

* —— *copped* or *pointed.* Mr. *Pope.*

Vin.

Vin. Lucentio! oh, he hath murdered his maſter; lay hold of him, I charge you, in the Duke's name; oh, my ſon, my ſon, tell me, thou villain, where is my ſon *Lucentio?*

Tra. Call forth an Officer; carry this mad knave to the jail; Father *Baptiſta*, I charge you, ſee, that he be forth-coming.

Vin. Carry me to jail?

Gre. Stay, Officer, he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talk not, Signior *Gremio:* I ſay, he ſhall go to priſon.

Gre. Take heed, Signior *Baptiſta*, leſt you be cony-catch'd in this buſineſs; I dare ſwear, this is the right *Vincentio.*

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'ſt.

Gre. Nay, I dare not ſwear it.

Tra. Then thou wert beſt ſay, that I am not *Lucentio?*

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior *Lucentio.*

Bap. Away with the dotard, to the jail with him!

Enter Lucentio *and* Bianca.

Vin. Thus ſtrangers may be hal'd and abus'd; oh, monſtrous villain!

Bion. Oh, we are ſpoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him, forſwear him, or elſe we are all undone.

[*Exeunt* Biondello, Tranio *and* Pedant.

SCENE III.

Luc. PARDON, ſweet Father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my ſweet ſon?

Bian. Pardon, dear Father.

Bap. How haſt thou offended? where is *Lucentio?*

Luc. Here's *Lucentio,* right Son to the right *Vincentio,*

That

That have by marriage made thy Daughter mine:
While counterfeit ſuppoſers bleer'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing with a witneſs to deceive us all.

Vin. Where is that damn'd Villain *Tranio*,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter ſo?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my *Cambio*?

Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Luc. Love wrought theſe miracles. *Bianca*'s love
Made me exchange my eſtate with *Tranio*,
While he did bear my countenance in the town:
And happily I have arriv'd at laſt
Unto the wiſhed haven of my bliſs;
What *Tranio* did, myſelf enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, ſweet Father, for my ſake.

Vin. I'll ſlit the villain's noſe, that would have ſent me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, Sir, have you married my Daughter without aſking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, *Baptiſta*, we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be reveng'd on this villain.

[*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to ſound the depth of this knavery.

[*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, *Bianca*, thy Father will not frown. [*Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is dough, but I'll in among the reſt,
Out of hope of all, but my ſhare of the feaſt. [*Exit.*

[Petruchio *and* Catharina, *advancing*.

Cath. Huſband, let's follow, to ſee the end of this ado.

Pet. Firſt kiſs me, *Kate*, and we will.

Cath. What, in the midſt of the ſtreet?

Pet. What, art thou aſham'd of me?

Cath. No, Sir, God forbid! but aſham'd to kiſs.

Pet. Why, then let's home again: come, ſirrah, let's away.

Cath. Nay, I will give thee a kiſs; now pray thee, love, ſtay.

Pet.

Pet. Is not this well? come, my ſweet *Kate*;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Lucentio's *Apartments.*

Enter Baptiſta, Vincentio, Gremio, Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Catharina, Grumio, Hortenſio, *and Widow.* Tranio's *ſervants bringing in a banquet.*

Luc. AT laſt, tho' long, our jarring notes agree;
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To ſmile at 'ſcapes and perils over-blown.
My fair *Bianca*, bid my Father welcome,
While I with ſelf-ſame kindneſs welcome thine;
Brother *Petruchio*, Siſter *Catharine*,
And thou, *Hortenſio*, with thy loving Widow;
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe:
My banquet is to cloſe our ſtomachs up
After our great good cheer: pray you, ſit down;
For now we ſit to chat, as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eat and eat!

Bap. *Padua* affords this kindneſs, Son *Petruchio.*

Pet. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our ſakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, *Hortenſio* fears his Widow.

Wid. Then never truſt me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very ſenſible, and yet you miſs my ſenſe:
I mean, *Hortenſio* is afeard of you.

Wid. He, that is giddy, thinks, the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Cath. Miſtreſs, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet.

Pet. Conceives by me, how likes *Hortenſio* that?
Hor. My widow ſays, thus ſhe conceives her tale.
Pet. Very well mended; kiſs him for that, good Widow.
Cath. He, that is giddy, thinks, the world turns round——
I pray you, tell me, what you meant by that.
Wid. Your Huſband, being troubled with a Shrew,
Meaſures my Huſband's ſorrow by his woe.
And now you know my meaning.
Cath. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Cath. And I am mean, indeed, reſpecting you.
Pet. To her, *Kate.*
Hor. To her, Widow.
Pet. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.
Hor. That's my office.
Pet. Spoke like an Officer; ha' to thee, lad.
[*Drinks to* Hortenſio.
Bap. How likes *Gremio* theſe quick-witted folks?
Gre. Believe me, Sir, they butt heads together well.
Bian. Head and butt? an haſty-witted body
Would ſay, your head and butt were head and horn.
Vin. Ay, miſtreſs Bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Bian. Ay, but not frighted me, therefore I'll ſleep again.
Pet. Nay, that thou ſhalt not, ſince you have begun:
Have at you for a better jeſt or two.
Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to ſhift my buſh:
And then purſue me, as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all.
[*Exeunt* Bianca, Catharine, *and Widow.*
Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior *Tranio*,
This bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit it not;
Therefore, a health to all that ſhot and miſs'd.
Tra. Oh, Sir, *Lucentio* ſlip'd me like his grey-hound,
Which runs himſelf, and catches for his maſter.
Pet. A good ſwift Simile, but ſomething curriſh.

Tra.

Tra. 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for yourſelf:
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. Oh, oh, *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good *Tranio*.
Hor. Confeſs, confeſs, hath he not hit you there?
Pet. He has a little gall'd me, I confeſs;
And as the jeſt did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap. Now, in good ſadneſs, Son *Petruchio*,
I think, thou haſt the verieſt Shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I ſay, no; and therefore for aſſurance,
Let's each one ſend unto his Wife, and he
Whoſe Wife is moſt obedient to come firſt,
When he doth ſend for her, ſhall win the wager.
Hor. Content;——what wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture ſo much on my hawk or hound,
But twenty times ſo much upon my Wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match, 'tis done.
Hor. Who ſhall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go, *Biondello*, bid your miſtreſs come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I'll be your half, *Bianca* comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all myſelf.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now, what news?
Bion. Sir my Miſtreſs ſends you word
That ſhe is buſy, and cannot come.
Pet. How? ſhe's buſy and cannot come, is that an anſwer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, Sir, your wife ſend you not a worſe.
Pet. I hope better.

Hor.

Hor. Sirrah, *Biondello*, go and intreat my wife to come to me forthwith. [*Exit* Biondello.

Pet. Oh, oh! intreat her! nay, then ſhe needs muſt come.

Hor. I am afraid, Sir, do you what you can,

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be intreated: now, where's my wife?

Bion. She ſays, you have ſome goodly jeſt in hand; She will not come: ſhe bids you come to her.

Pet. Worſe and worſe, ſhe will not come! Oh vile, intolerable, not to be indur'd: Sirrah, *Grumio*, go to your Miſtreſs, Say, I command her to come to me. [*Exit* Gru.

Hor. I know her anſwer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there's an end.

SCENE V.

Enter Catharina.

Bap. NOW, by my hollidam, here comes *Catharine!*

Cath. What is your will, Sir, that you ſend for me?

Pet. Where is your Siſter, and *Hortenſio*'s Wife?

Cath. They ſit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go fetch them hither; if they deny to come, Swinge me them ſoundly forth unto their huſbands: Away, I ſay, and bring them hither ſtraight. (*Exit* Catharina.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And ſo it is: I wonder, what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life, And awful rule, and right-ſupremacy: And, to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befal thee, good *Petruchio!*

The

The wager thou haſt won; and I will add
Unto their loſſes twenty thouſand crowns,
Another dowry to another Daughter;
For ſhe is chang'd, as ſhe had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And ſhow more ſign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
Enter Catharina, Bianca *and* Widow.
See, where ſhe comes, and brings your froward wives
As priſoners to her womanly perſuaſion:
Catharine, that Cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[*She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*
Wid. Lord, let me never have a cauſe to ſigh,
Till I be brought to ſuch a ſilly paſs.
Bian. Fie, what a fooliſh duty call you this?
Luc. I would, your duty were as fooliſh too!
The wiſdom of your duty, fair *Bianca*,
Coſt me an hundred crowns ſince ſupper-time.
Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
Pet. Catharine, I charge thee, tell theſe headſtrong Women,
What duty they owe to their Lords and Huſbands.
Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.
Pet. Come on, I ſay, and firſt begin with her.
Wid. She ſhall not.
Pet. I ſay, ſhe ſhall; and firſt begin with her.
Cath. Fie! fie! unknit that threatning unkind brow,
And dart not ſcornful glances from thoſe eyes,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Governor.
It blots thy beauty, as froſts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds ſhake fair buds;
And in no ſenſe is meet or amiable.
A Woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-ſeeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
Will dain to ſip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy

Thy Husband is thy Lord, thy Life, thy Keeper,
Thy Head, thy Sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the Subject owes the Prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sower,
And not obedient to his honest will;
What is she but a foul contending Rebel,
And graceless Traitor to her loving Lord?
I am asham'd, that Women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms,
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But, now I see, our launces are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare;
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vale your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your Husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench: come on, and kiss me, *Kate.*

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc.

Luc. But a harſh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, *Kate*, we'll to bed;
We three are married, but you two are ſped.
'Twas I won the wager, tho' you hit the white;
And being a winner, God give you good-night.
[*Exeunt* Petruchio *and* Catharina.

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou haſt tam'd a curſt Shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, ſhe will be tam'd ſo. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter two ſervants bearing Sly *in his own apparel, and leaving him on the Stage. Then enter a* Tapſter.

Sly *awaking.*] Sim, *give's ſome more wine—what, all the Players gone? am not I a Lord?*

Tap. *A Lord, with a murrain! come, art thou drunk ſtill?*

Sly. *Who's this?* Tapſter! *oh, I have had the braveſt dream that ever thou heardſt in all thy life.*

Tap. *Yea, marry, but thou hadſt beſt get thee home, for your Wife will courſe you for dreaming here all night.*

Sly. *Will ſhe? I know how to* tame a Shrew. *I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou haſt wak'd me out of the beſt dream that ever I had. But I'll to my Wife and tame her too, if ſhe anger me.*

ALL's

ALL's WELL,

THAT

ENDS WELL.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, *Count of* Rouſillon.
Lafeu, *an old Lord.*
Parolles, *a paraſitical follower of* Bertram; *a coward, but vain, and a great pretender to valour.*
Several young French *Lords, that ſerve with* Bertram *in the* Florentine *war.*
Steward, Clown, } *Servants to the Counteſs of* Rouſillon.

Counteſs of Rouſillon, *mother to* Bertram.
Helena, *daughter to* Gerard de Narbon, *a famous phyſician, ſome time ſince dead.*
An old widow of Florence.
Diana, *daughter to the widow.*
Violenta, Mariana, } *Neighbours, and friends to the widow.*

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE *lies partly in* France; *and, partly in* Tuſcany.

ALL's *Well, that* ENDS *Well.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Counteſs of Rouſillon's *Houſe in* France.

Enter Bertram, *the Counteſs of* Rouſillon, Helena, *and* Lafeu, *all in Mourning.*

COUNTESS.

IN diſſevering my ſon from me, I bury a ſecond huſband.

Ber. And I in going, Madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I muſt attend his Majeſty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in ſubjection.

Laf. You ſhall find of the King a huſband, Madam; you, Sir, a father. He, that ſo generally is at all times good, muſt of neceſſity hold his virtue to you; whoſe worthineſs would ſtir it up where it wanted, rather than ſlack it where there is ſuch abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his Majeſty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his phyſicians, Madam, under whoſe practices he hath perſecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the proceſs, but only the loſing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how ſad a Preſage 'tis!) whoſe ſkill was almoſt as great as his honeſty; had it ſtretch'd ſo far, it would have made nature immortal, and death ſhould have play'd for lack of work. 'Would, for

the King's ſake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the King's diſeaſe.

Laf. How call'd you the man you ſpeak of, Madam?

Count. He was famous, Sir, in his profeſſion, and it was his great right to be ſo: *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, Madam; the King very lately ſpoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: he was ſkilful enough to have liv'd ſtill, if knowledge could be ſet up againſt mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the King languiſhes of?

Laf. A fiſtula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of *Gerard de Narbon?*

Count. His ſole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes her; diſpoſition ſhe inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there, commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for her ſimpleneſs; ſhe derives her honeſty, and atchieves her goodneſs.

Laf. Your commendations, Madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the beſt brine a maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her ſorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, *Helena,* go to, no more; leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, than to have it.

Hel. I do affect a ſorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceſſive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be not enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.

Ber.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, *Bertram*, and succeed thy father
In manners as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heav'n more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewel, my lord;
'Tis an unseason'd courtier, good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best,
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heav'n bless him! Farewel, *Bertram*.
[*Exit Countess.*

Ber. [*To* Hel.] The best wishes, that can be forg'd in your thoughts, be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewel, pretty lady, you must hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt* Bertram *and* Lafeu.

SCENE II.

Hel. O H, were that all! —— I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more,
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him. My imagination
Carries no favour in it, but my *Bertram's*.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If *Bertram* be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright partic'lar star,
And think to wed it; he is so above me:

In his bright radiance * and collateral light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itſelf;
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Muſt die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To ſee him every hour; to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour!——
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relics. Who comes here!

Enter Parolles.

One, that goes with him: I love him for his ſake,
And yet I know him a notorious liar;
Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
Yet theſe fix'd evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's ſteely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind; full oft we ſee
Cold wiſdom waiting on ſuperfluous folly.

SCENE III.

Par. SAVE you, fair Queen.

Hel. And you, Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.——

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay: you have ſome ſtain of ſoldier in you; let me aſk you a queſtion. Man is enemy to virginity, how may we barricado it againſt him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he aſſails; and our virginity, tho' valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us ſome warlike reſiſtance.

* ——*and* collateral light.] *collateral* for *reflected*, i. e. in the Radiance of his *reflected* Light; not in his *Sphere*, or *direct* Light. *Milton* uſes the Word, in the ſame Senſe, ſpeaking of the Son.

—— *Of high* collateral *Glory*. Book 10. v. 86.

Par.

Par. There is none: man, ſetting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bleſs our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quickſier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourſelves made, you loſe your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature, to preſerve virginity. Loſs of virginity is rational increaſe; and there was never virgin got, 'till virginity was firſt loſt. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once loſt, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever loſt; 'tis too cold a companion: away with't.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be ſaid in't; 'tis againſt the rule of nature. To ſpeak on the part of virginity, is to accuſe your mother; which is moſt infallible diſobedience. As he, that hangs himſelf, ſo is a virgin; virginity murders itſelf, and ſhould be buried in highways out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate offendreſs againſt nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheeſe; conſumes itſelf to the very paring, and ſo dies with feeding its own ſtomach. Beſides, virginity is peeviſh, proud, idle, made of ſelf-love, which is the moſt prohibited ſin in the canon. Keep it not, you cannot chuſe but loſe by't. Out with't; within ten years it will make itſelf two, which is a goodly increaſe, and the principal itſelf not much the worſe. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, Sir, to loſe it to her own liking?

Par. Let me ſee. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will loſe the gloſs with lying. The longer kept, the leſs worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible. Anſwer the time of requeſt.

Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of faſhion: richly ſuited, but unſuitable; juſt like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which we wear not now; your date is better in your pie and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our *French* wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There ſhall your maſter have a thouſand loves,
A mother, and a miſtreſs, and a friend,
[A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddeſs, and a ſovereign,
A counſellor, a traitreſs, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility;
His jarring concord; and his diſcord dulcet;
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter; with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious chriſtendoms,
That blinking *Cupid* goſſips. Now ſhall he—]
I know not, what he ſhall—God ſend him well!—
The court's a learning place—and he is one——

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wiſh well—'tis pity——

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that We the poorer born,
Whoſe baſer ſtars do ſhut us up in wiſhes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends:
And ſhew what we alone muſt think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monſieur *Parolles*,
My lord calls for you. [*Exit Page.*

Par. Little *Helen*, farewel; if I can remember thee,
I will think of thee at court.

Hel.

Hel. Monſieur *Parolles*, you were born under a charitable ſtar.

Par. Under *Mars*, I.

Hel. I eſpecially think, under *Mars*.

Par. Why under *Mars?*

Hel. The wars have kept you ſo under, that you muſt needs be born under *Mars*.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear propoſes ſafety: but the compoſition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good ming, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am ſo full of buſineſſes, as I cannot anſwer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my inſtruction ſhall ſerve to naturalize thee, ſo thou wilt be capable of courtier's counſel, and underſtand what advice ſhall thruſt upon thee; elſe thou dieſt in thine unthankfulneſs, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewel. When thou haſt leiſure, ſay thy prayers; when thou haſt none, remember thy friends; get thee a good huſband, and uſe him as he uſes thee: ſo farewel. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Hel. OUR remedies oft in ourſelves do lie,
Which we aſcribe to heav'n. The fated ſky
Gives us free ſcope; only, doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we ourſelves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love ſo high,
That makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings
To join like likes; and kiſs, like native things.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts, to thoſe
That weigh their pain in ſenſe; and do ſuppoſe.

What hath been, cannot be. Who ever ſtrove
To ſhew her merit, that did miſs her love?
The King's diſeaſe—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Court of France.

Flouriſh Cornets. Enter the King of France *with letters, and divers Attendants.*

King. THE *Florentines* and *Senoys* are by th' ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, Sir.

King. Nay, 'tis moſt credible; we here receive it.
A certainty vouch'd from our couſin *Auſtria;*
With caution, that the *Florentine* will move us
For ſpeedy aid; wherein our deareſt friend
Prejudicates the buſineſs, and would ſeem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wiſdom,
Approv'd ſo to your Majeſty, may plead
For ample credence.

King. He hath arm'd our anſwer;
And *Florence* is deny'd, before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to ſee
The *Tuſcan* ſervice, freely have they leave
To ſtand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well ſerve
A nurſery to our gentry, who are ſick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here;

Enter Bertram, Lafeu *and* Parolles.

1 *Lord.* It is the count *Rouſillon,* my good lord, young *Bertram.*

King.

King. Youth, thou bear'ſt thy father's face.
Frank nature, rather curious than in haſte,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'ſt thou inherit too! Welcome to *Paris.*

Ber. My thanks and duty are your Majeſty's.

King. I would, I had that corporal ſoundneſs now,
As when thy father and myſelf in friendſhip
Firſt try'd our ſoldierſhip: he did look far
Into the ſervice of the time, and was
Diſcipled of the brav'ſt. He laſted long;
But on us both did haggiſh age ſteal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To day in our young lords; but they may jeſt,
Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a courtier, no contempt or bitterneſs
Were in him; pride or ſharpneſs, if there were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itſelf, knew the true minute when
Exceptions bid him ſpeak; and at that time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks;
Making them proud; and his humility,
In their poor praiſe, he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copy to theſe younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would now demonſtrate them
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, Sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal ſpeech. [ſay,

King. 'Would, I were with him! he would always
(Methinks, I here him now; his plauſive words
He ſcatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear;) Let me not live,—

(Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the cataſtrophe and heel of paſtime,
When it was out,) let me not live, (quoth he,)
After my flame lacks oil; to be the ſnuff
Of younger ſpirits, whoſe apprehenſive ſenſes
All but new things diſdain; whoſe judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whoſe conſtancies
Expire before their faſhions;——this he wiſh'd.
I, after him, do after him wiſh too,
(Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,)
I quickly were diſſolved from my hive.
To give ſome labourer room.

2 *Lord.* You're loved, Sir;
They, that leaſt lend it you, ſhall lack you firſt.

King. I fill a place, I know't. How long is't, count,
Since the phyſician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some ſix months ſince, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;——the reſt have worn me out
With ſeveral applications; nature and ſickneſs
Debate it at their leiſure. Welcome, count,
My ſon's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your Majeſty. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Counteſs's at Rouſillon.

Enter Counteſs, Steward and Clown.

Count. I Will now hear; what ſay you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wiſh might be found in the calendar of my paſt endeavours; for then we wound our modeſty, and make foul the clearneſs of our deſervings, when of ourſelves we publiſh them.

Count.

Count. What does this knave here? get you gone, Sirrah: the complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my ſlowneſs that I do not, for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make ſuch knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, Madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, Sir.

Clo. No, Madam; 'tis not ſo well that I am poor, tho' many of the rich are damn'd; but, if I have your ladyſhip's good will to go to the world, *Iſbel* the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this caſe.

Count. In what caſe?

Clo. In *Iſbel*'s caſe, and mine own; ſervice is no heritage, and, I think, I ſhall never have the bleſſing of God, 'till I have Iſſue of my body; for they ſay, bearns are bleſſings.

Count. Tell me thy reaſon why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, Madam, requires it. I am driven on by the Fleſh; and he muſt needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worſhip's reaſon?

Clo. Faith, Madam, I have other holy reaſon, ſuch as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, Madam, a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, ſooner than thy wickedneſs.

Clo. I am out of friends, Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wife's ſake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. Y' are ſhallow, Madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am weary of; he, that eares my land, ſpares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my

my drudge; he, that comforts my wife, is the cheriſher of my fleſh and blood; he, that cheriſheth my fleſh and blood, loves my fleſh and blood; he, that loves my fleſh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he, that kiſſes my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young *Charbon* the puritan, and old *Poyſam* the papiſt, howſoe'er their hearts are ſever'd in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' th' herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet, I, Madam; and I ſpeak the truth the next way.

For I the ballad will repeat, which men full true ſhall find;
Your marriage comes by deſtiny, your cuckow ſings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, Sir, I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it pleaſe you, Madam, that he bid *Helen* come to you; of her I am to ſpeak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would ſpeak with her; *Helen* I mean.

Clo. *Was this fair face the cauſe, quoth ſhe.

[*Singing.*

Why the *Grecians* ſacked *Troy?*
Fond done, fond done; for *Paris*, he,
Was this King *Priam*'s joy.
With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood,

* *Was this fair face the cauſe, quoth ſhe,*
Why the Grecians *ſacked* Troy?
Fond done, fond done;
Was this King Priam's *joy.*] This is a Stanza of an old Ballad, out of which a Word or two are dropt, equally neceſſary to make the Senſe and the alternate Rhime. For it was not *Helen*, who was King *Priam*'s Joy, but *Paris*. The third Line therefore ſhould be read thus,

Fond done, fond done, for Paris, he.

And

And gave this ſentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Court. What, one good in ten? You corrupt the ſong, Sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, Madam, which is a purifying o' th' ſong: 'would, God would ſerve the world ſo all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the Parſon; one in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing ſtar, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, Sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man that ſhould be at a woman's command, and yet no hurt done! tho' honeſty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the ſurplis of humility over the black gown of a big heart: I am going, forſooth, the buſineſs is for *Helen* to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, Madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

Count. Faith, I do; her father bequeath'd her to me; and ſhe herſelf, without other advantages, may lawfully make title to as much love as ſhe finds; there is more owing her, than is paid; and more ſhall be paid her, than ſhe'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her, than, I think, ſhe wiſh'd me; alone ſhe was, and did communicate to herſelf her own words to her own ears; ſhe thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any ſtranger ſenſe. Her matter was, ſhe lov'd your ſon; Fortune, ſhe ſaid, was no Goddeſs, that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates; Love, no God, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; *Diana*, no queen of Virgins,

gins, that would ſuffer her poor Knight to be ſurpriz'd without reſcue in the firſt aſſault, or ranſom afterward. This ſhe deliver'd in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow, that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in; which I held it my duty ſpeedily to acquaint you withal; ſithence, in the loſs that may happen, it concerns you ſomething to know it.

Count. You have diſcharg'd this honeſtly, keep it to yourſelf; many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung ſo tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor miſdoubt; pray you, leave me; ſtall this in your boſom, and I thank you for your honeſt care: I will ſpeak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Helena.

Count. EV'N ſo it was with me, when I was young;
If we are nature's, theſe are ours: this thorn
Doth to our roſe of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood, is born;
It is the ſhow and ſeal of nature's truth,
Where love's ſtrong paſſion is impreſt in youth;
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.
Her eye is ſick on't; I obſerve her now.——

Hel. What is your pleaſure, Madam?

Count. Helen, you know, I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable miſtreſs.

Count. Nay, a Mother?
Why not a mother? when I ſaid a mother,
Methought, you ſaw a ſerpent; what's in mother,
That you ſtart at it? I ſay, I'm your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of thoſe,
That were enwombed mine; 'tis often ſeen,

Adop-

Adoption ſtrives with nature; and choice breeds
*A native ſlip to us from foreign ſeeds.
You ne'er oppreſt me with a mother's groan,
Yet I expreſs to you a mother's care:
God's mercy! maiden, do's it curd thy blood,
To ſay, I am thy mother? what's the matter,
That this diſtemper'd meſſenger of wet,
The many-colour'd *Iris*, rounds thine eyes?
Why,——that you are my daughter?
Hel. That I am not.
Count. I ſay, I am your mother.
Hel. Pardon, Madam.
The Count *Rouſſillon* cannot be my brother;
I am from humble, he from honour'd, name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble.
My maſter, my dear lord he is; and I
His ſervant live, and will his vaſſal die:
He muſt not be my brother.——
Count. Nor I your mother?
Hel. You are my mother, Madam; 'would you were,
(So that my lord, your ſon, were not my brother)
Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mothers
(I can no more fear, than I do fear heav'n,)
So I were not his ſiſter: can't no other,
But I your daughter, he muſt be my brother?—
Count. Yes, *Helen*, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God ſhield, you mean it not, daughter and mother
So ſtrive upon your pulſe! what, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondneſs.----Now I ſee
The myſtery of your loneline ſs, and find
Your ſalt tears' head; now to all ſenſe 'tis groſs,
You love my ſon; invention is aſham'd,

** A native ſlip to us from foreign* ſeeds.] The Integrity of the Metaphor requires we ſhould read *ſteads*, i. e. Stocks, Stools, (as they are called by the Gardeners,) from whence young *Slips* or Suckers are propagated.

Againſt

Againſt the proclamation of thy paſſion,
To ſay, thou doſt not; therefore tell me true:
But tell me then, 'tis ſo. For, look, thy cheeks
Confeſs it one to th'other; and thine eyes
See it ſo groſly ſhown in thy behaviour,
That in their kind they ſpeak it: only ſin
And helliſh obſtinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth ſhould be ſuſpected; ſpeak, is't ſo?
If it be not, you've wound a goodly clew:
If it be ſo, forſwear't; howe'er, I charge thee,
As heav'n ſhall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good Madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my ſon?

Hel. Your pardon, noble miſtreſs.

Count. Love you my ſon?

Hel. Do not you love him, Madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, diſcloſe
The ſtate of your affection; for your paſſions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confeſs,
Here on my knee, before high heav'ns and you,
That before you, and next unto high heav'n,
I love your ſon:
My friends were poor, but honeſt; ſo's my love;
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of preſumptuous ſuit;
Nor would I have him, 'till I do deſerve him;
Yet never know, how that deſert ſhall be.
I know, I love in vain; ſtrive againſt hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible ſieve,
I ſtill pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to loſe ſtill; thus, *Indian*-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The ſun that looks upon his worſhipper,
But knows of him no more. My deareſt Madam,

Let

Let not your hate incounter with my love,
For loving where you do; but if yourſelf,
Whoſe aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in ſo true a flame of liking
Wiſh chaſtly, and love dearly, that your *Dian*
Was both herſelf and love; O then, give pity
To her, whoſe ſtate is ſuch, that cannot chuſe
But lend, and give, where ſhe is ſure to loſe;
That ſeeks not to find that, which ſearch implies;
But, riddle-like, lives ſweetly, where ſhe dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, ſpeak truly,
To go to *Paris*?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by Grace itſelf, I ſwear.
You know, my father left me ſome preſcriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects; ſuch as his reading
And manifeſt experience had collected
For general ſov'reignty; and that he will'd me,
In heedfull'ſt reſervation to beſtow them,
As notes, whoſe faculties inclufive were,
More than they were in note: amongſt the reſt,
There is a remedy, approv'd, ſet down,
To cure the deſperate languiſhings, whereof
The King is render'd loſt.

Count. This was your motive for *Paris*, was it, ſpeak?

Hel. My lord your ſon made me to think of this;
Elſe *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the converſation of my thoughts,
Haply been abſent then.

Count. But think you, *Helen*,
If you ſhould tender your * ſuppoſed aid,
He would receive it? he and his phyſicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him:
They, that they cannot help. How ſhall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the ſchools,

* ——*ſuppoſed aid*,] *ſuppoſed* for propping, ſupporting.

Em-

Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itſelf?
Hel. There's ſomething hints
More than my father's ſkill, (which was the great'ſt
Of his profeſſion,) that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be ſanctified
By th' luckieſt ſtars in heav'n; and, would your honour
But give me leave to try ſucceſs, I'd venture
The well-loſt life of mine on his Grace's Cure,
By ſuch a day and hour.
Count. Doſt thou believ't?
Hel. Ay, Madam, knowingly.
Count. Why, *Helen*, thou ſhalt have my leave and love;
Means and attendants; and my loving greetings
To thoſe of mine in Court. I'll ſtay at home,
And pray God's bleſſing into thy attempt:
Begone, to-morrow; and be ſure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou ſhalt not miſs.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Court of FRANCE.

Enter the King, with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine *war.* Bertram *and* Parolles.

Flouriſh Cornets.

KING.

FAREWEL, young Lords: theſe warlike principles
Do not throw from you: you, my Lords, farewel;
Share the advice betwixt you. If both gain,
The gift doth ſtretch itſelf as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* 'Tis our hope, Sir,
After well-enter'd ſoldiers, to return
And find your Grace in health.
King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confeſs, it owns the malady
That doth my life beſiege; farewel, young Lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the ſons
Of worthy *Frenchmen*; let higher *Italy*
(Thoſe 'bated, that inherit but the Fall
Of the laſt Monarchy;) ſee, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The braveſt Queſtant ſhrinks, find what you ſeek,
That Fame may cry you loud: I ſay, farewel.
2 *Lord.* Health at your bidding ſerve your Majeſty!
King. Thoſe girls of *Italy*,——take heed of them;
They ſay, our *French* lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you ſerve.
Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.
King. Farewel. Come hither to me. [*To Attendants.*
[*Exit.*
1 *Lord.* Oh, my ſweet Lord, that you will ſtay behind us!——
Par. 'Tis not his fault; the ſpark——
2 *Lord.* Oh, 'tis brave wars.
Par. Moſt admirable; I have ſeen thoſe wars.
Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with, *Too young*, and *the next year*, and *'tis too early.*——
Par. An thy mind ſtand to it, boy, ſteal away bravely.
Ber. Shall I ſtay here the forehorſe to a ſmock,
Creeking my ſhoes on the plain maſonry,
'Till honour be bought up, and no ſword worn
But one to dance with? by heav'n I'll ſteal away.
1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.
Par. Commit it, Count.
2 *Lord.* I am your acceſſary, and ſo farewel.
Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.
1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* Farewel, Captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet Monſieur *Parolles!*——

Par. Noble heroes, my ſword and yours are kin; good ſparks and luſtrous. A word, good metals. You ſhall find in the regiment of the *Spinii*, one captain *Spurio* with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his ſiniſter cheek; it was this very ſword entrench'd it; ſay to him, I live, and obſerve his reports of me.

2 *Lord.* We ſhall, noble captain.

Par. Mars doat on you for his novices! what will ye do?

Ber. Stay; the King— [*Exeunt Lords.*

Par. Uſe a more ſpacious ceremony to the noble Lords, you have reſtrain'd yourſelf within the liſt of too cold an adieu; be more expreſſive to them, for they wear themſelves in the cap of the time, there, to muſter true gait, eat, ſpeak, and move under the influence of the moſt receiv'd ſtar; and tho' the devil lead the meaſure, ſuch are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewel.

Ber. And I will do ſo.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove moſt ſinewy ſword-men.

SCENE II.

Enter the King, and Lafeu.

Laf. PARDON, my Lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to ſtand up.

Laf. Then here's a man ſtands, that hath bought his pardon.

I would, you had kneel'd, my Lord, to aſk me mercy;
And that at my bidding you could ſo ſtand up.

King. I would, I had; ſo I had broke thy pate,
And aſk'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith, acroſs:——but, my good Lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will, an if [*cine*,
My royal fox could reach them: I have ſeen a *medi*-
That's able to breathe life into a ſtone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance Canary
With ſprightly fire and motion; whoſe ſimple touch
Is powerful to araiſe King *Pepin*, nay,
To give great *Charlemain* a pen in's hand,
And write to her a love-line.
King. What her is this? [riv'd,
Laf. Why, doctor-ſhe: my Lord, there's one ar-
If you will ſee her. Now, by my faith and honour,
If ferioufly I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have ſpoke
With one, that in her ſex, her years, profeſſion,
Wiſdom and conſtancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakneſs: will you ſee her,
For that is her Demand, and know her buſineſs?
That done, laugh well at me.
King. Now, good *Lafeu*,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May ſpend our wonder too, or take of thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'ſt it.
Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* Lafeu.
King. Thus he his ſpecial nothing ever prologues.
Laf. [*Returns.*] Nay, come your ways.
[*Bringing in* Helena.
King. This haſte hath wings, indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your ways,
This is his Majeſty, ſay your mind to him;
A traitor you do look like; but ſuch traitors
His Majeſty ſeldom fears; I'm *Creſſid*'s uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

King. NOW, fair One, do's your buſineſs follow us?
Hel. Ay, my good Lord. *Gerrard*

A ſtrumpet's boldneſs, a divulged ſhame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwiſe, no worſe of worſt extended;
With vileſt torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee ſome bleſſed Spirit doth ſpeak:
His power full ſounds within an organ weak;
And what impoſſibility would ſlay
In common ſenſe, ſenſe ſaves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate:
Youth, beauty, wiſdom, courage, virtue, all
That happineſs and prime can happy call;
Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate.
Sweet Practiſer, thy phyſic I will try;
That miniſters thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I ſpoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deſerv'd! Not helping, death's my fee;
But if I help, what do you promiſe me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my ſceptre, and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then ſhalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What Huſband in thy power I will command.
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chuſe from forth the royal blood of *France;*
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or impage of thy ſtate:
But ſuch a one thy vaſſal, whom I know
Is free for me to aſk, thee to beſtow.

King. Here is my hand, the premiſes obſerv'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſerv'd:
So, make the choice of thine own time; for I,
Thy reſolv'd Patient, on thee ſtill rely.
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt;
(Tho' more to know, could not be more to truſt:)

From

From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on,—but reſt
Unqueſtion'd welcome, and undoubted bleſt.
Give me ſome help here, hoa! if thou proceed
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Rouſillon.

Enter Counteſs and Clown.

Count. COME on, Sir; I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will ſhew myſelf highly fed, and lowly taught; I know, my buſineſs is but to the court.

Count. But to the court? why, what place make you ſpecial, when you put off that with ſuch contempt; but to the court!

Clo. Truly, Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may eaſily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiſs his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the court: but for me, I have an anſwer will ſerve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful anſwer that fits all queſtions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks: the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your anſwer ſerve fit to all queſtions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your *French* crown for your taffaty punk, as *Tib*'s ruſh for *Tom*'s fore-finger, as a pancake for *Shrove-Tueſday*, a morris for *May-day*, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a ſcolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his ſkin.

Count. Have you, I ſay, an anſwer of ſuch fitneſs for all queſtions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.

Count. It muſt be an anſwer of moſt monſtrous ſize, that muſt fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned ſhould ſpeak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Aſk me, if I am a courtier;——it ſhall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in a queſtion, hoping to be the wiſer by your anſwer. I pray you, Sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O lord, Sir——there's a ſimple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O lord, Sir—thick, thick, ſpare not me.

Count. I think, Sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O lord, Sir——nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, Sir, as I think.

Clo. O lord, Sir——ſpare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O lord, Sir, at your whipping, and ſpare not me? indeed, your O lord, Sir, is very ſequent to your whipping: you would anſwer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worſe luck in my life, in my—O lord, Sir; I ſee, things may ſerve long, but not ſerve ever.

Count. I play the noble huſwife with the time, to entertain it ſo merrily with a fool.

Clo. O lord, Sir—why, there't ſerves well again.

Count. An end, Sir; to your buſineſs: give *Helen* this,
And urge her to a preſent anſwer back.
Commend me to my kinſmen, and my ſon:
This is not much.

Clo.

Clo. Not much commendation to them?

Count. Not much employment for you, you underſtand me.

Clo. Moſt fruitfully, I am there before my legs.

Count. Haſte you again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Court of France.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

Laf. THEY ſay, miracles are paſt; and we have our philoſophical perſons to make modern, and familiar, things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; enſconſing ourſelves into ſeeming knowledge, when we ſhould ſubmit ourſelves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rareſt argument of wonder that hath ſhot out in our later times.

Ber. And ſo 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquiſh'd of the artiſts——

Par. So I ſay, both of *Galen* and *Paracelſus*.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic Fellows—

Par. Right, ſo I ſay.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,——

Par. Why, there 'tis, ſo ſay I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd,——

Par. Right, as 'twere a man aſſur'd of an——

Laf. Uncertain life, and ſure death,——

Par. Juſt, you ſay well: ſo would I have ſaid.

Laf. I may truly ſay, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed, if you will have it in ſhewing, you ſhall read it in, what do you call there——

Laf. *A ſhewing of a heav'nly effect in an earthly actor.*

Par. That's it, I would have ſaid the very ſame.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not luſtier: for me, I ſpeak in reſpect——

Par. Nay, 'tis ſtrange, 'tis very ſtrange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a moſt facinerious ſpirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Laf. Very hand of heav'n.

Par. Ay, ſo I ſay.

Laf. In a moſt weak——

Par. And debile miniſter, great power, great tranſcendance; *which ſhould, indeed, give us *** a farther uſe to be made than alone the recov'ry of the King; as to be——

Laf. Generally thankful.

SCENE VI.

Enter King, Helena, *and Attendants.*

Par. I Would have ſaid it, you ſaid well; here comes the King.

Laf. Luſtic, as the *Dutchman* ſays: I'll like a Maid the better, while I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to lead her a Corranto.

Par. Mort du Vinaigre! is not this *Helen?*

Laf. 'Fore god, I think ſo.

King. Go, call before me all the Lords in court.
Sit, my preſerver, by thy patient's ſide;
And with this healthful hand, whoſe baniſh'd ſenſe
Thou haſt repeal'd, a ſecond time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift;
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, ſend forth thine eye; this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors ſtand at my beſtowing,

* *which ſhould, indeed, give us a farther uſe to be made,* &c.] Between the Word *us* and *a farther*, there ſeems to have been two or three Words dropt, which appear to have been to this Purpoſe—*ſhould, indeed, give us,* [notice, that there is of this,] *a farther Uſe to be made*—ſo that the Paſſage ſhould be read with Aſteriſks for the future.

O'er

O'er whom both ſov'reign power and Father's voice
I have to uſe; thy frank election make;
Thou haſt power to chuſe, and they none to forſake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous miſtreſs
Fall, when love pleaſe! marry, to each but one.—

Laf. I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than theſe boys,
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruſe them well:
Not one of thoſe, but had a noble father.

[*She addreſſes herſelf to a Lord.*

Hel. Gentlemen, heaven hath, through me, reſtor'd
The King to health.

All. We underſtand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a ſimple maid, and therein wealthieſt,
That, I proteſt, I ſimply am a maid.——
Pleaſe it your Majeſty, I have done already:
The bluſhes in my cheeks thus whiſper me,
We bluſh that thou ſhould'ſt chuſe, but be refus'd;
Let the white death ſit on thy cheek for ever,
We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make choice, and ſee,
Who ſhuns thy love, ſhuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, *Dian*, from thy altar do I fly,
* And to impartial *Love*, that God moſt high,
Do my ſighs ſtream: Sir, will you hear my ſuit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, Sir;—all the reſt is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, Sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I ſpeak, too threatningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that ſo wiſhes, and her humble love!

* *And to* imperial Love,] The old Editions read *impartial*, which is right. Love who has no regard to difference of Condition, but yokes together high and low, which was her Caſe.

2 *Lord.* No better, if you pleaſe.

Hel. My wiſh receive,
Which great Love grant! and ſo I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? if they were ſons of mine, I'd have them whipt, or I would ſend them to the *Turk* to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand ſhould take,
I'll never do you wrong for your own ſake:
Bleſſing upon your vows, and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. Theſe boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her: ſure, they are baſtards to the *Engliſh*, the *French* ne'er got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourſelf a ſon out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not ſo.

Laf. There's one grape yet,——

Par. I am ſure, thy father drunk wine.——

Laf. But if thou be'ſt not an aſs, I am a Youth of fourteen. I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not ſay, I take you; but I give
Me and my ſervice, ever whilſt I live,
Into your guided power: this is the man.
[*To* Bertram.

King. Why then; young *Bertram*, take her, ſhe's thy wife,

Ber. My wife, my Liege? I ſhall beſeech your Highneſs,
In ſuch a buſineſs give me leave to uſe
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'ſt thou not, *Bertram*,
What ſhe hath done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good Lord,
But never hope to know why I ſhould marry her.

King. Thou know'ſt, ſhe has rais'd me from my ſickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my Lord, to bring me down
Muſt anſwer for your raiſing? I know her well:

She

She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor phyſician's daughter my wife! — Diſdain
Rather corrupt me ever! [which

King. 'Tis only title thou diſdain'ſt in her, the
I can build up: ſtrange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction, yet ſtand off
In differences, ſo mighty. If ſhe be
All that is virtuous (ſave what thou diſlik'ſt
A poor phyſician's daughter,) thou diſlik'ſt
Of virtue for the name: but do not ſo.
From loweſt place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by th' doer's deed.
Where great addition ſwells, and virtue none,
It is a dropſied honour; good alone
Is good; and, with a name, vileneſs is ſo:
The property by what it is ſhould go,
Not by the title. She is good, wife, fair;
In theſe, to nature ſhe's immediate heir;
And theſe breed honour: That is honour's ſcorn,
Which challenges itſelf as honour's born,
And is not like the ſire. Honours beſt thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a ſlave
Debaucht on every tomb, on ev'ry grave;
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where duſt and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones, indeed. What ſhould be ſaid?
If thou canſt like this creature as a maid,
I can create the reſt: virtue and ſhe,
Is her own dow'r; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will ſtrive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'ſt thyſelf, if thou ſhould'ſt ſtrive to chuſe.

Hel. That you are well reſtor'd, my lord, I'm glad:
Let the reſt go.——

King. My honour's at the ſtake; which to defend,
I muſt produce my power. Here, take her hand,

Proud ſcornful boy, unworthy this good gift!
That doth in vile miſpriſion ſhackle up
My love, and her deſert; that canſt not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective ſcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We pleaſe to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travels in thy good;
Believe not thy diſdain, but preſently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the ſtaggers, and the careleſs lapſe
Of youth and ignorance; my revenge and hate
Looſing upon thee in the name of juſtice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak, thine anſwer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious Lord; for I ſubmit
My fancy to your eyes. When I conſider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid; I find, that ſhe, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts moſt baſe, is now
The priſed of the King; who, ſo enobled,
Is, as 'twere, born ſo.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, ſhe is thine: to whom I promiſe
A counterpoize; if not in thy eſtate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the King
Smile upon this contract; whoſe ceremony
Shall ſeem expedient on the new-born brief,
And be perform'd to night; the ſolemn feaſt
Shall more attend upon the coming ſpace,
Expecting abſent friends. As thou lov'ſt her,
Thy love's to me religious; elſe does err. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Manent Parolles *and* Lafeu.

Laf. DO you hear, Monſieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleaſure, Sir?

Laf. Your Lord and Maſter did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation?——my Lord? my Maſter?

Laf. Ay, is it not a language I ſpeak?

Par. A moſt harſh one, and not to be underſtood without bloody ſucceeding. My maſter?

Laf. Are you companion to the Count *Rouſillon?*

Par. To any Count; to all Counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is Count's man; Count's maſter is of another ſtile.

Par. You are too old, Sir; let it ſatisfy you, you are too old——

Laf. I muſt tell thee, Sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wiſe fellow; thou didſt make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might paſs; yet the ſcarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly diſſuade me from believing thee a veſſel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I loſe thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt ſcarce worth.

Par. Hadſt thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee——

Laf. Do not plunge thyſelf too far in anger, leſt thou haſten to trial; which if,——Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! ſo, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy caſement I need not open, I look thro' thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you give me moſt egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my Lord, deſerv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it; and I will not bate thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiſer——

Laf. Ev'n as ſoon as thou canſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmack o'th' contrary. If ever thou be'ſt bound in thy ſcarf and beaten, thou ſhalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a deſire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may ſay in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord, you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

Laf. I would, it were hell-pains for thy ſake, and my poor doing eternal: * for doing, I am paſt; *** as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me; ſcurvy, old, filthy, ſcurvy Lord! —— well, I muſt be patient, there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a Lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your Lord and Maſter's married, there's news for you: you have a new miſtreſs.

* *for doing I am paſt; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.*] Here is a Line loſt after *paſt*; ſo that it ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by a Break with Aſteriſks. The very Words of the loſt Line it is impoſſible to retrieve; but the Senſe is obvious enough. *For doing I am paſt;* Age has deprived me of much of my Force and Vigour, yet I have ſtill enough to ſhew the World I can do myſelf Right, *as I will by thee, in what Motion* [or in the beſt Manner] *Age will give me leave.*

Par.

Par. I moſt unfeignedly beſeech your Lordſhip to make ſome reſervation of your wrongs. He, my good Lord, whom I ſerve above, is my maſter.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, Sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy maſter. Why doſt thou garter up thy arms o' this faſhion? doſt make hoſe of thy ſleeves? do other ſervants ſo? thou wert beſt ſet thy lower part where thy noſe ſtands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks thou art a general offence, and every man ſhould beat thee. I think, thou waſt created for men to breathe themſelves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeſerved meaſure, my Lord.

Laf. Go to, Sir; you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more ſaucy with lords and honourable perſonages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commiſſion. You are not worth another word, elſe I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Bertram.

Par. GOOD, very good, it is ſo then.—Good, very good, let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, ſweet heart?

Ber. Although before the ſolmn Prieſt I've ſworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, ſweet heart?

Ber. O my *Parolles*, they have married me:
I'll to the *Tuſcan* wars, and never bed her.

Par. *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits the tread of a man's foot: to th' wars.

Ber.

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: to th' wars, my boy, to th' wars.
He wears his honour in a box, unſeen,
That hugs his kickſy-wickſy here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which ſhould ſuſtain the bound and high curvet
Of *Mars*'s fiery ſteed: to other regions
France is a ſtable, we that dwell in't jades,
Therefore to th' wars.

Ber. It ſhall be ſo, I'll ſend her to my houſe,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the King
That which I durſt not ſpeak. His preſent gift
Shall furniſh me to thoſe *Italian* fields,
Where noble fellows ſtrike. War is no ſtrife
To the dark houſe, and the deteſted wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art ſure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and adviſe me.
I'll ſend her ſtraight away: to-morrow
I'll to the wars, ſhe to her ſingle ſorrow.

Par. Why, theſe balls bound, there's noiſe in it.—
'Tis hard;
A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go,
The King hath done you wrong: but, huſh! 'tis ſo.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Helena *and* Clown.

Hel. MY mother greets me kindly, is ſhe well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet ſhe has her health; ſhe's very merry, but yet ſhe is not well: but, thanks be given, ſhe's very well, and wants nothing i'th' world; but yet ſhe is not well.

Hel.

Hel. If ſhe be very well, what does ſhe ail, that ſhe's not very well?

Clo. Truly, ſhe's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that ſhe's not in heav'n, whither God ſend her quickly; the other, that ſhe's in earth, from whence God ſent her quickly?

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bleſs you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, Sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them ſtill. O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would, ſhe did, as you ſay.

Par. Why, I ſay nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiſer man; for many a man's tongue ſpeaks out his maſter's undoing: to ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You ſhould have ſaid, Sir, before a knave, th'art a knave; that's, before me th'art a knave: this had been truth, Sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourſelf, Sir? or were you taught to find me? the ſearch, Sir, was profitable, and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleaſure, and the encreaſe of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go away to night,
A very ſerious buſineſs calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,

Which,

Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off by a compell'd reſtraint:
Whoſe want and whoſe delay, is ſtrew'd with ſweets
Which they diſtil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
* And pleaſure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will elſe?

Par. That you will take your inſtant leave o'th' King.

And make this haſte as your own good proceeding;
Strengthen'd with that apology, you think,
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd you preſently
Attend his further pleaſure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I ſhall report it ſo. [*Exit* Parolles.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, Sirrah. [*To* Clown.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Enter Lafeu *and* Bertram.

Laf. BUT, I hope, your Lordſhip thinks not him a ſoldier.

Ber. Yes, my Lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted teſtimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do aſſure you, my Lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then ſinned againſt his experience, and tranſgreſs'd againſt his valour; and my ſtate that

* *And pleaſure drown the brim.*] Metaphor taken from an overflowing Cup. It is one of the boldeſt and nobleſt Expreſſions in all *Shakeſpear*.

way

way is dangerous, ſince I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will purſue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Theſe things ſhall be done, Sir.

Laf. I pray you, Sir, who's his taylor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well; I, Sir, he, Sir's, a good workman, a very good taylor.

Ber. Is ſhe gone to the King? [*Aſide to* Parolles.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will ſhe away to night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, caſketed my treaſure, given order for our horſes; and to night, when I ſhould take poſſeſſion of the bride——and ere I do begin——

Laf. A good traveller is ſomething at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uſes a known truth to paſs a thouſand nothings with, ſhould be once heard, and thrice beaten—God ſave you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindneſs between my Lord and you, Monſieur?

Par. I know not, how I have deſerved to run into my Lord's diſpleaſure.

Laf. * You have made ſhift to run into't, boots and ſpurs and all, like him that leapt into the cuſtard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than ſuffer queſtion for your reſidence.

Ber. It may be, you have miſtaken him, my Lord.

Laf. And ſhall do ſo ever, tho' I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my Lord, and believe this

* *You have made ſhift to run into't*, boots *and* ſpurs *and all, like him that* leapt *into the* cuſtard.] It was a Foolery practis'd at City-Entertainments, whilſt the *Jeſter* or *Zany* was in Vogue, for him to jump into a large deep Cuſtard: ſet for the Purpoſe. Mr. *Theobald.*

of

of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the ſoul of this man is his clothes. Truſt him not in matter of heavy conſequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewel, Monſieur, I have ſpoken better of you, than you have or will deſerve at my hand, but we muſt do good againſt evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I ſwear.——

Ber. I think ſo.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I know him well, and common ſpeech Gives him a worthy paſs. Here comes my clog.

SCENE XI.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I Have, Sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave
For preſent parting; only, he deſires
Some private ſpeech with you.

Ber. I ſhall obey his will.
You muſt not marvel, *Helen*, at my courſe,
Which holds not colour with the time; nor does
The miniſtration and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For ſuch a buſineſs; therefore am I found
So much unſettled: this drives me to intreat you,
That preſently you take your way for home,
And rather muſe, than aſk, why I intreat you;
For my reſpects are better than they ſeem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than ſhews itſelf at the firſt view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother.
[*Gives a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I ſhall ſee you, ſo
I leave you to your wiſdom.

Hel.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing ſay,
But that I am your moſt obedient ſervant.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever ſhall
With true obſervance ſeek to eke out That,
Wherein tow'rd me my homely ſtars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let That go:
My haſte is very great. Farewel; hie home.
Hel. Pray, Sir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you ſay?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I ſay, 'tis mine, and yet it is;
But, like a tim'rous thief, moſt fain would ſteal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something, and ſcarce ſo much——nothing. indeed—— [yes;—
I would not tell you what I would, my Lord—'faith,
Strangers and foes do ſunder, and not kiſs.
Ber. I pray you, ſtay not: but in haſte to horſe.
Hel. I ſhall not break your bidding, good my Lord. [*Exit* Helena.
Ber. Where are my other men, Monſieur?—farewel.
Go thou tow'rd home, where I will never come,
Whilſt I can ſhake my ſword, or hear the drum:
Away, and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, Couragio! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Duke's Court in FLORENCE.

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, *two* French *Lords, with Soldiers.*

DUKE.

SO that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reaſons of this war,

Whoſe

Whoſe great deciſion hath much blood let forth,
And more thirſts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy ſeems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part; but black and fearful
On the oppoſer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our couſin *France*
Would, in ſo juſt a buſineſs, ſhut his boſom
Againſt our borrowing prayers.

2 *Lord.* Good my Lord,
The reaſons of our ſtate I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By ſelf-unable notion; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, ſince I have found
Myſelf in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I gueſt.

Duke. Be it his pleaſure.

2 *Lord.* But I am ſure, the younger of our nation,
That ſurfeit on their eaſe, will day by day
Come here for phyſic.

Duke. Welcome ſhall they be:
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them ſettle. You know your places well.
When better fall, for your avails they fell;
To-morrow, to the field. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Rouſillon, *in* France.

Enter Counteſs *and* Clown.

Count. IT hath happen'd, all as I would have had it; ſave, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young Lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what obſervance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and ſing; mend his ruff, and ſing; aſk queſtions, and ſing; pick

pick his teeth, and ſing. I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy, ſold a goodly manor for a ſong.

Count. Let me ſee what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Reads the letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to *Iſbel*, ſince I was at court. Our old ling. and our *Iſbels* o'th' country, are nothing like your old ling. and your *Iſbels* o'th' court: the brain of my *Cupid*'s knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no ſtomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en That you have there. [*Exit.*

Counteſs *reads a letter.*

I have ſent you a daughter-in-law: ſhe hath recovered the King, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and ſworn to make the not *eternal. You ſhall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long diſtance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate Son,

Bertram.

This is not well, raſh and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of ſo good a King,
To pluck his indignation on thy head:
By the miſpriſing of a maid, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder is heavy news within between two ſoldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is ſome comfort in the news, ſome comfort; your ſon will not be kill'd ſo ſoon as I thought he would.

Count. Why ſhould he be kill'd?

Clo. So ſay I, Madam, if he run away, as I hear he

he does; the danger is in ſtanding to't; that's the loſs of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more. For my part, I only hear, your ſon was run away.

SCENE III.

Enter Helena, *and two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* SAVE you, good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.—

2 *Gent.* Do not ſay ſo.

Count. Think upon patience: 'pray you, gentlemen,
I've felt ſo many quirks of joy and grief,
That the firſt face of neither, on the ſtart,
Can woman me unto't. Where is my ſon?

2 *Gent.* Madam, he's gone to ſerve the Duke of *Florence.*
We met him thitherward, for thence we came;
And, after ſome diſpatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, Madam; here's my paſs-port.

When thou canſt get the ring upon my finger, which never ſhall come off; and ſhew me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me huſband: but in ſuch a Then *I write a* Never.

This is a dreadful ſentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gent.* Ay, Madam, and, for the contents' ſake, are ſorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer.
If thou engroſſeſt all the griefs as thine,
Thou robb'ſt me of a moiety: he was my ſon,
But I do waſh his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards *Florence* is he?

2 *Gent.* Ay, Madam.

Count.

Count. And to be a ſoldier?

2 *Gent.* Such is his noble purpoſe; and, believe't,
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither? [ſpeed.

1 *Gent.* Ay, Madam, with the ſwifteſt wing of

Hel. *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in* France.
'Tis bitter. [*Reading.*

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Yes, Madam.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis but the boldneſs of his hand, happ'ly, which his heart was not conſenting to.

Count. Nothing in *France*, until he have no wife?
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only ſhe; and ſhe deſerves a lord,
That twenty ſuch rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly miſtreſs. Who was with him?

1 *Gent.* A ſervant only, and a gentleman
Which I have ſome time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 *Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedneſs:
My ſon corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gent.* Indeed, good lady, the fellow has a deal of that too much, which holds him much to have.

Count. Y'are welcome, gentlemen; I will intreat you, when you ſee my ſon, to tell him, that his ſword can never win the honour that he loſes: more I'll intreat you written to bear along.

1 *Gent.* We ſerve you, Madam, in that and all your worthieſt affairs.

Count. Not ſo, but as we change our courteſies.
Will you draw near? [*Exeunt Counteſs and Gent.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Hel. *TILL I have no wife, I have nothing in* France.
Nothing in *France*, until he has no wife!
Thou ſhalt have none, *Rouſillon*, none in *France;*
Then haſt thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chaſe thee from thy country, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-ſparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the ſportive court, where thou
Waſt ſhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of ſmoky muſkets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire,
Fly with falſe aim; * pierce the ſtill-moving air,
That ſings with piercing, do not touch my lord:
Whoever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there.
Whoever charges on his forward breaſt,
I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;
And tho' I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo effected. Better 'twere,
I met the rav'ning lion when he roar'd
With ſharp conſtraint of hunger: better 'twere,
That all the miſeries, which nature owes,
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, *Rouſillon;*
Whence honour but of danger wins a ſcar;
As oft it loſes all. I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence.
Shall I ſtay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And angels offic'd all; I will be gone;

* —— move *the* ſtill-piercing *air,*
That ſings with piercing——] The Words are here odly ſhuffled. We ſhould read,
—— pierce *the* ſtill moving air,
That ſings with piercing,——
i. e. pierce the Air, which is in perpetual Motion, and ſuffers no Injury by piercing.

That

That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To conſolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll ſteal away. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Duke's Court in Florence.

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, *Drum and Trumpets, Soldiers,* Parolles.

Duke. THE General of our Horſe thou art, and we,
Great in our hope, lay our beſt love and credence
Upon thy promiſing fortune.
Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my ſtrength; but yet
We'll ſtrive to bear it for your worthy ſake,
To th' extreme edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go forth,
And fortune play upon thy proſp'rous helm,
As thy auſpicious miſtreſs!
Ber. This very day,
Great *Mars*, I put myſelf into thy file;
Make me but like my thoughts, and I ſhall prove
A lover of thy drum; hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Rouſillon *in* France.

Enter Counteſs *and Steward.*

Count. ALAS! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, ſhe would do, as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a letter? Read it again.

LETTER.

I am St. Jaques' *pilgrim, thither gone;*
Ambitious love hath ſo in me offended,

That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With ſainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody courſe of war
My deareſt maſter, your dear ſon, may hie;
Bleſs him at home in peace, whilſt I from far
His name with zealous fervour ſanctify.
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his deſpiteful Juno, *ſent him forth*
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live;
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for death and me,
Whom I myſelf embrace, to ſet him free.

Ah, what ſharp ſtings are in her mildeſt words?
Rynaldo, you did never lack advice ſo much,
As letting her paſs ſo; had I ſpoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath prevented.
Stew. Pardon, Madam,
If I had given you this at over-night
She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet ſhe writes,
Purſuit would be but vain.
Count. What angel ſhall
Bleſs this unworthy huſband? he cannot thrive,
Unleſs her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greateſt juſtice. Write, write, *Rynaldo*,
To this unworthy huſband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greateſt grief,
Tho' little he do feel it, ſet down ſharply.
Diſpatch the moſt convenient meſſenger;
When, haply, he ſhall hear that ſhe is gone,
He will return, and hope I may, that ſhe,
Hearing ſo much, will ſpeed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is deareſt to me, I've no ſkill in ſenſe
To make diſtinction; provide this meſſenger;

My

My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and ſorrow bids me ſpeak.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to a public Place in Florence.

A Tucket afar off.

Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, *and* Mariana, *with other Citizens.*

Wid. NAY, come. For if they do approach the city, we ſhall loſe all the fight.

Dia. They ſay, the *French* Count has done moſt honourable ſervice.

Wid. It is reported, that he has ta'en their greateſt commander; and that with his own hand he ſlew the Duke's brother. We have loſt our labour, they are gone a contrary way: hark, you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and ſuffice ourſelves with the report of it. Well, *Diana*, take heed of this *French* Earl; the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is ſo rich as honeſty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been ſolicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave, (hang him!) one *Parolles;* a filthy officer he is in thoſe ſuggeſtions for the young Earl; beware of them, *Diana;* their promiſes, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all theſe engines of luſt, are the things they go under; many a maid hath been ſeduced by them; and the miſery is, example, that ſo terrible ſhews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that diſſuade ſucceſſion, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to adviſe you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, tho' there

were no further danger found, but the modeſty which is ſo loſt.

Dia. You ſhall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena, *diſguis'd like a Pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope ſo——Look, here comes a pilgrim; I know, ſhe will lie at my houſe; thither they ſend one another; I'll queſtion her: God ſave you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Hel. To St. *Jaques le Grand.* Where do the palmers lodge, I do beſeech you?

Wid. At the St. *Francis*, beſide the port.

Hel. Is this the way? [*A march afar off.*

Wid. Ay, marry, is't. Hark you, they come this way. [come by,

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, but 'till the troops I will conduct you where you ſhall be lodg'd; The rather, for, I think, I know your hoſteſs As ample as myſelf.

Hel. Is it yourſelf?

Wid. If you ſhall pleaſe ſo, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will ſtay upon your leiſure.

Wid. You came, I think, from *France.*

Hel. I did ſo.

Wid. Here you ſhall ſee a countryman of yours, That has done worthy ſervice.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Rouſillon:* know you ſuch a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears moſt nobly of him; His face I know not.

Dia. Whatſoe'er he is, He's bravely taken here. He ſtole from *France*, As 'tis reported; for the King had married him Againſt his liking. Think you, it is ſo?

Hel. Ay, ſurely, merely truth; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that ſerves the Count, Reports but courſely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monſieur *Parolles.* *Hel.*

Hel. Oh, I believe with him,
In argument of praiſe, or to the worth
Of the great Count himſelf, ſhe is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deſerving
Is a reſerved honeſty, and That
I have not heard examin'd.
Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a deteſting lord.
Wid. Ah! right; good creature! whereſoe'er ſhe is
Her heart weighs ſadly; this young maid might do her
A ſhrewd turn, if ſhe pleas'd.
Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the am'rous Count ſolicits her
In the unlawful purpoſe.
Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all, that can in ſuch a ſuit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But ſhe is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honeſteſt defence.

SCENE VIII.

Drum and Colours. Enter Bertram, Parolles, *Officers and Soldiers attending.*

Mar. THE Gods forbid elſe!
Wid. So now they come:
That is *Antonio*, the Duke's eldeſt ſon;
That, *Eſcalus.*
Hel. Which is the *Frenchman?*
Dia. He;
That with the plume; 'tis a moſt gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife! if he were honeſter,
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handſome gentleman?
Hel. I like him well.
Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honeſt; yond's that ſame knave,

That leads him to theſe places; where I his lady,
I'd poiſon that vile raſcal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with ſcarfs. Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance, he's hurt i'th' battle.

Par. Loſe our drum! well.——

Mar. He's ſhrewdly vext at ſomething. Look, he has ſpied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

[*Exeunt* Bertram, Parolles, *&c.*

Mar. And your courteſy for a ring-carrier!—

Wid. The troop is paſt: come, pilgrim, I will bring you,
Where you ſhall hoſt: Of injoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great St. *Jaques* bound,
Already at my houſe.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Pleaſe it this matron, and this gentle maid
To eat with us to night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me: and to requite you further,
I will beſtow ſome precepts on this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Bertram, *and the two* French *Lords.*

1 *Lord.* NAY, good my lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordſhip find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your reſpect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am ſo far deceiv'd in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to ſpeak of him as my kinſman; he's a moſt notable coward, an infinite and endleſs liar, an hourly promiſe-breaker, the owner

owner of no one good quality worthy your lordſhip's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him, leſt, repoſing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at ſome great and truſty buſineſs in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum; which you hear him ſo confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of *Florentines*, will ſuddenly ſurprize him; ſuch I will have, whom, I am ſure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him ſo, that he ſhall ſuppoſe no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adverſaries, when we bring him to our own tents; be but your lordſhip preſent at his examination, if he do not for the promiſe of his life, and in the higheſt compulſion of baſe fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power againſt you, and that with the divine forfeit of his ſoul upon oath, never truſt my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he ſays, he has a ſtratagem for't; when your lordſhip ſees the bottom of his ſucceſs in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of Oar will be melted, if you give him not **John Drum*'s entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

* John Drum's *entertainment*,] *Holingſhed*, in his Deſcription of *Ireland*, ſpeaking of *Patrick Scarcefield*, (Mayor of *Dublin* in the Year 1551,) and of his extravagant Hoſpitality, ſubjoins, that no Gueſt had ever a cold or forbidding Look from any Part of his Family: So that *his Porter, or any other Officer, durſt not, for both his Ears, give the ſimpleſt Man, that reſorted to his Houſe*, Tom Drum's Entertainment, *which is*, to hale a Man in by the Head, and thruſt him out by both the Shoulders. Mr. *Theobald.*

SCENE X.

Enter Parolles.

1 *Lord.* O, For the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his deſign, let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, Monſieur? this drum ſticks ſorely in your diſpoſition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! is't but a drum? a drum ſo loſt! there was an excellent command! to charge in with our horſe upon our own wings, and to rend our own ſoldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the ſervice; it was a diſaſter of war that *Cæſar* himſelf could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our ſucceſs: ſome diſhonour we had in the loſs of that drum, but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd; but that the merit of ſervice is ſeldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*——

Ber. Why, if you have a ſtomach to't, Monſieur; if you think your myſtery in ſtratagem, can bring this inſtrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you ſpeed well in it, the Duke ſhall both ſpeak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatneſs, even to the utmoſt ſyllable of your worthineſs.

Par. By the hand of a ſoldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you muſt not now ſlumber in it.

Par.

Par. I'll about it this evening; and * I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my Lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant; and to the possibility of soldiership, will subscribe for thee; farewel.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

1 *Lord.* NO more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my Lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do it, and dares better be damn'd than to do't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my Lord, as we do; certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

2 *Lord.* None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies; but we have almost imboss'd him, you shall see his fall to night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

1 *Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox,

* *I will presently pen down my* Dilemmas,] By this Word, *Parolles* is made to insinuate that he had several Ways, all equally certain, of recovering this Drum. For a *Dilemma* is an Argument that concludes both Ways.

ere we caſe him. He was firſt ſmoak'd by the old lord *Lafeu;* when his diſguiſe and he is parted, tell me what a ſprat you ſhall find him; which you ſhall ſee, this very night.

2 *Lord.* I muſt go and look my twigs; he ſhall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he ſhall go along with me.

2 *Lord.* As't pleaſe your lordſhip. I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the Houſe, and ſhew you
The laſs I ſpoke of.

1 *Lord.* But you ſay, ſhe's honeſt.

Ber. That's all the fault: I ſpoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I ſent to her,
By this ſame coxcomb that we have i'th' wind,
Tokens and letters, which ſhe did re-ſend;
And this is all I've done: ſhe's a fair creature,
Will you go ſee her?

1 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

Changes to the Widow's Houſe.

Enter Helena, *and Widow.*

Hel. IF you miſdoubt me that I am not ſhe,
I know not, how I ſhall aſſure you further;
But I ſhall loſe the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Tho' my eſtate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with theſe buſineſſes;
And would not put my reputation now
In any ſtaining act.

Hel. Nor would I wiſh you.
Firſt, give me truſt, the Count he is my huſband;
And what to your ſworn counſel I have ſpoken,
Is ſo, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you ſhall borrow,
Err in beſtowing it.

Wid. I ſhould believe you,

For

For you have ſhew'd me that, which well approves
Y'are great in fortune.
Hel. Take this purſe of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again
When I have found it. The Count wooes your daughter.
Lays down his wanton ſiege before her beauty,
Reſolves to carry her; let her conſent,
As we'll direct her how, 'tis beſt to bear it.
Now his important blood will nought deny,
That ſhe'll demand: a ring the Count does wear,
That downward hath ſucceeded in his houſe
From ſon to ſon, ſome four or five deſcents,
Since the firſt father wore it. This ring he holds
In moſt rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not ſeem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.
Wid. Now I ſee the bottom of your purpoſe.
Hel. You ſee it lawful then. It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere ſhe ſeems as won,
Deſires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herſelf moſt chaſtly abſent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thouſand crowns
To what is paſt already.
Wid. I have yielded:
Inſtruct my daughter how ſhe ſhall perſevere,
That time and place, with this deceit ſo lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With muſic of all ſorts, and ſongs compos'd
To her unworthineſs: it nothing ſteads us
To chide him from our eaves, for he perſiſts,
As if his life lay on't.
Hel. Why then, to night
Let us aſſay our plot; which if it ſpeed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;

And lawful meaning in a wicked act;
Where both not ſin, and yet a ſinful fact.
But let's about it.—— [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Part of the French Camp *in* Florence.

Enter one of the French Lords, *with five or ſix Soldiers in ambuſh.*

LORD.

HE can come no other way but by this hedge-corner; when you ſally upon him, ſpeak what terrible language you will; though you underſtand it not yourſelves, no matter; for we muſt not ſeem to underſtand him, unleſs ſome one amongſt us, whom we muſt produce for an interpreter.

Sol. Good captain, let me be th' interpreter.

Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

Sol. No, Sir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what linſy-woolſy haſte thou to ſpeak to us again?

Sol. Ev'n ſuch as you ſpeak to me.

Lord. He muſt think us ſome band of ſtrangers i'th' adverſaries' entertainment. Now he hath a ſmack of all neighbouring languages, therefore we muſt every one be a man of his own fancy; not to know what we ſpeak one to another, ſo we ſeem to know, is to know ſtraight our purpoſe: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you muſt ſeem very politic. But couch, hoa! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a ſleep, and then to return and ſwear the lies he forges.

Enter

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock; within theſe three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What ſhall I ſay, I have done? it muſt be a very plauſive invention that carries it. They begin to ſmoke me, and diſgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door; I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of *Mars* before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the firſt truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aſide.*

Par. What the devil ſhould move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impoſſibility, and knowing I had no ſuch purpoſe? I muſt give myſelf ſome hurts, and ſay, I got them in exploit; yet ſlight ones will not carry it. They will ſay, came you off with ſo little? and great ones I dare not give; wherefore what's the inſtance? Tongue, I muſt put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myſelf another of *Bajazet*'s mute, if you prattle me into theſe perils.

Lord. Is it poſſible, he ſhould know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aſide.*

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turn, or the breaking of my *Spaniſh* ſword.

Lord. We cannot afford you ſo. [*Aſide.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to ſay, it was in ſtratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do. [*Aſide.*

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and ſay, I was ſtript.

Lord. Hardly ſerve. [*Aſide.*

Par. Though I ſwore, I leap'd from the window of the citadel—

Lord. How deep? [*Aſide.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

Lord. Three great oaths would ſcarce make that be believed. [*Aſide.*

Par.

Par. I would, I had any drum of the Enemies; I would ſwear, I recover'd it.

Lord. You ſhall hear one anon. [*Aſide.*

Par. A drum now of the enemies!

[*Alarum within.*

Lord. Throco movouſus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.

Par. Oh! ranſom, ranſom:—do not hide mine eyes.

[*They ſeize him and blindfold him.*

Inter. Boſkos thromuldo boſkos.

Par. I know, you are the *Muſkos* regiment,
And I ſhall loſe my life for want of language.
If there be here *German*, or *Dane*, low *Dutch*,
Italian, or *French*, let him ſpeak to me,
I'll diſcover That which ſhall undo the *Florentine.*

Inter. Boſkos vauvado; I underſtand thee, and can ſpeak thy tongue; *Kerelybonto*,—Sir, betake thee to thy faith, for ſeventeen poniards are at thy boſom.

Par. Oh!

Int. Oh, pray, pray, pray.
Manchа ravaneha dulche.

Lord. Oſceoribi dulchos volivorco.

Int. The general is content to ſpare thee yet,
And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou may'ſt inform
Something to ſave thy life.

Par. Oh let me live,
And all the ſecrets of our Camp I'll ſhew;
Their force, their purpoſes: nay, I'll ſpeak That
Which you will wonder at.

Int. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Int. Acordo linta.
Come on, thou art granted ſpace. [*Exit.*

[*A ſhort alarum within.*

Lord. Go, tell the Count *Rouſillon* and my brother,
We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
'Till we do hear from them. *Sol.*

Sol. Captain, I will.

Lord. He will betray us all unto ourſelves. Inform 'em That.

Sol. So I will, Sir.

Lord. 'Till then I'll keep him dark and ſafely lockt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Widow's Houſe.

Enter Bertram, *and* Diana.

THEY told me, that your name was *Fontibell.*

Dia. No, my good lord, *Diana.*

Ber. Titled Goddeſs,
And worth it with addition! but, fair ſoul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no Maiden, but a Monument:
When you are dead, you ſhould be ſuch a one
As you are now, for you are cold and ſtern;
And now you ſhould be as your Mother was,
When your ſweet ſelf was got.

Dia. She then was honeſt.

Ber. So ſhould you be.

Dia. No.
My Mother did but duty; ſuch, my Lord,
As you owe to your Wife.

Ber. No more o' that!
I pr'ythee do not ſtrive againſt my vows:
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By love's own ſweet conſtraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of ſervice.

Dia. Ay, ſo you ſerve us,
'Till we ſerve you: but when you have our roſes,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourſelves,
And mock us with our bareneſs.

Ber. How have I ſworn!

Dia.

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain ſingle vow, that is vow'd true;
* What is not holy, that we ſwear, not 'bides,—
But take the High'ſt to witneſs: then, pray tell me,
If I ſhould ſwear by *Jove*'s great Attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love,
That I will work againſt him. Therefore your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions but unſeal'd;
At leaſt, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not ſo holy-cruel. Love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: ſtand no more off,
But give thyſelf unto my ſick deſires,
Which then recover. Say, thou art mine; and ever
My love, as it begins, ſhall ſo perſever.

Dia. I ſee, that men make hopes in ſuch affairs
That we'll forſake ourſelves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my Dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my Lord?

Ber. It is an Honour 'longing to our Houſe,
Bequeathed down from many Anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'th' world
In me to loſe.

Dia. Mine Honour's ſuch a ring;
My chaſtity's the jewel of our Houſe,

* *What is not holy, that we ſwear not* by,] Yes, nothing is more common than ſuch kind of Oaths. But *Diana* is not here accuſing *Bertram* for ſwearing by a Being not holy, but for ſwearing to an unholy Purpoſe; therefore, is evidently corrupt, and ſhould be read thus,

What is not holy, that we ſwear, not 'bides,

i. e. If we ſwear to an unholy Purpoſe the Oath abides not, but is diſſolved in the making. This is an Anſwer to the Purpoſe. She ſubjoins the reaſon two or three Lines after.

Be-

Bequeathed down from many Anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'th' world
In me to loſe. Thus your own proper wiſdom
Brings in the champion Honour on my part,
Againſt your vain aſſault.

Ber. Here, take my ring.
My Houſe, my Honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes knock at my chamber window;
I'll order take, my Mother ſhall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor ſpeak to me:
My reaſons are moſt ſtrong, and you ſhall know them,
When back again this ring ſhall be deliver'd;
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring, that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our paſt deeds,
Adieu, 'till then; then, fail not: you have won
A Wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.

Ber. A heav'n on earth I've won by wooing thee, [*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heav'n and me.
You may ſo in the end.——
My Mother told me juſt how he would woo,
As if ſhe ſat in's heart; ſhe ſays, all men
Have the like oaths: he had ſworn to marry me,
When his Wife's dead: therefore I'll lie with him.
When I am buried. Since *Frenchmen* are ſo braid,
Marry 'em that will, I'd live and die a maid;
Only, in this diſguiſe, I think't no ſin
To cozen him, that would unjuſtly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Changes to the French *Camp in* Florence.

Enter the two French *Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1 *Lord.* YOU have not given him his Mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour ſince; there is ſomething in't, that ſtings his nature; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almoſt into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him for ſhaking off ſo good a wife, and ſo ſweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Eſpecially, he hath incurred the everlaſting diſpleaſure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to ſing happineſs to him. I will tell you a thing, but you ſhall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have ſpoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young Gentlewoman here in *Florence*, of a moſt chaſte renown; and this night he fleſhes his will in the ſpoil of her honour; he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himſelf made in the unchaſte compoſition.

1 *Lord.* Now God delay our rebellion; as we are ourſelves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors; and, as in the common courſe of all treaſons, we ſtill ſee them reveal themſelves, 'till they attain to their abhor'd ends; ſo he, that in this action contrives againſt his own Nobility, in his proper ſtream o'erflows himſelf.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents? we ſhall not then have his company to night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him ſee his company anatomiz'd, that he might take

take a meaſure of his own Judgment, wherein ſo curiouſly he had ſet this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him 'till he come; for his preſence muſt be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of theſe wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of Peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I aſſure you, a Peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will Count *Rouſillon* do then? will he travel higher, or return again into *France*?

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his Council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, Sir! ſo ſhould I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his Wife ſome two months ſince fled from his Houſe, her pretence is a Pilgrimage to St. *Jaques le Grand*; which holy Undertaking, with moſt auſtere ſanctimony, ſhe accompliſh'd; and there reſiding, the tenderneſs of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her laſt breath, and now ſhe ſings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this juſtified?

1 *Lord.* The ſtronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her ſtory true, even to the point of her death; her Death itſelf (which could not be her office to ſay, is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the Count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily ſorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily ſometimes we make us comforts of our loſſes!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily ſome other times we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, ſhall at home be encounter'd with a ſhame as ample.

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would deſpair, if they were not cheriſh'd by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your Maſter?

Ser. He met the Duke in the ſtreet, Sir, of whom he hath taken a ſolemn leave: his Lordſhip will next morning for *France*. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King.

2 *Lord.* They ſhall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

SCENE IV.

Enter Bertram.

1 *Lord.* THEY cannot be too ſweet for the King's tartneſs: here's his Lordſhip now. How now, my Lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to night diſpatch'd ſixteen buſineſſes, a month's length a-piece, by an abſtract of ſucceſs; I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neareſt; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between theſe main parcels of diſpatch, effected many nicer needs: the laſt was the greateſt, but That I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the buſineſs be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haſte of your Lordſhip.

Ber. I mean, the buſineſs is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But ſhall we have this dialogue between the fool and the ſoldier? come, bring forth this counterfeit Medal; h'as deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning propheſier.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth; h'as ſat in the Stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deſerv'd it, in uſurping his ſpurs ſo long. How does he carry himſelf?

1 *Lord.* I have told your Lordſhip already: the Stocks carry him. But to anſwer you as you would be underſtood, he weeps like a wench that had ſhed her milk; he hath confeſs'd himſelf to *Morgan*, whom he ſuppoſes to be a Friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very inſtant diſaſter of his ſetting i'th' Stocks; and what, think you, he hath confeſt?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall be read to his face: if your Lordſhip be in't, as, I believe, you are, you muſt have the patience to hear it.

Enter Parolles, *with his Interpreter.*

Ber. A plague upon him, muffled! he can ſay nothing of me; huſh! huſh!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes: *Portotartaroſſa.*

Int. He calls for the tortures; what will you ſay without 'em?

Par. I will confeſs what I know without conſtraint; if ye pinch me like a paſty, I can ſay no more.

Int. Boſko Chimurcho.

2 *Lord. Biblibindo chicurmurco.*

Int. You are a merciful General: our General bids you anſwer to what I ſhall aſk you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Int. Firſt demand of him, how many Horſe the Duke is ſtrong. What ſay you to that?

Par. Five or ſix thouſand, but very weak and unſerviceable: the troops are all ſcatter'd, and the Commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I ſet down your anſwer ſo?

Par. Do, I'll take the Sacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to me.

Ber. What a paſt-ſaving ſlave is this!

1 *Lord*

1 *Lord.* Y'are deceiv'd, my Lord, this is Monſieur *Parolles*, the gallant militariſt, that was his own phraſe, that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his ſcarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never truſt a man again for keeping his ſword clean; nor believe, he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

Int. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. Five or ſix thouſand horſe I ſaid (I will ſay true) or thereabouts, ſet down, for I'll ſpeak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, ſay.

Int. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. I humbly thank you, Sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

Int. Demand of him, of what ſtrength they are a-foot. What ſay you to that?

Par. By my troth, Sir, if I were to live this preſent hour, I will tell true. Let me ſee; *Spurio* a hundred and fifty, *Sebaſtian* ſo many, *Corambus* ſo many, *Jaques* ſo many; *Guiltian*, *Coſmo*, *Lodowick*, and *Gratii*, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, *Chitopher*, *Vaumond*, *Bentii*, two hundred and fifty each: ſo that the muſter file, rotten and ſound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thouſand Poll; half of the which dare not ſhake the ſnow from off their caſſocks, leſt they ſhake themſelves to pieces.

Ber. What ſhall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the Duke.

Int. Well, that's ſet down. You ſhall demand of him, whether one Captain *Dumain* be i'th' camp, a *Frenchman:* what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honeſty, and expertneſs in war; or whether he thinks, it were not poſſible with well-

weighing

weighing ſums of gold to corrupt him to revolt. What ſay you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beſeech you, let me anſwer to the particular of the Interrogatories. Demand them ſingly.

Int. Do you know this Captain *Dumain?*

Par. I know him; he was a botcher's 'prentice in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the ſheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not ſay him *nay*.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; tho' I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Int. Well, is this Captain in the Duke of *Florence*'s Camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowſy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not ſo upon me, we ſhall hear of your Lordſhip anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me the other day, to turn him out o'th' band. I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry, we'll ſearch.

Par. In good ſadneſs, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon the file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

Int. Here 'tis, here's a paper, ſhall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

Int. Dian, *the Count's a fool, and full of gold.*

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, Sir; that is an advertiſement to a proper maid in *Florence*, one *Diana*, to take heed of the allurement of one Count *Rouſillon*, a fooliſh idle boy; but, for all that, very ruttiſh. I pray you, Sir, put it up again.

Int. Nay, I'll read it firſt, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I proteſt, was very honeſt in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young Count

Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both sides rogue.

Interpreter *reads the letter.*

When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:
He ne'er pays after debts, take it before.
And say, a soldier (Dian) *told thee this:*
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss.
For, count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it;
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipt through the army with this rhime in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, Sir, the manifold linguist, and the armi-potent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

Int. I perceive, Sir, by the General's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, Sir, in any case; not that I am afraid to die; but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, Sir, in a Dungeon, i'th' Stocks, any where, so I may live.

Int. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more, to this Captain *Dumain:* you have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, Sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels *Nessus.* He professes no keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than *Hercules.* He will lie, Sir, with such volubility, that you would think, truth were a fool: drunk-

drunkenneſs is his beſt virtue, for he will be ſwine-drunk, and in his ſleep he does little harm, ſave to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in ſtraw. I have but little more to ſay, Sir, of his honeſty, he has every thing that an honeſt man ſhould not have; what an honeſt man ſhould have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this deſcription of thine honeſty? a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

Int. What ſay you to his expertneſs in war?

Par. Faith, Sir, h'as led the drum before the *Engliſh* Tragedians: to belie him, I will not; and more of his ſoldierſhip I know not; except, in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there call'd *Mile-end*, to inſtruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villany ſo far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat ſtill.

Int. His Qualities being at this poor price, I need not to aſk you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *Quart-d'ecu*, he will ſell the fee-ſimple of his ſalvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th' intail from all remainders, and a perpetual ſucceſſion for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain *Dumain*?

2 *Lord.* Why does he aſk him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o'th' ſame neſt; not altogether ſo great as the firſt in goodneſs, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his Brother for a Coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the beſt that is. In a Retreat he out-runs any lacquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

Int. If your life be ſaved, will you undertake to betray the *Florentine*?

Par. Ay, and the Captain of his horſe, Count *Rouſillon.*

Int. I'll whiſper with the General, and know his pleaſure.

Par. I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums! Only to ſeem to deſerve well, and to beguile the ſuppoſition of that laſcivious young boy the Count, have I run into danger; yet who would have ſuſpected an ambuſh where I was taken? [*Aſide.*

Int. There is no remedy, Sir, but you muſt die; the General ſays, you, that have ſo traiterouſly diſcovered the ſecrets of your army, and made ſuch peſtiferous reports of men very nobly held, can ſerve the world for no honeſt uſe; therefore you muſt die. Come, headſman, off with his head.

Par. O lord, Sir, let me live, or let me ſee my death.

Int. That ſhall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unbinding him.*

So, look about you, know you any here?

Ber. Good-morrow, noble Captain.

2 *Lord.* God bleſs you, Captain *Parolles.*

1 *Lord.* God ſave you, noble Captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what Greeting will you to my Lord *Lafeu?* I am for *France.*

1 *Lord.* Good Captain, will you give me a copy of that ſame Sonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalf of the Count *Rouſillon?* if I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*

Int. You are undone, Captain, all but your ſcarf; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruſh'd with a Plot?

Int. If you could find out a Country where but women were that had receiv'd ſo much ſhame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare you well, Sir, I am for *France* too, we ſhall ſpeak of you there. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Par. YET am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burſt at this. Captain I'll be no more,
But I will eat and drink, and ſleep as ſoft,
As Captain ſhall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live: who knows himſelf a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to paſs,
That every braggart ſhall be found an aſs.
Ruſt, ſword! cool, bluſhes! and, *Parolles*, live
Safeſt in ſhame! being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive;
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Widow's Houſe, at Florence.

Enter Helena, *Widow and* Diana.

Hel. THAT you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the Greateſt in the chriſtian world
Shall be my Surety; 'fore whoſe Throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a deſired office
Dear almoſt as his life; which, gratitude
Through flinty *Tartar*'s boſom would peep forth,
And anſwer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His Grace is at *Marſeilles*, to which place
We have convenient Convoy; you muſt know,
I am ſuppoſed dead; the Army breaking,
My huſband hies him home: where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the King,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,

You never had a ſervant, to whoſe truſt
Your buſineſs was more welcome.
Hel. Nor you, Miſtreſs,
Ever a friend, whoſe thoughts more truly labour
To recompenſe your love: doubt not, but heav'n
Hath brought me up to be your Daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be * my motive
And helper to a huſband. But, O ſtrange men!
That can ſuch ſweet uſe make of what they hate,
When Fancy, truſting of the cozen'd thoughts,
Defiles the pitchy night; ſo luſt doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, *Diana*,
(Under my poor inſtructions) yet muſt ſuffer
Something in my behalf.
Diana. Let death and honeſty
Go with your impoſitions, I am yours
Upon your will to ſuffer.
Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on ſummer,
When briars ſhall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as ſweet as ſharp: we muſt away,
Our Waggon is prepar'd, † and time revyes us;
All's well, that ends well; ſtill the Fine's the crown;
Whate'er the courſe, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to Rouſillon *in* France.

Enter Counteſs, Lafeu, *and* Clown.

Laf. NO, no, no, your Son was miſ-led with a ſnipt-taffata fellow there, whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour. Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your ſon here

* *my motive*] *Motive* for Aſſiſtant.
† *time revyes us;*] *i. e.* looks us in the Face,

at

at home, *more advantaged by the King, than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I ſpeak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the moſt virtuous Gentlewoman that ever Nature had Praiſe for creating: if ſhe had partaken of my fleſh, and coſt me the deareſt groans of a Mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thouſand ſallets ere we light on ſuch another herb.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, ſhe was the ſweet marjoram of the ſallet, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not ſallet-herbs, you knave, they are noſe-herbs.

Clo. I am no great *Nebuchadnezzar*, Sir, I have not much ſkill in graſs.

Laf. Whether doſt thou profeſs thyſelf, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, Sir, at a woman's ſervice; and a knave, at a man's.

Laf. Your diſtinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his ſervice.

Laf. So you were a knave at his ſervice, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my folly, Sir, to do her ſervice.

Laf. I will ſubſcribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your ſervice.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, Sir, if I cannot ſerve you, I can ſerve as great a Prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that, a *Frenchman*?

* *more* advanced *by the King,*] A notable Obſervation this; that the young Lord had been higher *advanced* by the King had he ſtaid at Court, than he was by his beggarly Follower *Parolles*. We ſhould read, *more* advantaged, *i. e.* the King would have been a better Tutor to the raw young Man than *Parolles*, whoſe Profeſſion it was.

Clo. Faith, Sir, he has an *Engliſh* name: but his phiſnomy is more honour'd in *France* than there.

Laf. What Prince is that?

Clo. The black Prince, Sir, *alias* the Prince of Darkneſs, *alias* the Devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purſe; I give thee not this to ſeduce thee from thy Maſter thou talk'ſt of, ſerve him ſtill.

Clo. I'm a woodland fellow, Sir, that always lov'd a great fire; and the Maſter I ſpeak of ever keeps a good fire; but, ſure, he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobility remain in's Court. I am for the Houſe with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for Pomp to enter: ſome, that humble themſelves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flow'ry way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a weary of thee, and I tell thee ſo before, becauſe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horſes be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, they ſhall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of Nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A ſhrewed knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My Lord, that's gone, made himſelf much ſport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his faucineſs; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiſs; and I was about to tell you, ſince I heard of the good Lady's death, and that my Lord your Son was upon his return home, I mov'd the King, my Maſter, to ſpeak in the behalf of my Daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his Majeſty, out of a ſelf-gracious remembrance, did firſt propoſe; his Highneſs hath promis'd me to do it; and to ſtop up the diſpleaſure

he

he hath conceived againſt your ſon, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyſhip like it?

Count. With very much content, my Lord, and I wiſh it happily effected.

Laf. His Highneſs comes poſt from *Marſeilles*, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in ſuch intelligence hath ſeldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that hope, that I ſhall ſee him ere I die. I have letters, that my ſon will be here to night: I ſhall beſeech your Lordſhip to remain with me 'till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might ſafely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O, Madam, yonder's my Lord, your ſon, with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a ſcar under't, or no, the velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet; his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Count. A ſcar nobly got, or a noble ſcar, is a good livery of honour. So, belike, is that.

Clo. * But it is your carbinado'd face.

Laf. Let us go ſee your ſon, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble ſoldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats and moſt courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

* *But it is your carbonado'd face.*] Mr. *Pope* reads it *carbinado'd*, which is right. The Joke, ſuch as it is, conſiſts in the Alluſion to a Wound made with a Carabine; Arms, which *Henry* IV. had made famous, by bringing into Uſe amongſt his Horſe.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Court of France, *at* Marſeilles.

Enter Helena, Widow, *and* Diana, *with two Attendants.*

HELENA.

BUT this exceeding poſting day and night
Muſt wear your ſpirits low; we cannot help it.
But ſince you've made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs;
Be bold, you do ſo grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time,——

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his Majeſty's ear,
If he would ſpend his power. God ſave you, Sir.
Gent. And you.
Hel. Sir, I have ſeen you in the court of *France.*
Gent. I have been ſometimes there.
Hel. I do preſume, Sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodneſs;
And therefore, goaded with moſt ſharp occaſions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The uſe of your own virtues, for the which
I ſhall continue thankful.
Gent. What's your will?
Hel. That it will pleaſe you
To give this poor petition to the King;
And aid me with that ſtore of power you have,
To come into his preſence.
Gent. The King's not here.
Hel. Not here, Sir?
Gent. Not, indeed.
He hence remov'd laſt night, and with more haſte
Than is his uſe.
Wid. Lord, how we loſe our pains!

Hel.

Hel. *All's well, that ends well* yet,
Tho' time ſeem ſo adverſe, and means unfit:
I do beſeech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to *Rouſillon*,
Whither I'm going.

Hel. I beſeech you, Sir,
Since you are like to ſee the King before me,
Commend this paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I preſume, ſhall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good ſpeed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you ſhall find yourſelf to be well thank'd,
What-e'er falls more. We muſt to horſe again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Rouſillon.

Enter Clown, *and* Parolles.

Par. GOOD Mr. *Levatch*, give my Lord *Lafeu* this letter; I have ere now, Sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with freſher clothes; but I am now, Sir, muddied in fortune's moat, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's diſpleaſure is but ſluttiſh, if it ſmell ſo ſtrongly as thou ſpeak'ſt of: I will henceforth eat no fiſh of fortune's butt'ring. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to ſtop your noſe, Sir; I ſpake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my noſe againſt any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, Sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr'ythee, ſtand away; a paper from fortune's cloſe-ſtool, to give to a Nobleman! look here he comes himſelf.

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a pur of fortune's, Sir, or fortune's cat, (but not a muſk-cat;) that hath fall'n into the unclean fiſhpond of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is muddied withal. Pray you, Sir, uſe the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, fooliſh, raſcally knave. I do pity his diſtreſs in my ſimilies of comfort, and leave him to your Lordſhip.

Par. My Lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly ſcratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that ſhe ſhould ſcratch you, who of herſelf is a good Lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? there's a *Quart-d'ecu* for you: let the juſtices make you and fortune friends; I am for other buſineſs.

Par. I beſeech your honour, to hear me one ſingle word.

Laf. You beg a ſingle penny more: come, you ſhall ha't, ſave your word.

Par. My name, my good Lord, is *Parolles.*

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox' my paſſion! give me your hand: how does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the firſt that found me.

Laf. Was I, inſooth? and I was the firſt that loſt thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in ſome grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! doſt thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the Devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Sound Trumpets.*] The King's coming, I know, by his

his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talk of you laſt night; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you ſhall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praiſe God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Flouriſh. *Enter* King, Counteſs, Lafeu, *the two French Lords, with Attendants.*

King. WE loſt a jewel of her, our eſteem
Was made much poorer by it; but your ſon,
As mad in folly, lack'd the ſenſe to know
Her eſtimation home.

Count. 'Tis paſt, my Liege;
And I beſeech your Majeſty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i'th' blade of youth,
When oil and fire, too ſtrong for reaſon's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to ſhoot.

Laf. This I muſt ſay,
But firſt I beg my pardon; the young Lord
Did to his Majeſty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himſelf
The greateſt wrong of all. He loſt a wife,
Whoſe beauty did aſtoniſh the ſurvey
Of richeſt eyes; whoſe words all ears took captive;
Whoſe dear perfection, hearts, that ſcorn'd to ſerve,
Humbly call'd miſtreſs.

King. Praiſing what is loſt,
Makes the remembrance dear. Well——call him hither;
We're reconcil'd, and the firſt view ſhall kill
All repetition: let him not aſk our pardon.
The nature of his great offence is dead,

And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incenſing relics of it. Let him approach,
A ſtranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he ſhould.

Gent. I ſhall, my Liege.

King. What ſays he to your daughter? Have you ſpoke?

Laf. All, that he is, hath reference to your Highneſs.

King. Then ſhall we have a match. I have letters ſent me,
That ſet him high in fame.

SCENE IV.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. HE looks well on't.

King. I'm not a day of ſeaſon,
For thou may'ſt ſee a ſun-ſhine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brighteſt beams
Diſtracted clouds give way; ſo ſtand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high repented blames,
Dear Sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole,
Not one word more of the conſumed time,
Let's take the inſtant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'ſt decrees
Th' inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my Liege. At firſt
I ſtuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impreſſion of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his ſcornful perſpective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorch'd a fair colour, or expreſs'd it ſtoll'n;

Extended

Extended or contracted all proportions
To a moſt hideous object: thence it came,
That ſhe, whom all men prais'd, and whom myſelf,
Since I have loſt, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The duſt that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou doſt love her, ſtrikes ſome ſcores away
From the great 'compt; but love, that comes too late
Like a remorſeful pardon ſlowly carried,
To the great ſender turns a ſore offence,
Crying, that's good that is gone: our raſh faults
Make trivial price of ſerious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave,
Oft our diſpleaſures, to ourſelves unjuſt,
Deſtroy our friends, and, after, weep their duſt:
Our own love, waking, cries to ſee what's done,
While ſhameful hate ſleeps out the afternoon.
Be this ſweet *Helen*'s knell; and now, forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair *Maudlin*,
The main conſents are had, and here we'll ſtay
To ſee our widower's ſecond marriage-day:

Count. Which better than the firſt, O dear heav'n, bleſs,
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, ceaſe!

Laf. Come on, my ſon, in whom my houſe's name
Muſt be digeſted: give a favour from you
To ſparkle in the ſpirits of my daughter,
That ſhe may quickly come. By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, *Helen*, that's dead,
Was a ſweet creature: ſuch a ring as this,
The laſt that e'er ſhe took her leave at court,
I ſaw upon her finger.

Ber. Her's it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me ſee it: For mine eye,
While I was ſpeaking, oft was faſten'd to't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it *Helen*,
I bad her, if her fortunes ever ſtood
Neceſſitied to help, that by this token

I would

I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?
Ber. My gracious Sovereign,
Howe'er it pleaſes you to take it ſo,
The ring was never her's.
Count. Son, on my life,
I've ſeen her wear it, and ſhe reckon'd it
At her life's rate.
Laf. I'm ſure, I ſaw her wear it.
Ber. You are deceiv'd, my Lord, ſhe never ſaw it;
In *Florence* was it from a caſement thrown me,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: Noble ſhe was, and thought
I ſtood engag'd; but when I had ſubſcrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not anſwer in that courſe of honour
As ſhe had made the overture, ſhe ceaſt
In heavy ſatisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.
King. Plutus himſelf,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's myſtery more ſcience,
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helen*'s,
Whoever gave it you: then if you know,
That you are well acquainted with yourſelf,
Confeſs 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to ſurety,
That ſhe would never put it from her finger,
Unleſs ſhe gave it to yourſelf in bed,
(Where you have never come) or ſent it us
Upon her great diſaſter.
Ber. She never ſaw it.
King. Thou ſpeak'ſt it falſely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'ſt conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain ſhut out; if it ſhould prove
That thou art ſo inhuman—'twill not prove ſo—
And yet I know not—thou didſt hate her deadly,
And

And ſhe is dead; which nothing, but to cloſe
Her eyes myſelf, could win me to believe,
More than to ſee this ring. Take him away.
[*Guards ſeize* Bertram.
My fore-paſt proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
We'll ſift this matter further.

Ber. If you ſhall prove,
This ring was ever hers, you ſhall as eaſy
Prove that I huſbanded her bed in *Florence*,
Where yet ſhe never was. [*Exit* Bertram *guarded.*

SCENE V.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I'M wrap'd in diſmal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious Sovereign,
Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a *Florentine*,
* Who hath ſome four or five removes come ſhort
To tender it herſelf. I undertook it,
Vanquiſh'd thereto by the fair grace and ſpeech
Of the poor ſuppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her buſineſs looks in her
With an importing viſage; and ſhe told me,
In a ſweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your Highneſs with herſelf.

The King reads a letter.

Upon his many proteſtations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I bluſh to ſay it, he won me. Now is the Count Rouſillon *a widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and*

* *Who hath* for *four or five removes come ſhort*] We ſhould read, *Who hath* ſome *four or five removes come ſhort.* So in King *Lear*,

For that I am ſome *twelve or fourteen moonſhines*
Lag of a brother,——

my

my honour's paid to him. He ſtole from Florence, *taking no leave, and I follow him to this country for juſtice: grant it me, O King, in you it beſt lies; otherwiſe a ſeducer flouriſhes, and a poor maid is undone.*

Diana Capulet.

Laf. I will buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and toll for him. For this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, *Lafeu*,
To bring forth this diſcov'ry. Seek theſe ſuitors:
Go ſpeedily, and bring again the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am afraid, the life of *Helen* (lady)
Was foully ſnatch'd.

Count. Now juſtice on the doers!

King. I wonder, Sir, wives are ſo monſtrous to you,
And that you fly them as you ſwear to them;
Yet you deſire to wed. What woman's that?

Enter Widow and Diana.

Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched *Florentine*,
Derived from the ancient *Capulet;*
My ſuit, as I do underſtand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, Sir, whoſe age and honour
Both ſuffer under this complaint we bring,
And both ſhall ceaſe without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count; do you know theſe women?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can, nor will, deny
But that I know them; do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look ſo ſtrange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my Lord.

Dia. If you ſhall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;

You

You give away heav'n's vows, and thoſe are mine;
You give away myſelf, which is known mine;
For I by vow am ſo embodied yours,
That ſhe, which marries you, muſt marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too ſhort for my daughter, you are no huſband for her. [*To* Bertram.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and deſp'rate creature,
Whom ſometime I have laugh'd with: let your Highneſs
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would ſink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
'Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Aſk him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What ſay'ſt thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my Lord;
And was a common gameſter to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my Lord; if I were ſo,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whoſe high reſpect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel: yet for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o'th' camp,
If I be one.

Count. He bluſhes, and 'tis his:
Of ſix preceding anceſtors, that gem
Conferr'd by Teſtament to th' ſequent iſſue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife,
That ring's a thouſand proofs.

King. Methought, you ſaid,
You ſaw one here in Court could witneſs it.

Dia. I did, my Lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an inſtrument; his name's *Parolles.*

Laf.

Laf. I ſaw the man to day, if man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.
Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a moſt perfidious ſlave,
With all the ſpots o'th' world tax'd and deboſh'd,
Which nature ſickens with: but to ſpeak truth,
Am I or that or this, for what he'll utter,
That will ſpeak any thing?
King. She hath that ring of yours.
Ber. I think, ſhe has; certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i'th' wanton way of youth:
She knew her diſtance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerneſs with her reſtraint;
As all impediments in fancy's courſe
Are motives of more fancy: and in fine,
Her inſuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate: ſhe got the ring;
And I had That, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.
Dia. I muſt be patient:
You, that turn'd off a firſt ſo noble wife,
May juſtly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will loſe a huſband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.
Ber. I have it not.
King. What ring was yours, I pray you?
Dia. Sir, much like the ſame upon your finger.
King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.
Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.
King. The ſtory then goes falſe, you threw it him
Out of a caſement.
Dia. I have ſpoke the truth.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. MY Lord, I do confeſs, the ring was hers.
King. You boggle ſhrewdly, every feather ſtarts you!——
Is this the man you ſpeak of?
Dia. It is, my Lord.
King. Tell me, Sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the diſpleaſure of your maſter,
Which on your juſt proceeding I'll keep off;
By him and by this woman here, what know you?
Par. So pleaſe your Majeſty, my maſter hath been an honourable Gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which Gentlemen have.
King. Come, come, to the purpoſe; did he love this Woman?
Par. Faith, Sir, he did love her; but how?
King. How, I pray you?
Par. He did love her, Sir, as a Gentleman loves a Woman.
King. How is that?
Par. He lov'd her, Sir, and lov'd her not.
King. As thou art a knave, and no knave; what an equivocal companion is this?
Par. I am a poor man, and at your Majeſty's Command.
Laf. He's a good drum, my Lord, but a naughty Orator.
Dia. Do you know, he promis'd me marriage?
Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll ſpeak.
King. But wilt thou not ſpeak all thou know'ſt?
Par. Yes, ſo pleaſe your Majeſty. I did go between them, as I ſaid; but more than that, he lov'd her: for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and

and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what; yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promiſing her marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to ſpeak of; therefore I will not ſpeak what I know.

King. Thou haſt ſpoken all already, unleſs thou canſt ſay they are married; but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore ſtand aſide. This ring, you ſay, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all theſe ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an eaſy glove, my Lord, ſhe goes off and on at pleaſure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his firſt wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To priſon with her: and away with him.
Unleſs thou tell'ſt me where thou hadſt this ring,
Thou dieſt within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my Liege.

King. I think thee now ſome common cuſtomer.

Dia. By *Jove*, if ever I knew a man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore haſt thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Becauſe he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows, I am no maid, and he'll ſwear to't;
I'll ſwear, I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great

Great King, I am no ſtrumpet, by my life;
I'm either maid, or elſe this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* Lafeu.
King. She does abuſe our ears; to priſon with her.
Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal Sir.
[*Exit* Widow.
The jeweller, that owns the ring, is ſent for,
And he ſhall ſurety me. But for this Lord,
[*To* Bertram.
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himſelf,
Tho' yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows himſelf, my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child;
Dead tho' ſhe be, ſhe feels her young one kick:
So there's my riddle; one, that's dead, is quick.
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Helena, *and* Widow.

King. Is there no Exorciſt
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I ſee?
Hel. No, my good Lord.
'Tis but a ſhadow of a wife you ſee,
The name, and not the thing.
Ber. Both, both; oh, pardon! [maid,
Hel. Oh, my good Lord, when I was like this
I found you wond'rous kind; there is your ring,
And look you, here's your letter: this it ſays,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c. This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
Ber. If ſhe, my Liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce ſtep between me and you!
O my dear mother, do I ſee you living?
[*To the Counteſs.*
Laf.

Laf. Mine eyes ſmell onions, I ſhall weep anon:
Good *Tom Drum*, lend me a handkerchief,
[*To* Parolles.
So, I thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make ſport with thee: let thy courteſies alone, they are ſcurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this ſtory know,
To make the even truth in pleaſure flow:
If thou be'ſt yet a freſh uncropped flower,
[*To* Diana.
Chuſe thou thy huſband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can gueſs, that, by thy honeſt aid,
Thou kept'ſt a wife herſelf, thyſelf a maid.
Of that and all the progreſs more and leſs,
Reſolvedly more leiſure ſhall expreſs:
All yet ſeems well; and if it end ſo meet,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by the KING.

THE King's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, *if this ſuit be won,*
That you expreſs content; which we will pay,
With ſtrife to pleaſe you, day exceeding day;
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

TWELFTH-

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ORSINO, *Duke of* Illyria.
Sebaſtian, *a young Gentleman, Brother to* Viola.
Antonio, *a Sea-captain, Friend to* Sebaſtian.
Valentine, } *Gentlemen, attending on the Duke.*
Curio, }
Sir Toby Belch, *Uncle to* Olivia.
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *a fooliſh Knight, pretending to* Olivia.
A Sea-captain, Friend to Viola.
Fabian, *Servant to* Olivia.
Malvolio, *a fantaſtical Steward to* Olivia.
Clown, Servant to Olivia.

Olivia, *a Lady of great Beauty and Fortune, belov'd by the Duke.*
Viola, *in love with the Duke.*
Maria, Olivia's *Woman.*

Prieſt, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *a City on the Coaſt of* Illyria.

TWELFTH-

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter the Duke, Curio, *and Lords.*

DUKE.

IF muſic be the food of love, play on;
Give me exceſs of it; that, ſurfeiting
The appetite; Love may ſicken, and ſo die,
That ſtrain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear, like the ſweet ſouth,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour. Enough!—no more;
'Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.
O ſpirit of love, how quick and freſh art thou!
That, notwithſtanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the ſea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch ſoe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute; ſo full of ſhapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantaſtical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my Lord?

Duke. What, *Curio?*

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, ſo I do, the nobleſt that I have:
O, when my Eyes did ſee *Olivia* firſt,
Methought, ſhe purg'd the air of peſtilence;
That inſtant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my deſires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er ſince purſue me. How now, what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So pleaſe my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this anſwer:
The element itſelf, 'till ſeven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloyſtreſs, ſhe will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to ſeaſon
A brother's dead love, which ſhe would keep freſh
And laſting in her ſad remembrance.

Duke. O, ſhe, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will ſhe love, when the rich golden ſhaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections elſe
That live in her? when liver, brain, and heart,
Three ſov'reign thrones, are all ſupply'd, and fill'd,
(*O ſweet perfection!) with one ſelf-ſame King!
Away before me to ſweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter Viola, *a Captain and Sailors.*

Vio. WHAT country, friends, is this?
Cap. Illyria, Lady.
Vio. And what ſhould I do in *Illyria*?

* Her *ſweet perfections!*] We ſhould read, and point it thus, *(O ſweet perfection!)*

My

My brother he is in *Elyſium*.——
Perchance, he is not drown'd; what think you, ſailors?
Cap. It is perchance, that you yourſelf were ſav'd.
Vio. O my poor brother! ſo, perchance, may he be.
Cap. True, Madam: and to comfort you with chance,
Aſſure yourſelf, after our ſhip did ſplit,
When you, and that poor number ſav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat: I ſaw your brother,
Moſt provident in peril, bind himſelf
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a ſtrong maſt, that liv'd upon the ſea;
Where, like *Arion* on the dolphin's back,
I ſaw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could ſee.
Vio. For ſaying ſo, there's gold.
Mine own eſcape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy ſpeech ſerves for authority,
The like of him. Know'ſt thou this country?
Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. *Orſino.*
Vio. *Orſino!* I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
Cap. And ſo is now, or was ſo very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas freſh in murmur (as you know,
What Great ones do, the leſs will prattle of)
That he did ſeek the love of fair *Olivia*.
Vio. What's ſhe?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count,
That dy'd ſome twelve months ſince, then leaving her
In the protection of his ſon, her brother,
Who ſhortly alſo dy'd; for whoſe dear love,
They ſay, ſhe hath abjur'd the ſight
And company of men.

Vio. O, that I ſerv'd that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
'Till I had made mine own occaſion mellow
What my eſtate is!

Cap. That were hard to compaſs;
Becauſe ſhe will admit no kind of ſuit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain;
And tho' that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft cloſe in pollution; yet of thee,
I will believe, thou haſt a mind that ſuits
With this thy fair and outward character:
I pr'ythee, and I'll pay thee bounteouſly,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For ſuch diſguiſe as, haply, ſhall become
The form of my intent. I'll ſerve this Duke;
Thou ſhalt preſent me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can ſing,
And ſpeak to him in many ſorts of muſic,
That will allow me very worth his ſervice,
What elſe may hap, to time I will commit;
Only ſhape thou thy ſilence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not ſee.

Vio. I thank thee; lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Toby, *and* Maria.

Sir To. WHAT a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am ſure, care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir *Toby*, you muſt come in earlier a-nights; your niece, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar.

Mar. Ay, but you muſt confine yourſelf within the modeſt limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myſelf no finer than I am; theſe clothes are good enough to drink in, and ſo be theſe boots too; an they be not, let them hang themſelves in their own ſtraps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my lady talk of it yeſterday, and of a fooliſh Knight that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek?*

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in *Illyria.*

Mar. What's that to th' purpoſe?

Sir To. Why, he has three thouſand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all theſe ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll ſay ſo! he plays o'th' viol-degambo, and ſpeaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almoſt natural; for beſides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the guſt he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are ſcoundrels and ſubtractors that ſay ſo of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there's a paſſage in my throat, and drink in *Illyria.* He's a coward, and a coyſtril, that will not drink to my niece 'till his brains turn o'th' toe like a pariſh-top. What, wench? **Caſtiliano Volto;* for here comes Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek.*

* Caſtiliano *vulgo;*] We ſhould read *volto.* In *Engliſh,* put on your *Caſtilian* Countenance; that is, your grave, ſolemn Looks.

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. SIR *Toby Belch*, how now, Sir *Toby Belch*?

Sir To. Sweet Sir *Andrew!*

Sir And. Bleſs you, fair ſhrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accoſt, Sir *Andrew*, accoſt.——

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good miſtreſs *Accoſt*, I deſire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is *Mary*, Sir.

Sir And. Good miſtreſs *Mary Accoſt*,——

Sir To. You miſtake, Knight: accoſt, is, front her, board her, woo her, aſſail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of *accoſt*?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let her part ſo, Sir *Andrew*, would thou might'ſt never draw ſword again.

Sir And. An you part ſo, miſtreſs, I would I might never draw ſword again. Fair lady, do you think, you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you ſhall have, and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to th' buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, ſweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, Sir.

Sir And. Why, I think ſo: I am not ſuch an aſs, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jeſt?

Mar. A dry jeſt, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Sir

Mar. Ay, Sir, I have them at my finger's ends: marry, now I let your hand go, I am barren.

[*Exit* Maria.

Sir To. O Knight, thou lack'ſt a cup of canary: when did I ſee thee ſo put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think, unleſs you ſee canary put me down: methinks, ſometimes I have no more wit than a chriſtian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No queſtion.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forſwear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir *Toby*.

Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear Knight.

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would, I had beſtowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadſt thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Paſt queſtion; for * thou ſeeſt, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a diſtaff; and I hope to ſee a houſe-wife take thee between her legs, and ſpin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir *Toby*; your niece will not be ſeen, or, if ſhe be, it's four to one ſhe'll none of me: the Duke himſelf here, hard by, wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o'th' Duke, ſhe'll not match above her degree, neither in eſtate, years, nor wit; I have heard her ſwear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll ſtay a month longer. I'm a fellow o'th'

* *thou ſeeſt, it will not* cool my *nature.*] We ſhould read, *it will not* curl by *nature.* The Joke is evident.

ſtrangeſt mind i'th' world: I delight in maſks and revels ſometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at theſe kick-ſhaws, Knight?

Sir And. As any man in *Illyria*, whatſoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, Knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, ſimply as ſtrong as any man in *Illyria*.

Sir To. Wherefore are theſe things hid? wherefore have theſe gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take duſt, like miſtreſs *Mall*'s picture? why doſt thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? my very walk ſhould be a jig! I would not ſo much as make water, but in a ſink-a-pace: what doſt thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent conſtitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the ſtar of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis ſtrong, and it does indifferent well in flame-colour'd ſtocking. Shall we ſet about ſome revels?

Sir. To. What ſhall we do elſe? were we not born under *Taurus*?

Sir And. Taurus? that's ſides and heart.

Sir To. No, Sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me ſee thee caper; ha! higher: ha! ha!——excellent.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Valentine, *and* Viola *in man's attire.*

Val. IF the Duke continue theſe favours towards you, *Ceſario*, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no ſtranger.

Vio.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in queſtion the continuance of his love. Is he inconſtant, Sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, *and Attendants.*

Vio. I thank you: here comes the Duke.

Duke. Who ſaw *Ceſario*, hoa?

Vio. On your attendance, my Lord, here.

Duke. Stand you a-while aloof.—*Ceſario*,
Thou know'ſt no leſs, but all: I have unclaſp'd
To thee the book even of my ſecret ſoul.
Therefore, good youth, addreſs thy gait unto her;
Be not deny'd acceſs, ſtand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot ſhall grow,
'Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble Lord,
If ſhe be ſo abandon'd to her ſorrow
As it is ſpoke, ſhe never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do ſpeak with her, my Lord; what then?

Duke. O, then, unfold the paſſion of my love,
Surprize her with diſcourſe of my dear faith;
It ſhall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aſpect.

Vio. I think not ſo, my Lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it:
For they ſhall yet belie thy happy years,
That ſay, thou art a man: *Diana*'s lip
Is not more ſmooth and rubious; thy ſmall pipe
Is as the maiden's organs, ſhrill, and ſound,
And all is ſemblative a woman's part.
I know, thy Conſtellation is right apt
For this affair: ſome four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myſelf am beſt
When leaſt in company. Proſper well in this,

And thou ſhalt live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my beſt
To woo your Lady; yet, a barful ſtrife!
Who-e'er I woo, myſelf would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Maria *and* Clown.

Mar. NAY, either tell me where thou haſt been, or I will not open my lips ſo wide as a briſtle may enter, in way of thy excuſe; my Lady will hang thee for thy abſence.

Clo. Let her hang me; he, that is well hang'd in this world, needs fear no colours.

Mar. Make That good.

Clo. He ſhall ſee none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten anſwer: I can tell thee where that ſaying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good miſtreſs *Mary?*

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to ſay in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wiſdom that have it; and thoſe that are fools, let them uſe their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being ſo long abſent, or be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Marry, a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let ſummer bear it out.

Mar. You are reſolute then?

Clo. Not ſo neither, but I am reſolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if Both break, your gaſkins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt: well, go thy way,

way, if Sir *Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eve*'s fleſh as any in *Illyria*.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that: here comes my Lady; make your excuſe wiſely, you were beſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Olivia, *and* Malvolio.

Clo. WIT, and't be thy will, put me into a good fooling! thoſe wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am ſure I lack thee, may paſs for a wiſe man. For what ſays *Quinapalus*, Better be a witty fool than a fooliſh wit. God bleſs thee, Lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? take away the Lady.

Oli. Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you; beſides, you grow diſhoneſt.

Clo. Two faults, *Madona*, that drink and good counſel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: Bid the diſhoneſt man mend himſelf; if he mend, he is no longer diſhoneſt; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd; virtue, that tranſgreſſes, is but patch'd with ſin; and ſin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue. If that this ſimple ſyllogiſm will ſerve, ſo; if it will not, what remedy? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, ſo beauty's a flower: the Lady bade take away the fool, therefore, I ſay again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Miſpriſion in the higheſt degree.—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum;* that's as much as to ſay, I wear not motley in my brain: good *Madona*, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterouſly, good *Madona.*

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I muſt catechiſe you for it, *Madona*; good my mouſe of virtue, anſwer me.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other idleneſs, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good *Madona*, why mourn'ſt thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his ſoul is in hell, *Madona.*

Oli. I know, his ſoul is in heav'n, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, *Madona*, to mourn for your brother's ſoul being in heav'n: take away the fool, Gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and ſhall do, 'till the pangs of death ſhake him. Infirmity, that decays the wiſe, doth ever make better the fool.

Clo. God ſend you, Sir, a ſpeedy infirmity, for the better increaſing your folly! Sir *Toby* will be ſworn, that I am no fox; but he will not paſs his word for two-pence, that you are no fool.

Oli. How ſay you to that, *Malvolio?*

Mal. I marvel, your Ladyſhip takes delight in ſuch a barren raſcal; I ſaw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a ſtone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unleſs you laugh and miniſter occaſion to him, he is gagg'd. I proteſt, I take theſe wiſe men, that crow ſo at theſe ſet kind of fools, no better than the fools' *Zanies.*

Oli. O, you are ſick of ſelf-love, *Malvolio*, and taſte with a diſtemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltleſs, and of free diſpoſition, is to take thoſe things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no ſlander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known diſcreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo.

Clo. Now *Mercury* indue thee with pleaſing, for thou ſpeak'ſt well of fools!

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young Gentleman, much deſires to ſpeak with you.

Oli. From the Count *Orſino*, is it?

Mar. I know not, Madam, 'tis a fair young Man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir *Toby*, Madam, your Uncle.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you, he ſpeaks nothing but madman: fie on him! Go you, *Malvolio;* if it be a ſuit from the Count, I am ſick, or not at home: What you will, to diſmiſs it. [*Exit* Malvolio] Now you ſee, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people diſlike it.

Clo. Thou haſt ſpoke for us, *Madona*, as if thy eldeſt Son ſhould be a fool: whoſe ſcull *Jove* cram with brains, for here comes one of thy Kin has a moſt weak *Pia Mater!*——

SCENE VIII.

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. BY my honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, Uncle?

Sir To. A Gentleman.

Oli. A Gentleman? what Gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a Gentleman-heir,——A plague o' theſe pickle herring! how now, ſot?

Clo. Good Sir *Toby*,——

Oli. Uncle, Uncle, how have you come ſo early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Letchery! I defy letchery: there's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir

Sir To. Let him be, the devil and he will, I care not: give me faith, ſay I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the ſecond mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and ſeek the Coroner, and let him ſit o' my Uncle; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd; go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, *Madona*, and the fool ſhall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young Fellow ſwears he will ſpeak with you. I told him, you were ſick; he takes on him to underſtand ſo much, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. I told him you were aſleep; he ſeems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. What is to be ſaid to him, Lady? he's fortified againſt any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he ſhall not ſpeak with me.

Mal. He has been told ſo; and he ſays, he'll ſtand at your door like a Sheriff's poſt, and be the ſupporter to a bench, but he'll ſpeak with you.

Oli. What kind o'man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manners; he'll ſpeak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what perſonage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a ſquaſh is before 'tis a peaſcod, or a codling when 'tis almoſt an apple: 'tis with him in ſtanding water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he ſpeaks very ſhrewiſhly; one would think, his mother's milk were ſcarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calls. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter Maria.

Oli. GIVE me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more hear *Orſino*'s embaſſy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable Lady of the houſe, which is ſhe?

Oli. Speak to me, I ſhall anſwer for her: your will?

Vio. Moſt radiant, exquiſite, and unmatchable Beauty——I pray you, tell me, if this be the Lady of the houſe, for I never ſaw her. I would be loth to caſt away my ſpeech; for, beſides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good Beauties, let me ſuſtain no ſcorn; * I am very comptible, even to the leaſt ſiniſter uſage.

Oli. Whence came you, Sir?

Vio. I can ſay little more than I have ſtudied, and that Queſtion's out of my Part. Good gentle One, give me modeſt aſſurance, if you be the Lady of the houſe, that I may proceed in my ſpeech.

Oli. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I ſwear, I am not that I play. Are you the Lady of the houſe?

Oli. If I do not uſurp myſelf, I am.

Vio. Moſt certain, if you are ſhe, you do uſurp yourſelf; for what is yours to beſtow, is not yours to reſerve; but this is from my Commiſſion. I will on with my ſpeech in your praiſe, and then ſhew you the heart of my meſſage.

* *I am very comptible,*] *Comptible* for ready to call to Account.

Oli.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praiſe.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to ſtudy it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were ſaucy at my gates; and I allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reaſon, be brief: 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in ſo ſkipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoiſt ſail, Sir, here lies your way.

Vio. No, good ſwabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, ſweet Lady.

* *Oli.* Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a meſſenger.

Oli. Sure, you have ſome hideous matter to deliver, when the courteſy of it is ſo fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeneſs, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as ſecret as maiden-head; to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. [*Exit* Maria.] We will hear this divinity. Now, Sir, what is your text?

* Vio. — *tell me your mind, I am a meſſenger.*] Theſe Words muſt be divided between the two Speakers thus,

Oli. *Tell me your mind.*

Vio. *I am a meſſenger.*

Viola growing troubleſome, *Olivia* would diſmiſs her, and therefore cuts her ſhort with this Command. *Tell me your mind.* The other taking Advantage of the Ambiguity of the Word *Mind*, which ſignifies either *Buſineſs* or *Inclinations*, replies as if ſhe had uſed it in the latter Senſe, *I am a meſſenger.*

Vio.

Vio. Moſt ſweet Lady,——

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be ſaid of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In *Orſino*'s boſom.

Oli. In his boſom? in what chapter of his boſom?

Vio. To anſwer by the method, in the firſt of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is hereſy. Have you no more to ſay?

Vio. Good Madam, let me ſee your face.

Oli. Have you any commiſſion from your Lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and ſhew you the picture. Look you, Sir, ſuch a one I wear this preſent: is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, Sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis Beauty truly blent, whoſe red and white
Nature's own ſweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'ſt She alive,
If you will lead theſe graces to the Grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be ſo hard-hearted: I will give out diverſe ſchedules of my beauty. It ſhall be inventoried, and every particle and utenſil labell'd to my will. As, *Item*, two lips indifferent red. *Item*, two gray eyes, with lids to them. *Item*, one neck, one chin, and ſo forth. Were you ſent hither to praiſe me?

Vio. I ſee you, what you are; you are too proud;
But if you were the Devil, you are fair.
My Lord and Maſter loves you: O, ſuch love
Could be but recompens'd, tho' you were crown'd
The Non-pareil of Beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with ſighs of fire.

Oli.

Oli. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love him;
Yet I ſuppoſe him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great eſtate, of freſh and ſtainleſs youth;
In voices well divulg'd; free, learn'd, and valiant;
And in dimenſion, and the ſhape of nature,
A gracious perſon; but yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his anſwer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my maſter's flame,
With ſuch a ſuff'ring, ſuch a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no ſenſe:
I would not underſtand it.

Oli. Why, what would you do?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my ſoul within the houſe;
Write loyal cantos of contemned love,
And ſing them loud even in the dead of night:
Hollow your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling goſſip of the air
Cry out, *Olivia!* O, you ſhould not reſt
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you ſhould pity me.

Oli. You might do much:
What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your Lord;
I cannot love him: let him ſend no more;
Unleſs, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it; fare you well:
I thank you for your pains; ſpend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd poſt, lady; keep your purſe:
My maſter, not myſelf, lacks recompence.
Love make his heart of flint, that you ſhall love,
And let your fervour, like my maſter's, be
Plac'd in contempt! farewel, fair cruelty! [*Exit.*

Oli. What is your parentage;
Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well: ——

I am

I am a gentleman — I'll be ſworn thou art.
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and ſpirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon — not too faſt — ſoft! ſoft!
Unleſs the maſter were the man. — How now?
Even ſo quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an inviſible and ſubtile ſtealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be —
What ho, *Malvolio*, —

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, Madam, at your ſervice.

Oli. Run after that ſame peeviſh meſſenger,
The Duke's man; he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.
Deſire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reaſons for't. Hye thee, *Malvolio*.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do, I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind:
Fate, ſhew thy force; ourſelves we do not owe;
What is decreed, muſt be; and be this ſo! [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Antonio *and* Sebaſtian.

ANTONIO.

WILL you ſtay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my ſtars ſhine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, diſtemper

diſtemper yours; therefore I ſhall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, ſooth, Sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy: but I perceive in you ſo excellent a touch of modeſty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to expreſs myſelf: you muſt know of me then, *Antonio*, my name is *Sebaſtian*; which I call'd *Rodorigo*; my father was that *Sebaſtian* of *Meſſaline*, whom, I know, you have heard of. He left behind him, myſelf, and a ſiſter, both born in one hour; if the heav'ns had been pleas'd, would we had ſo ended! but you, Sir, alter'd that; for, ſome hour before you took me from the breach of the ſea, was my ſiſter drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A Lady, Sir, tho' it was ſaid ſhe much reſembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but tho' I could not* [with ſuch eſtimable wonder] over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publiſh her, ſhe bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: ſhe is drown'd already, Sir, with ſalt water, tho' I ſeem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your ſervant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, deſire it not. Fare ye well at once; my boſom is full of kindneſs, and I am yet ſo near the manners of my mother, that upon the leaſt occaſion more, mine eyes

* [*with ſuch eſtimable wonder*] An Interpolation of the Players.

will

will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Duke *Orſino*'s court; farewel. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleneſs of all the Gods go with thee!
I have made enemies in *Orſino*'s court,
Elſe would I very ſhortly ſee thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee ſo,
The danger ſhall ſeem ſport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Viola *and* Malvolio, *at ſeveral doors.*

Mal. WERE not you e'en now with the Counteſs *Olivia*?

Vio. Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace I have ſince arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, Sir; you might have ſaved me my pains, to have taken it away yourſelf. She adds moreover, that you ſhould put your Lord into a deſperate Aſſurance, ſhe will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never ſo hardy to come again in his affairs, unleſs it be to report your Lord's taking of this: receive it ſo.

Vio. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peeviſhly threw it to her, and her will is, it ſhould be ſo return'd: if it be worth ſtooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her; what means this Lady?
Fortune forbid, my outſide have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, ſo much,
That, ſure, methought *her eyes had croſt her tongue;
For ſhe did ſpeak in ſtarts diſtractedly:
She loves me, ſure; the cunning of her paſſion
Invites me in this churliſh meſſenger.

* ——— *her eyes had* loſt *her tongue;*] We ſhould read,
——— *her eyes had* croſt *her tongue;*
Alluding to the Notion of the Faſcination of the Eyes; the Effects of which were called *croſſing*.

None

None of my Lord's ring; why, he ſent her none.
I am the man—If it be ſo, (as, 'tis;)
Poor Lady, ſhe were better love a dream.
Diſguiſe, I ſee, thou art a wickedneſs,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How eaſy is it, for the proper falſe
In women's waxen hearts to ſet their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cauſe, not we,
For ſuch as we are made, if ſuch we be.
How will this fadge? my maſter loves her dearly,
And I, poor monſter, fond as much on him;
And ſhe, miſtaken, ſeems to dote on me.
What will become of this? as I am man,
My ſtate is deſperate for my maſter's love;
As I am woman, (now, alas the day!)
What thriftleſs ſighs ſhall poor *Olivia* breathe?
O time, thou muſt untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t'unty. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Changes to Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. APPROACH, Sir *Andrew*: not to be abed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *Diluculo ſurgere*, thou know'ſt,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A falſe concluſion: I hate it, as an unfill'd can; to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; ſo that to go to bed after midnight, is to go bed betimes. Does not our life conſiſt of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, ſo they ſay; but, I think, it rather conſiſts of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Th'art a ſcholar, let us therefore eat and drink. *Maria!* I ſay!—a ſtoop of wine.

Enter

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? did you never ſee the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, aſs, now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breaſt. I had rather than forty ſhillings I had ſuch a leg, and ſo ſweet a breath to ſing, as the fool has. In ſooth, thou waſt in very gracious fooling laſt night, when thou ſpok'ſt of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* paſſing the Equinoctial of *Queubus*: 'twas very good, i'faith: I ſent thee ſix-pence for thy Lemon, hadſt it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for *Malvolio*'s noſe is no whip-ſtock. My Lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houſes.

Sir And. Excellent: why, this is the beſt fooling, when all is done. Now, a Song.——

Sir To. Come on, there's Six-pence for you. Let's have a Song.

Sir And. There's a teſtril of me too; if one Knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a Love-ſong, or a Song of good life?

Sir To. A Love-ſong, a Love-ſong.

Sir And. Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

Clown *ſings*,

O miſtreſs mine, where are you roaming?
O ſtay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can ſing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty ſweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wiſe man's ſon doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter:
Preſent mirth hath preſent laughter:

What's

What's to come, is ſtill unſure;
* *In decay there lies no plenty:*
Then come kiſs me, ſweet, and twenty:
Youth's a ſtuff will not endure.

Sir And. A melliſluous voice, as I am a true Knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very ſweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the noſe, it is dulcet in contagion. But ſhall we make the welkin dance, indeed? Shall we rouze the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three ſouls out of one weaver? ſhall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r Lady, Sir, and ſome dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Moſt certain; let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, Knight. I ſhall be conſtrain'd in't, to call the knave, Knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the firſt time I have conſtrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I ſhall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith: come, begin.

[*They ſing a catch.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Maria.

Mar. WHAT a catterwauling do you keep here? if my Lady have not call'd up her ſteward, *Malvolio*, and bid him turn you out of doors, never truſt me.

* *In* delay *there lies no plenty:*] This is a proverbial Saying corrupted; and ſhould be read thus,

In decay *there lies no plenty.*

A Reproof of Avarice, which ſtores up periſhable Fruits till they *decay*. To theſe Fruits the Poet, humorouſly, compares Youth or Virginity; which, he ſays, is a *Stuff will not endure.*

Sir

Sir To. My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Malvolio*'s a *Peg-a-Ramſey*, and *Three merry men be we* Am not I conſanguinious? am I not of her blood? *Tilly valley, Lady! there dwelt a man in* Babylon, *Lady, Lady.* [*Singing.*

Clo. Beſhrew me, the Knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be diſpos'd, and ſo do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,— [*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My maſters, are you mad? or what are you? have you no wit, manners, nor honeſty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? do ye make an ale-houſe of my Lady's houſe, that ye ſqueak out your *cottiers catches without any mitigation or remorſe of voice? is there no reſpect of place, perſons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our catches. Sneck up!—— [*Hiccoughs.*

Mal. Sir *Toby*, I muſt be round with you. My Lady bade me tell you, that tho' ſhe harbours you as her Uncle, ſhe's nothing ally'd to your diſorders. If you can ſeparate yourſelf and your miſdemeanors, you are welcome to the Houſe: if not, an it would pleaſe you to take leave of her, ſhe is very willing to bid you farewel.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, ſince I muſt needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good Sir *Toby*.

Clo. His eyes do ſhew, his days are almoſt done.

Mal. Is't even ſo?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir *Toby*, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [*Singing*

* coziers *catches*] *Cottiers.* Ruſtic, clowniſh.

Clo. What, an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and ſpare not?

Clo. O, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'time, Sir, ye lie: art thou any more than a ſteward? doſt thou think, becauſe thou art virtuous, there ſhall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint *Anne;* and ginger ſhall be hot i'th' mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'th'right. Go, Sir, rub your chain with crums. A ſtoop of wine, *Maria.*—

Mal. Miſtreſs *Mary*, if you priz'd my Lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; ſhe ſhall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go ſhake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promiſe with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, Knight, I'll write thee a challange: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir *Toby*, be patient for to-night; ſince the youth of the Duke's was to day with my Lady, ſhe is much out of quiet. For Monſieur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think, I have wit enough to lie ſtraight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Poſſeſs us, poſſeſs us, tell us ſomething of him.

Mar. Marry, Sir, ſometimes he is a kind of a Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquiſite reaſon, dear Knight.

Sir And. I have no exquiſite reaſon for't, but I have reaſon good enough. *Mar.*

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing conſtantly but a time-pleaſer; an affection'd aſs, that cons ſtate without book, and utters it by great ſwarths: the beſt perſuaded of himſelf: ſo cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cauſe to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way ſome obſcure epiſtles of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the ſhape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expreſſure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he ſhall find himſelf moſt feelingly perſonated. I can write very like my Lady your Niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make diſtinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent, I ſmell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my noſe too.

Sir To. He ſhall think by the letters, that thou wilt drop, that they come from my Niece, and that ſhe is in love with him.

Mar. My purpoſe is, indeed, a horſe of that colour.

Sir And. And your horſe now would make him an aſs.

Mar. Aſs, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my phyſic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he ſhall find the letter: obſerve his conſtruction of it: for this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, *Penthiſilea.*

Sir And. Before me, ſhe's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, Knight: thou hadſt need ſend for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your Niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, Knight; if thou haſt her not i'th'end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never truſt me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn ſome ſack, 'tis two late to go to bed now: come, Knight; come, Knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and others.*

Duke. GIVE me ſome muſic; now, good morrow, friends:
Now, good *Ceſario*, but that piece of ſong,
That old antique ſong, we heard laſt night;
Methought, it did relieve my paſſion much;
More than light airs, and recollected terms
Of theſe moſt briſk and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verſe.

Cur. He is not here, ſo pleaſe your Lordſhip, that ſhould ſing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feſte, the jeſter, my Lord, a fool that the Lady *Olivia*'s father took much delight in. He is about the houſe.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [*Exit* Curio. [*Muſic.*
Come hither, boy; if ever thou ſhalt love,
In the ſweet pangs of it, remember me;
For ſuch as I am, all true lovers are;
Unſtaid and ſkittiſh in all notions elſe,
Save in the conſtant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How doſt thou like this tune?

Vio.

Vio. *It gives a very echo from the ſeat
Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou doſt ſpeak maſterly.
My life upon't, young tho' thou art, thine eye
Hath ſtaid upon ſome favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my Lord.

Duke. Too old, by heav'n; let ſtill the woman take
An elder than herſelf, ſo wears ſhe to him;
So ſways ſhe level in her huſband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praiſe ourſelves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, ſooner loſt and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my Lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyſelf,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roſes, whoſe fair flower,
Being once diſplay'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And ſo they are: alas, that they are ſo,
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Enter Curio *and* Clown.

Duke. O, fellow, come; the ſong we had laſt night,—
Mark it, *Ceſario*, it is old and plain;
The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do uſe to chant it: it is ſilly ſooth,

* *It gives a very echo* to *the ſeat*
Where love is thron'd.] We ſhould read, from *the ſeat*: *i. e.* it reaches the Throne of Love, and reverberates thence.

And tallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, Sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, ſing. [*Muſic.*

SONG.

Come away, come away, death,
And in ſad cypreſs let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am ſlain by a fair cruel maid.
My ſhrowd of white, ſtuck all with yew,
O, prepare it.
My part of death no one ſo true
Did ſhare it.

Not a flower, not a flower ſweet,
On my black coffin let there be ſtrown:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corps, where my bones ſhall be thrown.
A thouſand thouſand ſighs to ſave,
Lay me, O! where
True lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, Sir; I take pleaſure in ſinging, Sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleaſure then.

Clo. Truly, Sir, and pleaſure will be paid one time or other.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholy God protect thee, and the taylor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is * a very opal! I would have men of ſuch conſtancy put to ſea, that their buſineſs might be every thing, and their intent no where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewel. [*Exit.*

* *a very* opal!] A precious Stone of almoſt all Colours. Mr. *Pope.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Duke. LET all the reſt give place. Once more, *Cæſario*,
Get thee to yond ſame ſovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts, that fortune hath beſtow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune:
But 'tis that miracle, and Queen of Gems,
That nature pranks, her Mind, attracts my ſoul.
Vio. But if ſhe cannot love you, Sir—
Duke. I cannot be ſo anſwer'd.
Vio. Sooth, but you muſt.
Say, that ſome Lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for *Olivia:* you cannot love her;
You tell her ſo; muſt ſhe not then be anſwer'd?
Duke. There is no woman's ſides
Can bide the beating of ſo ſtrong a paſſion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big to hold ſo much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite:
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That ſuffers ſurfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the ſea,
And can digeſt as much; make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe *Olivia.*
Vio. Ay, but I know—
Duke. What doſt thou know?
Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe;
In faith, they are as true of heart, as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I ſhould your Lordſhip.
Duke. And what's her hiſtory?

Vio. A blank, my Lord: ſhe never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Feed on her damaſk cheek: ſhe pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She ſat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may ſay more, ſwear more, but, indeed,
Our ſhews are more than will; for ſtill we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy ſiſter of her love, my boy?

Vio. I'm all the daughters of my father's houſe,
And all the brothers too—and yet I know not—
Sir, ſhall I to this Lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haſte; give her this jewel: ſay,
My love can give no place, 'bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Sir Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.

Sir To. COME thy ways, Signior *Fabian.*

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I loſe a ſcruple of this ſport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'ſt thou not be glad to have the niggardly raſcally ſheep-biter come by ſome notable ſhame?

Fab. I would exult, man; you know, he brought me out of favour with my Lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue, ſhall we not, Sir *Andrew*?

Sir And. An we do not, it's pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain: how now, my nettle of *India*?

Mar.

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree; *Malvolio*'s coming down this walk, he has been yonder i'th' ſun practiſing behaviour to his own ſhadow this half hour. Obſerve him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this Letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Cloſe, in the name of jeſting! lie thou there; for here comes the trout that muſt be caught with tickling.

[*Throws down a letter, and Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'TIS but fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me, ſhe did affect me; and I have heard herſelf come thus near, that ſhould ſhe fancy, it ſhould be one of my complexion. Beſides, ſhe uſes me with a more exalted reſpect, than any one elſe that follows her. What ſhould I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weaning rogue.——

Fab. O, peace: contemplation makes a rare Turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

Sir And. 'Slife, I could ſo beat the rogue.

Sir To. Peace, I ſay.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio*,——

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Piſtol him, piſtol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: the Lady of the *Trachy* married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, *Jezebel!*

Fab. O, peace, now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, ſitting in my ſtate——

Sir To. O for a ſtone-bow, to hit him in the eye!—

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd

velvet gown; having come down from a day-bed, where I have left *Olivia* ſleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimſtone!

Fab. O, peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of ſtate; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them, I know my place, as I would they ſhould do theirs—to aſk for my uncle *Toby*——

Sir To. Bolts and ſhackles!

Fab. Oh, peace, peace, peace; now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people with an obedient ſtart make out for him: I frown the while, and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with ſome rich jewel. *Toby* approaches, curtſies there to me.

Sir To. Shall this Fellow live?

Fab. Tho' our ſilence be drawn from us with cares, yet, peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus; quenching my familiar ſmile with an auſtere regard of controul.

Sir To. And does not *Toby* take you a blow o'th' lips then?

Mal. Saying, uncle *Toby*, my fortunes having caſt me on your Niece, give me this prerogative of ſpeech——

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You muſt amend your drunkenneſs.

Sir To. Out, ſcab!

Fab. Nay, petience, or we break the ſinews of our plot.

Mal. Beſides, you waſte the treaſure of your time with a fooliſh Knight——

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir *Andrew*,——

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me Fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the Letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir

Sir To. Oh, peace! now the ſpirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my Lady's hand: theſe be her very *C*'s, *U*'s, and her *T*'s, and thus makes ſhe her great *P*'s. It is, in contempt of queſtion, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: why that?

Mal. To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wiſhes; her very phraſes: By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impreſſure her *Lucrece*, with which ſhe uſes to ſeal; 'tis my Lady: to whom ſhould this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. Jove *knows I love, but who, lips do not move, no man muſt know.* No man muſt know—what follows? the number's alter'd—no man muſt know— if this ſhould be thee, *Malvolio?*

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, Brock!

Mal. *I may command where I adore, but ſilence, like a* Lucrece *knife,*
With bloodleſs ſtroke my heart doth gore, M. O. A. I. *doth ſway my life.*

Fab. A fuſtian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, ſay I.

Mal. M. O. A. I. doth ſway my life—nay, but firſt, let me ſee——let me ſee——

Fab. What a diſh of poiſon has ſhe dreſs'd him?

Sir To. And with what wing the ſtanyel checks at it?

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, ſhe may command me: I ſerve her, ſhe is my Lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obſtruction in this—and the end—what ſhould that alphabetical poſition portend? if I could make that reſemble ſomething in me? ſoftly——*M. O. A. I.*—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that; he is now at a cold ſcent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M.—*Malvolio*——*M.*—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I ſay, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no conſonancy in the ſequel; That ſuffers under probation: *A* ſhould follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* ſhall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, and you had any eye behind you, you might ſee more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A. I. — this ſimulation is not as the former—and yet to cruſh this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of theſe letters is in my name. Soft, here follows proſe——*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my ſtars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatneſs; ſome are born great, ſome atchieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and ſpirit embrace them; and to inure thyſelf to what thou art like to be, caſt thy humble ſlough, and appear freſh. Be oppoſite with a kinſman, ſurly with ſervants: let thy tongue tang arguments of ſtate; put thyſelf into the trick of ſingularity. She thus adviſes thee, that ſighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow ſtockings, and wiſh'd to ſee thee ever croſs-garter'd. I ſay, remember; go to, thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo: if not, let me ſee thee a ſteward ſtill, the fellow of ſervants, and not worthy to touch fortunes' fingers. Farewel. She, that would alter ſervices with thee, the fortunate and happy.* Day-light and champian diſcover no more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir *Toby*, I will waſh off groſs acquaintance, I will be point deviſe, the very man. I do not now fool myſelf, to let imagination jade me; for every reaſon excites to this, that my Lady

Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow ſtockings of late, ſhe did praiſe my leg, being croſs-garter'd, and in this ſhe manifeſts herſelf to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to theſe habits of her liking. I thank my ſtars, I am happy: I will be ſtrange, ſtout, in yellow ſtockings, and croſs-garter'd, even with the ſwiftneſs of putting on. *Jove*, and my ſtars be praiſed! — Here is yet a poſtſcript. *Thou canſt not chuſe but know who I am; if thou entertaineſt my love, let it appear in thy ſmiling; thy ſmiles become thee well. Therefore in my preſence ſtill ſmile, dear my ſweet, I pr'ythee.*—*Jove*, I thank thee! I will ſmile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this ſport for a penſion of thouſands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And aſk no other dowry with her, but ſuch another jeſt.

SCENE IX.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. NOR I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou ſet thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-ſlave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou haſt put him in ſuch a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he muſt run mad.

Mar. Nay, but ſay true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like *Aqua vitæ* with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then ſee the fruits of the ſport, mark his firſt approach before my Lady: he will come

come to her in yellow ſtockings, and 'tis a colour ſhe abhors; and croſs-garter'd, a faſhion ſhe deteſts; and he will ſmile upon her, which will now be ſo unſuitable to her diſpoſition, being addicted to a melancholy, as ſhe is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will ſee it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of *Tartar;* thou moſt excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

OLIVIA's *Garden.*

Enter Viola, *and* Clown.

VIOLA.

SAVE thee, Friend, and thy muſic: doſt thou live by thy Tabor?

Clo. No, Sir, I live by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No ſuch matter, Sir; I do live by the Church: for I do live at my Houſe, and my Houſe doth ſtand by the Church.

Vio. So thou may'ſt ſay, the King lies by a Beggar, if a Beggar dwell near him: or the Church ſtands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor ſtand by the Church.

Clo. You have ſaid, Sir: to ſee this age!—A ſentence is but a *chev'ril glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong ſide may be turned outward?

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore, my Sifter had had no Name, Sir.

* *a chev'ril* glove] A Glove made of a Kid's Skin, from *Chevreul*, French. *Chiaverello*, Ital. *Caprillus*, Lat. Mr. *Pope.*

Vio.

Vio. Why, Man?

Clo. Why, Sir, her Name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my Sifter wanton; but, indeed, words are very rafcals, fince bonds difgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reafon, Man?

Clo. Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown fo falfe, I am loth to prove reafon with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry Fellow, and careft for nothing.

Clo. Not fo, Sir, I do care for fomething; but, in my conficience, Sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care nothing, Sir, I would, it would make you invifible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Olivia*'s Fool?

Clo. No, indeed, Sir; the Lady *Olivia* has no folly; fhe will keep no Fool, Sir, 'till fhe be married; and Fools are as like Hufbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Hufband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her Fool, but her Corrupter of Words.

Vio. I faw thee late at the Duke *Orfino*'s.

Clo. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the Orb like the Sun; it fhines every where. I would be forry, Sir, but the fool fhould be as oft with your Maffer, as with my Miftrefs: I think, I faw your wifdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pafs upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now *Jove*, in his next commodity of hair, fend thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almoft fick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of thefe have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to ufe.

Clo. I would play lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia*, Sir, to bring a *Creffida* to this *Troylus*.

Vio. I underftand you, Sir, 'tis well begg'd.

Clo.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, Sir; begging but a beggar: *Creſſida* was a beggar. My lady is within, Sir, I will conſter to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin; I might ſay, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wiſe enough to play the fool,
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He muſt obſerve their mood on whom he jeſts,
The quality of the perſons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wiſe-man's art:
For folly, that he wiſely ſhews, is fit;
But wiſe men's folly fall'n, quite taints their wit.

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir And. SAVE you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. Dieu vous guarde, Monſieur.

Vio. Et vous auſſi; votre ſerviteur.

Sir To. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours.—Will you encounter the Houſe? my Niece is deſirous you ſhould enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Niece, Sir; I mean, ſhe is the liſt of my voyage.

Sir To. Taſte your legs, Sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better underſtand me, Sir, than I underſtand what you mean by bidding me taſte my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will anſwer you with gait and entrance; but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Moſt excellent accompliſh'd lady, the heav'ns rain odours on you!

Sir

Sir And. That youth's a rare Courtier! rain odours? well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own * moſt pregnant and vouchſafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchſafed:—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be ſhut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Maria.

SCENE III.

Give me your hand, Sir.

Vio. My duty, Madam, and moſt humble ſervice.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Ceſario is your ſervant's name, fair Princeſs.

Oli. My ſervant, Sir? 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
Y'are ſervant to the Duke *Orſino*, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and he muſt needs be yours:
Your ſervant's ſervant is your ſervant, Madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;——
I bade you never ſpeak again of him.
But would you undertake another ſuit,
I'd rather hear you to ſolicit That,
Than muſic from the ſpheres.

Vio. Dear lady,——

Oli. Give me leave, I beſeech you: I did ſend,
After the laſt enchantment you did here,
A ring in chaſe of you. So did I abuſe
Myſelf, my ſervant, and, I fear me, you;
Under your hard conſtruction muſt I ſit,
To force that on you in a ſhameful cunning,

* *moſt* pregnant, *and vouchſafed ear.*] *Pregnant*, for ready.

Which

Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not ſet mine honour at the ſtake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? * to one of your receiving
Enough is ſhewn; a cyprus, not a boſom,
Hides my poor heart. So let us hear you ſpeak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grice: for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to ſmile again;
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one ſhould be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf? [*Clock ſtrikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waſte of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet when wit and youth are come to harveſt,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due weſt.

Vio. Then weſtward hoe:——,
Grace and good diſpoſition attend your ladyſhip!
You'll nothing, Madam, to my Lord by me?

Oli. Stay; pr'ythee tell me, what thou think'ſt of me?

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think ſo, I think the ſame of you.

Vio. Then think you right, I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were, as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, Madam, than I am?
I wiſh it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of ſcorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt ſhews not itſelf more ſoon,
Than love that would ſeem hid: love's night is noon.

* *to one of your* receiving] *i. e.* to one of your *ready Apprehenſion.* She conſiders him as an arch Page.

Ceſario,

Ceſario, by the roſes of the ſpring,
By maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee ſo, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reaſon, can my paſſion hide.
Do not extort thy reaſons from this clauſe,
For that I woo, thou therefore haſt no cauſe:
But rather reaſon thus with reaſon fetter;
Love ſought is good; but given, unſought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I ſwear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one boſom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall miſtreſs be of it, ſave I alone.
And ſo adieu, good Madam; never more
Will I my maſter's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'ſt move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to an Apartment in Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. NO, faith, I'll not ſtay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reaſon, dear venom, give thy reaſon.

Fab. You muſt needs yield your reaſon, Sir *Andrew.*

Sir And. Marry, I ſaw your niece do more favours to the Duke's ſerving-man, than ever ſhe beſtow'd on me. I ſaw't, i'th' orchard.

Sir To. Did ſhe ſee thee the while, old boy, tell me that?

Sir And. As plain as I ſee you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her towards you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an aſs o' me?

Fab.

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reaſon.

Sir To. And they have been Grand Jury-men ſince before *Noah* was a ſailor.

Fab. She did ſhew favour to the youth in your ſight, only to exaſperate you, to awake your dormouſe valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimſtone in your liver. You ſhould then have accoſted her, with ſome excellent jeſts, fire-new from the mint; you ſhould have bang'd the youth into dumbneſs. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time waſh off, and you are now ſail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an iſicle on a *Dutchman*'s beard, unleſs you do redeem it by ſome laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it muſt be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a *Brownift*, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the baſis of valour; challenge me the Duke's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece ſhall take note of it; and aſſure thyſelf, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir *Andrew*.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write in a martial hand; be curſt and brief: it is no matter how witty, ſo it be eloquent, and full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou *thou'ſt* him ſome thrice, it ſhall not be amiſs; and as many lies as will lie in thy ſheet of paper, although the ſheet were big enough for the bed of *Ware* in *England*; ſet 'em down, go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, tho' thou write with a gooſe-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir

Sir And. Where ſhall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *Cubiculo:* go.

[*Exit Sir* Andrew.

SCENE V.

Fab. THIS is a dear manikin to you, Sir *Toby.*

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, ſome two thouſand ſtrong or ſo.

Fab. We ſhall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never truſt me then; and by all means ſtir on the youth to an anſwer. I think, oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew,* if he were open'd, and you find ſo much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the reſt of th' anatomy.

Fab. And his oppoſite, the youth, bears in his viſage no great preſage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. *Look, where the youngeſt wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you deſire the ſpleen, and will laugh yourſelves into ſtitches, follow me: yond gull *Malvolio* is turned Heathen, a very Renegado; for there is no Chriſtian, that means to be ſav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe ſuch impoſſible paſſages of groſſneſs. He's in yellow ſtockings.

Sir To. And croſs-garter'd?

Mar. Moſt villainouſly; like a pedant that keeps a ſchool i'th' church: I have dogg'd him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter, that I dropt to betray him; he does ſmile his face into more lines than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the *Indies;* you have not ſeen ſuch

* *Look, where the youngeſt wren of nine comes.*] The Women's Parts were then acted by Boys, ſometimes ſo low in Stature, that there was Occaſion to obviate the Impropriety by ſuch Kind of oblique Apologies.

a thing,

a thing, as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will ſtrike him; if ſhe do, he'll ſmile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Sebaſtian *and* Antonio.

Seb. I Would not by my will have troubled you.
But ſince you make your pleaſure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not ſtay behind you; my deſire,
(More ſharp than filed ſteel,) did ſpur me forth;
And not all love to ſee you, (tho' ſo much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage.)
But jealouſy what might befal your travel,
Being ſkilleſs in theſe parts; which to a ſtranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhoſpitable. My willing love,
The rather by theſe arguments of fear,
Set forth in your purſuit.

Seb. My kind *Antonio*,
I can no other anſwer make, but thanks;
And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns
Are ſhuffled off with ſuch uncurrent pay;
But were my worth, as is my conſcience, firm,
You ſhould find better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go ſee the relics of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, Sir; beſt, firſt, go ſee your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us ſatisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk theſe ſtreets.
Once, in a ſea-fight 'gainſt the Duke his gallies,

I did

I did ſome ſervice, of ſuch note, indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would ſcarce be anſwer'd.
Seb. Belike, you ſlew great number of his people,
Ant. Th' offence is not of ſuch a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument:
It might have ſince been anſwer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which, for traffic's ſake,
Moſt of our city did. Only myſelf ſtood out;
For which, if I be lapſed in this place,
I ſhall pay dear.
Seb. Do not then walk too open.
Ant. It doth not fit me: hold, Sir, here's my purſe.
In the ſouth ſuburbs at the *Elephant*
Is beſt to lodge: I will beſpeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile your time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town; there ſhall you have me.
Seb. Why I your purſe?
Ant. Haply, your eye ſhall light upon ſome toy
You have deſire to purchaſe; and your ſtore,
I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.
Seb. I'll be your purſe-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.
Ant. To th' *Elephant.*——
Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to Olivia's *Houſe.*
Enter Olivia, *and* Maria.

Oli. I Have ſent after him; * he ſays he'll come;
How ſhall I feaſt him? what beſtow on him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or borrow'd.

* *he ſays he'll come;*] *i. e.* I ſuppoſe now, or admit now, he ſays he'll come; which Mr. *Theobald*, not underſtanding, alters unneceſſarily to, *ſay he will come;* in which the *Oxford* Editor has followed him.

I ſpeak

I ſpeak too loud.——
Where is *Malvolio?* he is ſad and civil,
And ſuits well for a ſervant with my fortunes.
Where is *Malvolio?*

Mar. He's coming, Madam; but in very ſtrange manner.
He is ſure poſſeſt, Madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter, does he rave?

Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing but ſmile; your ladyſhip were beſt to have ſome guard about you, if he come; for, ſure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I'm as mad as he,
If ſad and merry madneſs equal be.
How now, *Malvolio?*

Mal. Sweet lady, ha, ha. [*Smiles fantaſtically.*

Oli. Smil'ſt thou? I ſent for thee upon a ſad occaſion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be ſad; this does make ſome obſtruction in the blood; this croſs-gartering; but what of it? if it pleaſe the eye of One, it is with me as the very true ſonnet is: *Pleaſe one, and pleaſe all.*

Oli. Why? how doſt thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, tho' yellow in my legs: it did come to his hands, and commands ſhall be executed. I think, we do know that ſweet *Roman* hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, *Malvolio?*

Mal. To bed? ay, ſweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiſs thy hand ſo oft?

Mar. How do you, *Malvolio?*

Mal. At your requeſt?
Yes, nightingales anſwer daws!

Mar.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldneſs before my lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of Greatneſs;—'twas well writ.

Oli. What meaneſt thou by that, *Malvolio?*

Mal. Some are born Great——

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some atchieve Greatneſs——

Oli. What ſay'ſt thou?

Mal. And ſome have Greatneſs thruſt upon them—

Oli. Heav'n reſtore thee!

Mal. Remember, who commended thy yellow ſtockings.——

Oli. Thy yellow ſtockings?

Mal. And wiſh'd to ſee thee croſs-garter'd—

Oli. Croſs-garter'd?

Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo——

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me ſee thee a ſervant ſtill.

Oli. Why, this is a very midſummer madneſs.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke *Orſino*'s is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your ladyſhip's pleaſure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my uncle *Toby?* let ſome of my people have a ſpecial care of him; I would not have him miſcarry for half of my dowry. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Mal. OH, oh! do you come near me now? no worſe man than Sir *Toby* to look to me! this concurs directly with the letter; ſhe ſends him on purpoſe that I may appear ſtubborn to him; for ſhe incites me to that in the letter. Caſt thy humble ſlough, ſays ſhe,—be oppoſite with a kinſman, ſurly with ſervants;—let thy tongue tang with arguments of ſtate,—

put thyſelf into the trick of ſingularity;—and conſequently ſets down the manner how; as a ſad face, a reverend carriage, a ſlow tongue, in the habit of ſome Sir of note, and ſo forth. I have lim'd her, but it is *Jove*'s doing, and *Jove* make me thankful! and when ſhe went away now, let this fellow be look'd to: Fellow! not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a ſcruple, no ſcruple of a ſcruple, no obſtacle, no incredulous or unſafe circumſtance—what can be ſaid? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full proſpect of my hopes. Well, *Jove*, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

SCENE IX.

Enter Sir Toby, Fabian, *and* Maria.

Sir To. WHICH way is he, in the name of ſanctity? if all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himſelf poſſeſt him, yet I'll ſpeak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is; how is't with you, Sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off, I diſcard you; let me enjoy my privacy: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend ſpeaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir, *Toby*, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does ſhe ſo?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we muſt deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, *Malvolio*? how is't with you? what! man, defy the devil; conſider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you ſay?

Mar. La, you! if you ſpeak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart.———Pray God, he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wiſe woman.

Mar. Marry, and it ſhall be done to-morrow morning

ing if I live. My lady would not loſe him for more than I'll ſay.

Mal. How now, miſtreſs?

Mar. O lord!———

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; that is not the way: do you not ſee, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleneſs, gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how doſt thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?———

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What! man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with ſatan. Hang him, foul collier.

Mar. Get him to ſay his prayers, good Sir *Toby*; get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx! [neſs.

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godli-

Mal. Go hang yourſelves all: you are idle ſhallow things; I am not of your element, you ſhall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't poſſible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a ſtage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, purſue him now, leſt the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we ſhall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The houſe will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My Niece is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus for our pleaſure and his penance, 'till our very paſtime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen; but ſee, but ſee.

SCENE X.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. MORE matter for a *May* morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it, I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't ſo ſaucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Sir* Toby *reads.*

Youth, whatſoever thou art, thou art but a ſcurvy fellow.

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee ſo; for I will ſhew thee no reaſon for't.

Fab. A good note; That keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou com'ſt to the Lady Olivia, *and in my ſight ſhe uſes thee kindly; but thou lieſt in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good ſenſe-leſs.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me——

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'ſt me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'th' windy ſide of the law: good.

Sir To. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our ſouls: he may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and ſo look to thyſelf. Thy friend as thou uſeſt him, and thy ſworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occaſion for't: he is now in ſome commerce with my lady, and will by-and-by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir *Andrew,* ſcout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailiff; ſo ſoon as ever thou ſeeſt him, draw; and, as thou draw'ſt, ſwear

ſwear horribly; for it comes to paſs oft, that a terrible oath, with a ſwaggering accent ſharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itſelf would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for ſwearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver this letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no leſs; therefore this letter, being ſo excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find, that it comes from a clod-pole. But, Sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; ſet up on *Ague-cheek* a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it,) into a moſt hideous opinion of his rage, ſkill, fury, and impetuoſity. This will ſo fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

SCENE XI.

Enter Olivia *and* Viola.

Fab. HERE he comes with your niece; give them way, 'till he take leave, and preſently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon ſome horrid meſſage for a challenge. [*Exeunt.*

Oli. I've ſaid too much unto a heart of ſtone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out.
There's ſomething in me, that reproves my fault;
But ſuch a head-ſtrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the ſame 'haviour that your paſſion bears,
Goes on my maſter's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuſe it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beſeech you, come again to-morrow.
What ſhall you aſk of me that I'll deny,
That honour ſav'd may upon aſking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my maſter.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that, Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well. A fiend, like thee, might bear my ſoul to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

Enter Sir Toby *and* Fabian.

Sir To. GENTLEMAN, God ſave thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That defence thou haſt, betake thee to't; of what nature the wrongs are thou haſt done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of deſpight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end; diſmount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy aſſailant is quick, ſkilful, and deadly.

Vio. You miſtake, Sir; I am ſure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwiſe, I aſſure you; therefore if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your oppoſite hath in him, what youth, ſtrength, ſkill, and wrath can furniſh man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is Knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet conſideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; ſouls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incenſement at this moment is ſo implacable, that ſatisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and ſepulchre: hob, nob, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the houſe, and deſire ſome conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard

heard of ſome kind of men, that put quarrels purpoſely on others to taſte their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no: his indignation derives itſelf out of a very competent injury; therefore get you on, and give him his deſire. Back you ſhall not to the houſe, unleſs you undertake that with me, which with as much ſafety you might anſwer him; therefore on, or ſtrip your ſword ſtark naked; for meddle you muſt, that's certain, or forſwear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as ſtrange. I beſeech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is ſomething of my negligence, nothing of my purpoſe.

Sir To. I will do ſo. Signior *Fabian*, ſtay you by this gentleman 'till my return. [*Exit Sir* Toby.

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the Knight is incens'd againſt you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumſtance more.

Vio. I beſeech you what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promiſe to read him by his form, as you are like to find in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, Sir, the moſt ſkilful, bloody, and fatal oppoſite that you could poſſibly have found in any part of *Illyria:* will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I ſhall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with Sir Prieſt than Sir Knight: I care not who knows ſo much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

Enter Sir Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. WHY, man, he's a very devil; I have not ſeen ſuch a virago: I had a paſs

with him, rapier, ſcabbard and all; and he gives me the ſtuck in with ſuch a mortal motion, that it is inevitable: and on the anſwer, he pays you as ſurely as your feet hit the ground they ſtep on. They ſay, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't. I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: *Fabian* can ſcarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant, and ſo cunning in fence, I'd have ſeen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter ſlip, and I'll give him my horſe, grey *Capilet.*

Sir To. I'll make the motion; ſtand here, make a good ſhew on't;—This ſhall end without the perdition of ſouls; marry, I'll ride your horſe as well as I ride you. [*Aſide.*

Enter Fabian *and* Viola.

I have his horſe to take up the quarrel; I have perſuaded him, the youth's a devil. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, Sir, he will fight with you for's oath ſake: marry, he had better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds That now ſcarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw for the ſupportance of his vow, he proteſts he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you ſee him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir *Andrew*, there's no remedy; the gentleman will for his honour's ſake have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a ſoldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't. [*They draw.*

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

SCENE

SCENE XIV.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I Do aſſure you, 'tis againſt my will.
Ant. Put up your ſword; if this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*
Sir To. You, Sir? Why, what are you?
Ant. One, Sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.
Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.
[*Draws.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir *Toby*, hold; here come the officers.
Sir To. I'll be with you anon.
Vio. Pray, Sir, put your ſword up if you pleaſe,
[*To Sir* Andrew.
Sir And. Marry, will I, Sir; and for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you eaſily, and reins well.
1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.
2 *Off.* *Antonio*, I arreſt thee at the ſuit of Duke *Orſino*.
Ant. You do miſtake me, Sir.
1 *Off.* No, Sir, no jot: I know your favour well;
Tho' now you have no ſea-cap on your head.
Take him away; he knows, I know him well.
Ant. I muſt obey. This comes with ſeeking you;
But there's no remedy. I ſhall anſwer it.
What will you do? now my neceſſity
Makes me to aſk you for my purſe. It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befals myſelf: you ſtand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.
2 *Off.* Come, Sir, away.

Ant. I muſt intreat of you ſome of that money.

Vio. What Money, Sir?
For the fair kindneſs you have ſhew'd me here,
And part being prompted by your preſent trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you ſomething; my Having is not much;
I'll make diviſion of my preſent with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't poſſible, that my deſerts to you
Can lack perſuaſion? do not tempt my miſery,
Leſt that it make me ſo unfound a man,
As to upbraid you with thoſe kindneſſes
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainneſs, babling drunkenneſs,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. Oh, heav'ns themſelves!——

2 *Off.* Come, Sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me ſpeak a little. This youth that you
ſee here,
I ſnatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with ſuch ſanctity of love,
And to his image, which, methought, did promiſe
Moſt venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us? the time goes by; away.

Ant. But ho, how vile an idol proves this God!
Thou haſt, *Sebaſtian*, done good feature ſhame.
In nature there's no blemiſh but the mind:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflouriſh'd by the devil.

1 *Off.* The man grows mad, away with him:
Come, come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit* Antonio *with Officers.*

Vio.

Vio. Methinks, his words do from ſuch paſſion fly,
That he believes himſelf; ſo do not I:
Prove true, imagination, ho, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, Knight; come hither, *Fabian*; we'll whiſper o'er a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſaws.

Vio. He nam'd *Sebaſtain*; I my brother know
Yet living in my glaſs; even ſuch, and ſo
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament;
For him I imitate: oh, if it prove,
Tempeſts are kind, and ſalt waves freſh in love.
[*Exit.*

Sir To. A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare; his diſhoneſty appears in leaving his friend here in neceſſity, and denying him; and for his cowardſhip, aſk *Fabian*.

Fab. A coward, a moſt devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him ſoundly, but never draw thy ſword.

Sir And. An I do not,—— [*Exit Sir* Andrew.

Fab. Come, let's ſee the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Sebaſtian, *and* Clown.

CLOWN.

WILL you make me believe, that I am not ſent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a fooliſh fellow. Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith: no, I do not know you, nor I am not ſent to you by my Lady, to bid you come ſpeak with her; nor your name is not maſter *Ceſario*, nor this is not my noſe neither; nothing, that is ſo, is ſo.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly ſomewhere elſe; thou know'ſt not me.

Clo. Vent my folly!—he has heard that word of ſome great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid, this great lubber the world will prove a cockney: I pr'ythee now, ungird thy ſtrangeneſs and tell me what I ſhall vent to my Lady; ſhall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. * I pr'ythee, fooliſh *Greek*, depart from me; there's money for thee. If you tarry longer, I ſhall give worſe payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou haſt an open hand? theſe wiſe men, that give fools money, get themſelves a good report after fourteen years' purchaſe.

Enter Sir Andrew, *Sir* Toby, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* Sebaſtian.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there; are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the houſe.

Clo. This will I tell my Lady ſtraight: I would not be in ſome of your coats for two-pence.

[*Exit* Clown.

Sir To. Come on, Sir; hold. [*Holding Sebaſtian.*

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery

* *I pr'ythee, fooliſh* Greek,] *Greek*, was as much as to ſay, Bawd or Pander. He underſtood the Clown to be acting in that Office. A Bawdy-Houſe was called *Corinth*, and the Frequenters of it *Corinthians*, which Words occur frequently in *Shakeſpear*, eſpecially in *Timon of Athens*, and *Henry* IVth.

againſt

againſt him, if there be any law in *Illyria*; tho' I ſtruck him firſt, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come Sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young ſoldier, put up your iron; you are well fleſh'd: come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldſt thou now?
If thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword.

Sir To. What, what? nay, then, I muſt have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*They draw and fight.*

SCENE II.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. HOLD, *Toby*; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd: out of my ſight!
Be not offended, dear *Ceſario*:——
Rudeſby, be gone! I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.
Let thy fair wiſdom, not thy paſſion, ſway
In this uncivil and unjuſt extent
Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe,
And hear thou there, how many fruitleſs pranks
* This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'ſt ſmile at this: thou ſhalt not chuſe but go:
Do not deny; beſhrew his ſoul for me,
He ſtarted one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What reliſh is in this? how runs the ſtream?
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dream.
Let fancy ſtill my ſence in *Lethe* ſteep,
If it be thus to dream, ſtill let me ſleep.

* *This ruffian hath* botch'd up,—] *i. e.* ſwelled and inflamed. A Botch being a Swelling or Abſceſs.

Oli.

Oli. Nay, come, I pray: 'would, thou'dſt be rul'd by me.

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, ſay ſo, and ſo be! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Maria, *and* Clown.

Mar. NAY, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe, thou art Sir *Topas* the curate; do it quickly. I'll call Sir *Toby* the whilſt. [*Exit* Maria.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will diſſemble myſelf in't; and I would, I were the firſt that ever diſſembled in ſuch a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good ſtudent; but to be ſaid an honeſt man, and a good houſekeeper, goes as fairly, as to ſay, a graceful man and a great ſcholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby, *and* Maria.

Sir To. Jove bleſs thee, Mr. Parſon.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir *Toby;* for as the old hermit of *Prague*, that never ſaw pen and ink, very wittily ſaid to a niece of King *Gorboduck*, that that is, is: ſo I being Mr. Parſon, am Mr. Parſon; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir *Topas.*

Clo. What, hoa, I ſay,—peace in this priſon!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave. [Malvolio *within.*

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the curate, who comes to viſit *Malvolio* the lunatic.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*, good Sir *Topas*, go to my lady.

Clo.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend, how vexeſt thou this man?
Talkeſt thou of nothing but ladies?

Sir To. Well ſaid, maſter Parſon.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, never was man thus wrong'd; good Sir *Topas*, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkneſs.

Clo. Fie, thou diſhoneſt ſathan; I call thee by the moſt modeſt terms; for I am one of thoſe gentle ones, that will uſe the devil himſelf with curteſy: ſay'ſt thou, that houſe is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows tranſparent as baricadoes, and the clear ſtones towards the ſouth-north are as luſtrous as ebony; and yet complaineſt thou of obſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir *Topas*; I ſay to you, this houſe is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou erreſt? I ſay, there is no darkneſs but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the *Egyptians* in their fog.

Mal. I ſay, this houſe is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I ſay, there was never man thus abus'd; I am no more mad than you are, make the trial of it in any conſtant queſtion.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras*, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the ſoul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'ſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the ſoul, and no way approve of his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou ſtill in darkneſs; thou ſhalt hold th' opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, leſt thou diſpoſſeſs the ſoul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas!*—

Sir To. My moſt exquiſite Sir *Topas!*

Clo. * Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'ſt have done this without thy beard and gown; he ſees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'ſt him: I would, we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would, he were; for I am now ſo far in offence with my niece, that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport to the upſhot. Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exit with* Maria.

SCENE IV.

Clo. *HEY* Robin, *jolly* Robin, *tell me how my lady does.* [Singing.

Mal. Fool,——

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdie.

Mal. Fool,——

Clo. Alas, why is ſhe ſo?

Mal. Fool, I ſay;—

Clo. She loves another—who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deſerve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Mr. *Malvolio!*

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, Sir, how fell you beſides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man ſo notoriouſly abus'd; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well! then thou art mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in

* *Nay, I am for all waters.*] A Phraſe taken from the Actor's Ability of making the Audience cry either with Mirth or Grief.

darkneſs,

darkneſs, ſend miniſters to me, aſſes, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Adviſe you what you ſay: the miniſter is here. *Malvolio*, *Malvolio*, thy wits the heav'ns reſtore: endeavour thyſelf to ſleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir *Topas*,——

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, Sir? not I, Sir. God b'w'you, good Sir *Topas*——

Marry, amen.——I will, Sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I ſay.

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient. What ſay you, Sir? I am ſhent for ſpeaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to ſome light, and ſome paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in *Illyria*.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, Sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: good fool, ſome ink, paper and light; and convey what I ſet down to my Lady: It ſhall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad-man, 'till I ſee his brains, I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the higheſt degree; I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir,* [Singing.
I'll be with you again
In a trice, like to the old vice,
Your need to ſuſtain:
Who with dagger of lath, in his rage, and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad, pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, good man drivel. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Changes to another Apartment in Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sebaſtian.

Seb. THIS is the air, that is the glorious ſun;
This pearl ſhe gave me, I do feel't and ſee't.
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madneſs. Where's *Antonio* then?
I could not find him at the *Elephant;*
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to ſeek me out.
His counſel now might do me golden ſervice;—
For tho' my ſoul diſputes well with my ſenſe,
That this may be ſome error, but no madneſs;
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed * all inſtance, all diſcourſe;
That I am ready to diſtruſt mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reaſon that perſuades me
To any other truſt, but that I'm mad;
Or elſe the Lady's mad; yet if 'twere ſo,
She could not ſway her houſe, command her followers,
Take, and give back affairs, and their diſpatch,
With ſuch a ſmooth, diſcreet, and ſtable bearing,
As, I perceive, ſhe does: there's ſomething in't,
That is deceivable. But here ſhe comes.

Enter Olivia *and Prieſt.*

Oli. Blame not this haſte of mine: if you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by; there before him,
And underneath that conſecrated roof,
Plight me the full aſſurance of your faith;
That my moſt jealous and too doubtful ſoul

* —— *all* inſtance, *all* diſcourſe;] *Inſtance*, for Senſe; *Diſcourſe*, for Reaſon.

May

May live at peace. He ſhall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it ſhall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you ſay?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And having ſworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heav'ns ſo ſhine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Clown, *and* Fabian.

FABIAN.

NOW, as thou lov'ſt me, let me ſee his letter.

Clo. Good Mr. *Fabian*, grant me another requeſt.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not deſire to ſee this letter.

Fab. This is to give a dog, and in recompence deſire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and lords.*

Duke. Belong you to the lady *Olivia*, friends?

Clo. Ay, Sir, we are ſome of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how doſt thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worſe for my friends.

Duke. Juſt the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worſe.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praiſe me, and make an aſs of

of me; now, my foes tell me plainly, I am an aſs: ſo that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of myſelf; and by my friends I am abuſed; ſo that, concluſion to be aſked, is, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worſe for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no; tho' it pleaſe you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou ſhalt not be the worſe for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, Sir, I would, you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counſel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your fleſh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be ſo much a ſinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. Primo, ſecundo, tertio, is a good Play, and the old ſaying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, Sir, is a good tripping meaſure; or the bells of St. *Bennet*, Sir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw; if you will let your Lady know, I am here to ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty 'till I come again. I go, Sir, but I would not have you to think, that my deſire of having is the ſin of covetouſneſs; but, as you ſay, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, and I will awake it anon. [*Exit* Clown.

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio, *and Officers.*

Vio. HERE comes the man, Sir, that did reſcue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;

Yet

Yet when I ſaw it laſt, it was beſmear'd
As black as *Vulcan*, in the ſmoke of war:
A bawbling veſſel was he captain of,
For ſhallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which ſuch ſcathful grapple did he make
With the moſt noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loſs
Cry'd fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

1 *Offi. Orſino*, this is that *Antonio*,
That took the *Phœnix* and her fraught from *Candy*;
And this is he, that did the *Tyger* board,
When your young nephew *Titus* loſt his leg:
Here in the ſtreets, deſperate of ſhame and ſtate,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindneſs, Sir; drew on my ſide;
But in concluſion put ſtrange ſpeech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but diſtraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou ſalt-water thief!
What fooliſh boldneſs brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in terms ſo bloody, and ſo dear,
Haſt made thine enemies?

Ant. Orſino, noble Sir,
Be pleaſed that I ſhake off theſe names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate;
Though I confeſs, on baſe and ground enough,
Orſino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That moſt ungrateful boy there, by your ſide,
From the rude ſea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck paſt hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love without retention or reſtraint;
All his in dedication. For his ſake,
Did I expoſe myſelf (pure, for his love)
Into the danger of this adverſe town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beſet:
Where being apprehended, his falſe cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance;

And

And grew a twenty years removed thing,
While one would wink: deny'd me mine own purſe,
Which I had recommended to his uſe
Not half an hour before.
Vio. How can this be?
Duke. When came he to this town?
Ant. To day, my lord; and for three months before,
(No *Interim*, not a minute's vacancy,)
Both day and night did we keep company.

SCENE III.

Enter Olivia, *and Attendants.*

Duke. HERE comes the counteſs; now heav'n walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow, thy words are madneſs:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon—Take him aſide.—
Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein *Olivia* may ſeem ſerviceable?
Ceſario, you do not keep promiſe with me.
Vio. Madam!
Duke. Gracious *Olivia*,——
Oli. What do you ſay, *Ceſario*? Good my lord—
Vio. My lord would ſpeak, my duty huſhes me.
Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as flat and fulſome to mine ear,
As howling after muſic.
Duke. Still ſo cruel?
Oli. Still ſo conſtant, lord.
Duke. What, to perverſeneſs? you uncivil lady,
To whoſe ingrate and unauſpicious altars
My ſoul the faithfull'ſt offerings has breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd. What ſhall I do?
Oli. Ev'n what it pleaſe my lord, that ſhall become him.
Duke. Why ſhould I not, had I the heart to do't,
Like

* Like to th' *Egyptian* thief, at point of death
Kill what I love? (a ſavage jealouſy,
That ſometimes ſavours nobly;) but hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance caſt my faith,
And that I partly know the inſtrument,
That ſcrews me from my true place in your favour:
Live you the marble-breaſted tyrant ſtill.
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heav'n, I ſwear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he ſits crowned in his maſter's ſpight.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in miſchief:
I'll ſacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To ſpight a raven's heart within a dove. [*Duke going.*
Vio. And I moſt jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you reſt, a thouſand deaths would die.
[*following.*
Oli. Where goes *Ceſario*?
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love theſe eyes, more than my life;
More, by all mores, than e'er I ſhall love wife.
If I do feign, you witneſſes above
Puniſh my life, for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ay me, deteſted! how am I beguil'd?
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Haſt thou forgot thyſelf? Is it ſo long?
Call forth the holy father.
Duke. Come, away. [*To* Viola.
Oli. Whither, my lord? *Ceſario*, huſband, ſtay.
Duke. Huſband?
Oli. Ay, huſband. Can he that deny?
Duke. Her huſband, ſirrah?
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baſeneſs of thy fear,

* *Like to th'* Egyptian *thief,*—] This *Egyptian* Thief was *Thyamis* See *Heliodorus's AEthiopics.* Mr. *Theobald.*

That

That makes thee ſtrangle thy propriety:
Fear not, *Ceſario*, take thy fortunes up:
Be that, thou know'ſt, thou art, and then thou art
As great, as that thou fear'ſt.

Enter Prieſt.

O welcome, father.
Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Here to unfold, (tho' lately we intended
To keep in darkneſs, what occaſion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what, thou doſt know,
Hath newly paſt between this youth and me.

Prieſt. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Atteſted by the holy cloſe of lips,
Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my teſtimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, tow'rd my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou diſſembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath ſow'd a grizzel on thy caſe?
Or will not elſe thy craft ſo quickly grow,
That thine own trip ſhall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do proteſt——

Oli. O, do not ſwear;
Hold little faith, tho' thou haſt too much fear!

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Andrew, *with his head broke.*

Sir And. FOR the love of God a ſurgeon, and ſend one preſently to Sir *Toby*.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. H'as broke my head a-croſs, and given Sir

Sir *Toby* a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help. I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir *Andrew?*

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one *Cesario:* we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, *Cesario?*

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is: you broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir *Toby.*

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me, without cause:
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter Sir Toby, *and Clown.*

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think, you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir *Toby* halting, you shall hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one, he has hurt me, and there's an end on't; sot, didst see *Dick* Surgeon, sot?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir *Toby,* above an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i'th' morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a past-measure *Painim.*
I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir *Toby,* because we'll be dress't together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-fac'd knave, a gull?

[*Exeunt* Clo. To. *and* And.

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

SCENE V.

Enter Sebaſtian.

Seb. I Am ſorry, Madam, I have hurt your kinſman:
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I muſt have done no leſs with wit and ſafety.
[*All ſtand in amaze.*
You throw a ſtrange regard on me, by which,
I do perceive, it hath offended you;
Pardon me, ſweet one, even for the vows
We made each other, but ſo late ago.
Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two perſons;
A nat'ral perſpective, that is, and is not!
Seb. Antonio, O my dear *Antonio!*
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have loſt thee?
Ant. Sebaſtian are you?
Seb. Fear'ſt thou that, *Antonio!*
Ant. How have you made diviſion of yourſelf?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than theſe two creatures. Which is *Sebaſtian?*
Oli. Moſt wonderful?
Seb. Do I ſtand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a ſiſter,
Whom the blind waves and ſurges have devour'd:
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To* Viola.
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of *Meſſaline; Sebaſtian* was my father;
Such a *Sebaſtian* was my brother too:
So went he ſuited to his wat'ry tomb.
If ſpirits can aſſume both form the ſuit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. A ſpirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimenſion groſly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the reſt goes even,

I ſhould

I ſhould my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And ſay, Thrice welcome, drowned *Viola!*
Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Seb. And ſo had mine.
Vio. And dy'd that day, when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteen years.
Seb. O, that record is lively in my ſoul;
He finiſhed, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my ſiſter thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my maſculine uſurp'd attire;
Do not embrace me, 'till each circumſtance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump,
That I am *Viola*; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town
Where lie my maid's weeds; by whoſe gentle help
I was preſerv'd to ſerve this noble Duke.
All the occurrence of my fortune ſince
Hath been between this Lady, and this Lord.
Seb. So comes it, Lady, you have been miſtook:
[*To* Olivia.
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd;
You are betroth'd both to a maid, and man.
Duke. Be not amaz'd: right-noble is his blood:
If this be ſo, as yet the glaſs ſeems true,
I ſhall have ſhare in this moſt happy wreck.
Boy, thou haſt ſaid to me a thouſand times, [*To* Vio.
Thou never ſhould'ſt love woman like to me.
Vio. And all thoſe ſayings will I over-ſwear,
And all thoſe ſwearings keep as true in ſoul;
As doth that orbed continent the fire,
That ſevers day from night.
Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me ſee thee in thy woman's weeds.
Vio. The captain, that did bring me firſt on ſhore,
Hath my maid's garments: he upon ſome action

Is now in durance, at *Malvolio*'s ſuit,
A gentleman and follower of my Lady's.

Oli. He ſhall enlarge him: fetch *Malvolio* hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They ſay, poor gentleman! he's much diſtract.

SCENE VI.

Enter the Clown *with a letter, and* Fabian.

A moſt extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly baniſh'd his.
How does he, ſirrah?

Clo. Truly, Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the ſtave's end, as well as a man in his caſe may do: h'as here writ a letter to you, I ſhould have given't you to day morning. But as a mad-man's epiſtles are no goſpels, ſo it ſkills not much, when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Look then, to be well edify'd, when the fool delivers the mad-man——*By the Lord, Madam,*—— [*Reads.*

Oli. How now, art mad?

Clo. No, Madam, I do but read madneſs: an your Ladyſhip will have it as it ought to be, you muſt allow *Vox.*

Oli. Pr'ythee, read it, i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, *Madona*: but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princeſs, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, ſirrah. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. [Reads.] *By the Lord, Madam, you wrong me, and the world ſhall know it: though you have put me into darkneſs, and given your drunken Uncle rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my ſenſes as well as your Ladyſhip. I have your own Letter, that induced me to the ſemblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do myſelf much right, or you much ſhame: think of me, as you pleaſe: I leave my duty a little unthought of, and ſpeak out of my injury.* The madly us'd *Malvolio.*

Oli.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, Madam.

Duke. This favours not much of diſtraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, *Fabian;* bring him hither.
My Lord, ſo pleaſe you, theſe things further thought
To think me as well a ſiſter, as a wife; [on,
One day ſhall crown th' alliance on't, ſo pleaſe you,
Here at my houſe, and at my proper coſt.

Duke. Madam, I am moſt apt t'embrace your offer.
Your maſter quits you: and for your ſervice done him,
So much againſt the metal of your ſex, [*To* Viola.
So far beneath your ſoft and tender breeding;
(And ſince you call'd me maſter for ſo long,)
Here is my hand, you ſhall from this time be
Your maſter's miſtreſs.

Oli. A ſiſter,——you are ſhe.

SCENE VII.

Enter Malvolio.

Duke. IS this the mad-man?

Oli. Ay, my Lord, this ſame; how now, *Malvolio?*

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, *Malvolio?* no.

Mal. Lady, you have; pray you, peruſe that Letter.
You muſt not now deny it is your hand.
Write from it if you can, in hand or phraſe;
Or ſay, 'tis not your ſeal, nor your invention;
You can ſay none of this. Well, grant it then;
And tell me in the modeſty of honour,
Why you have given me ſuch clear lights of favour,
Bade me come ſmiling, and croſs-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow ſtockings, and to frown
Upon Sir *Toby*, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope,

Why

Why have you ſuffer'd me to be impriſon'd,
Kept in a dark houſe, viſited by the prieſt,
And made the moſt notorious geck, and gull,
That e'er invention plaid on? tell me, why?

Oli. Alas, *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,
Tho', I confeſs, much like the character:
But, out of queſtion, 'tis *Maria*'s hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was ſhe
Firſt told me, thou waſt mad; then cam'ſt thou ſmiling,
And in ſuch forms which *here were preſuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter: pr'ythee, be content;
This practice hath moſt ſhrewdly paſt upon thee;
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou ſhall be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cauſe.

Fab. Good Madam, hear me ſpeak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this preſent hour,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it ſhall not,
Moſt freely I confeſs, myſelf and Sir *Toby*
Set this device againſt *Malvolio* here,
Upon ſome ſtubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd againſt him. *Maria* writ
The letter, at Sir *Toby*'s great importance;
In recompence whereof, he hath married her.
How with a ſportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge:
If that the injuries be juſtly weigh'd,
That have on both ſides paſt.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee?

Clo. Why, *ſome are born great, ſome atchieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them.* I was one, Sir, in this interlude; one Sir *Topas*, Sir; but that's all one: ——*by the Lord, fool, I am not mad*; but do you remember, Madam,—*why laugh you at ſuch a bar-*

*——*here were* preſuppos'd] *Preſuppos'd*, for impoſed.

ren

rah rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd: and thus the whirl-gigg of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and intreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Mean time, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—*Cesario*, come;
(For so you shall be, while you are a man;)
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's Queen. [*Exeunt.*

Clown *sings.*

* *When that I was a little tiny boy,*
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.
But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.
But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toss pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.
A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done;
And we'll strive to please you every day. [Exit.

* *When that I was,* &c.] This wretched Stuff is not *Shakespear's*, but the Players!

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